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AUGUST 3, 1946
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by Herbert Asbury

and — page 16 —
ALL-AMERICA GIRL SWIMMERS

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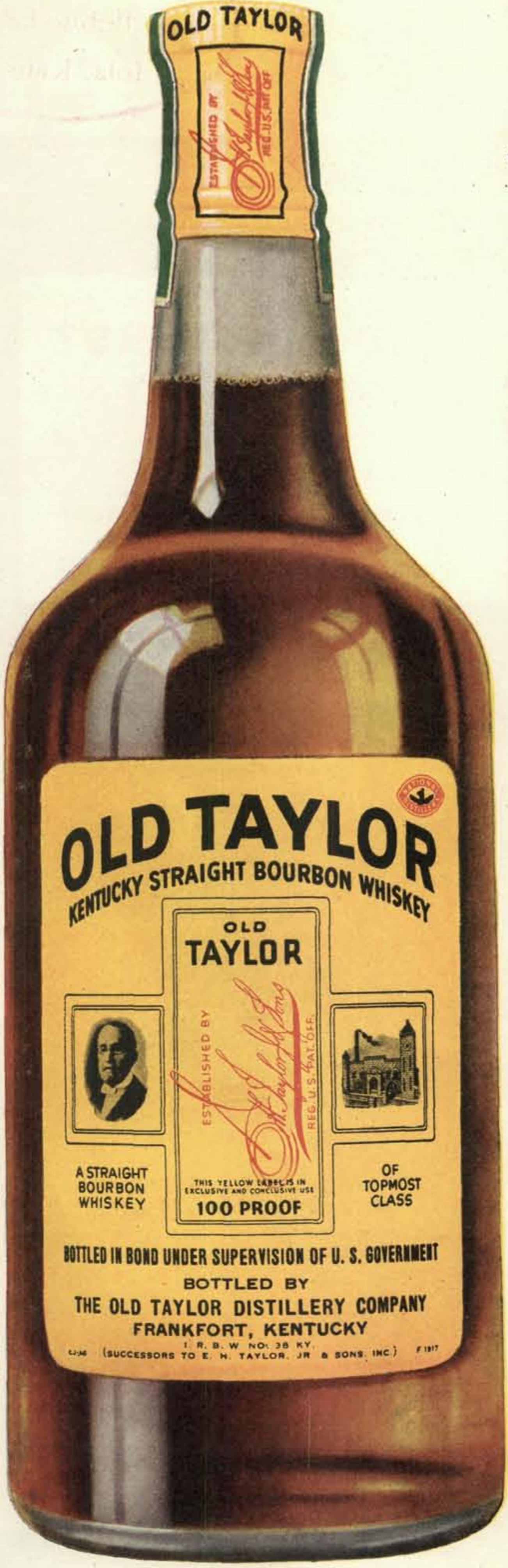
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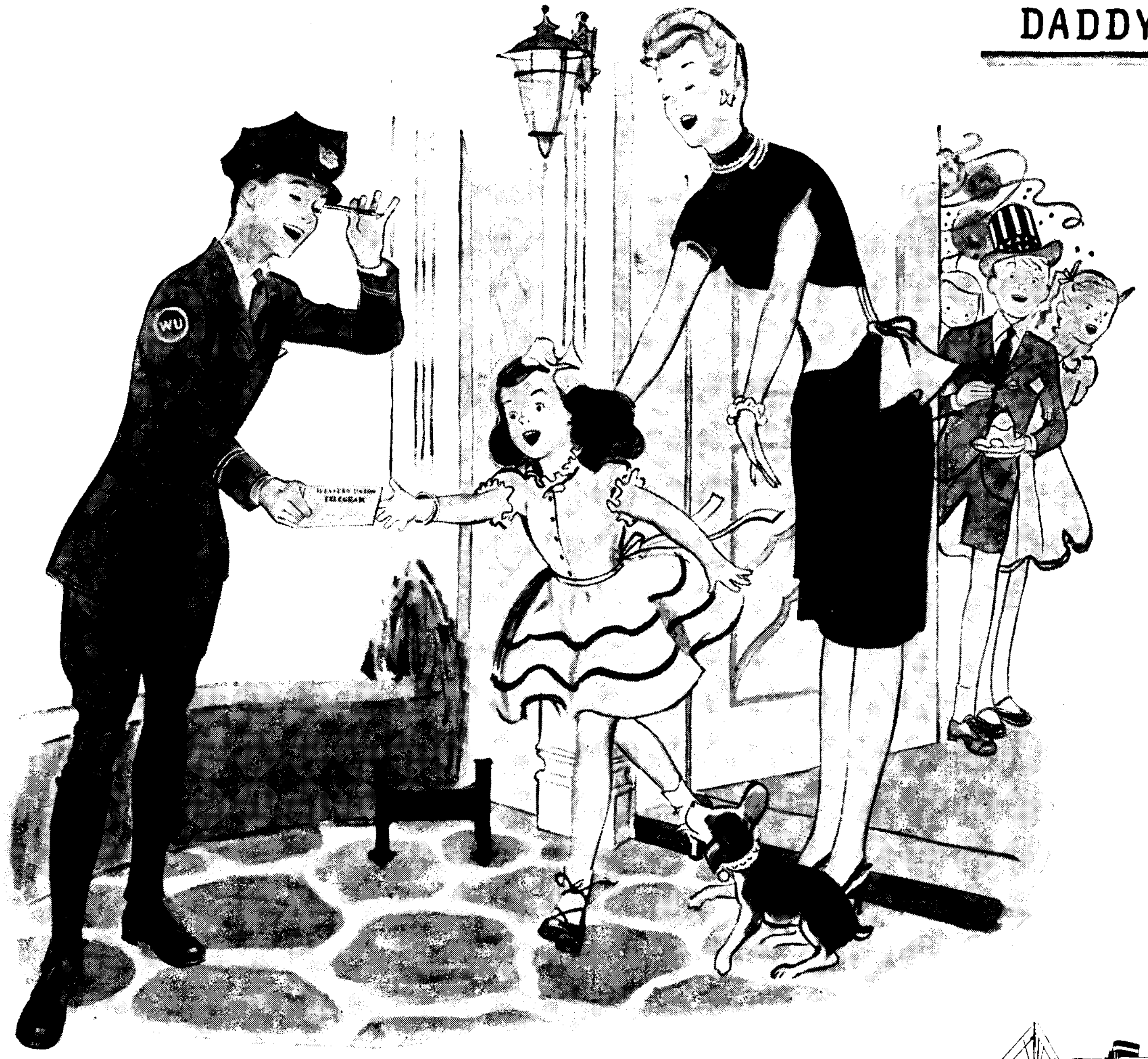

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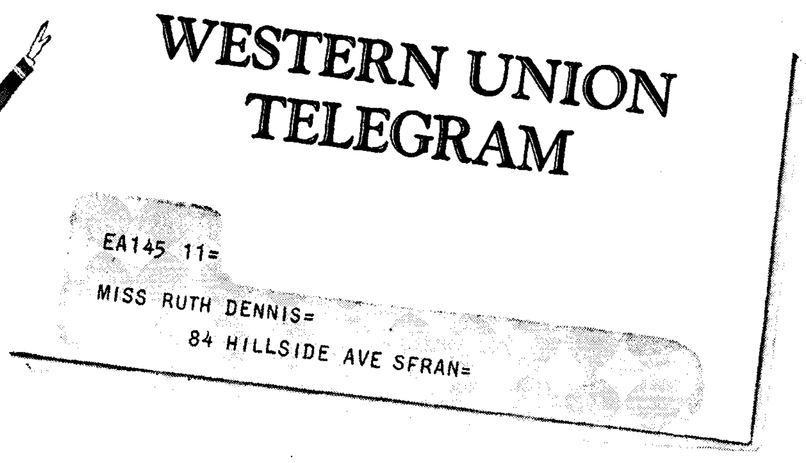

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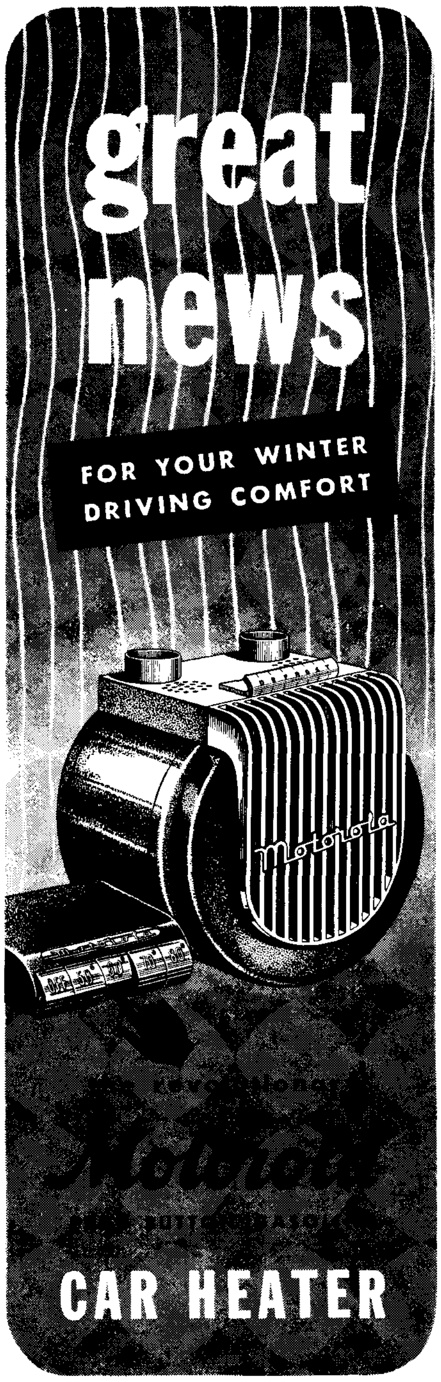

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FOR AUGUST 3, 1946

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RUTH FOWLER *Distaff*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
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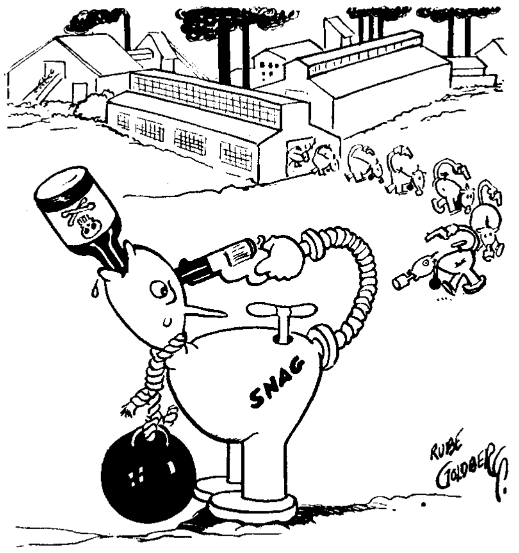
COVER By *HANS KNOPF–PIX*

any week

SOME of our readers protest against the radio and newspaper commentators' popular theme—that there's confusion and ineptitude in Washington. For example, Mr. Ed. Hortleigh of Chicago, Illinois, informs us that a little complete confusion would be very welcome indeed in that it would indicate that "We'd then know what's wrong." As for the ineptitude, Mr. F. I. Flinno of Baltimore, Maryland, explains that "It is more noticeable now than it used to be because there are about five times as many things to be inept about."



THIS, of course, is pretty discouraging and Mrs. Lydia C. Prohn of Seattle, Washington, would like to know "What's become of all those brilliant minds that President Roosevelt collected back in 1933 and '34?" It is her recollection that they had all the answers, even the wrong ones. But Mr. Truman's advisers, says Mrs. Prohn, have only the latter variety. "No matter which direction they take they always hit snags," she laments. Which reminds us that Jim Marshall of this staff has just become chairman of the board of a new snag factory to be located in Logan, Utah. They have a new plastic snag, built on a revolutionary principle. Self-liquidating. Government orders pouring in. Every department, to say nothing of Congress, running daily into the old prewar ones which are just about worn out. And in addition to the snag for domestic use, there's a reinforced design for the U.N. called the Russian Special.

AND Mr. Harry Q. Brodbeckus of Quincy, Massachusetts, seems to have run into a homemade one. All tangled up in it is Mr. Brodbeckus. "It seems to me," he writes, "that about a year ago somebody said something in one of your magazines maybe about a man who had a new idea. It had something to do about the government, maybe Congress. If it was you, please let me know in self-addressed envelope."

(Continued on page 65)

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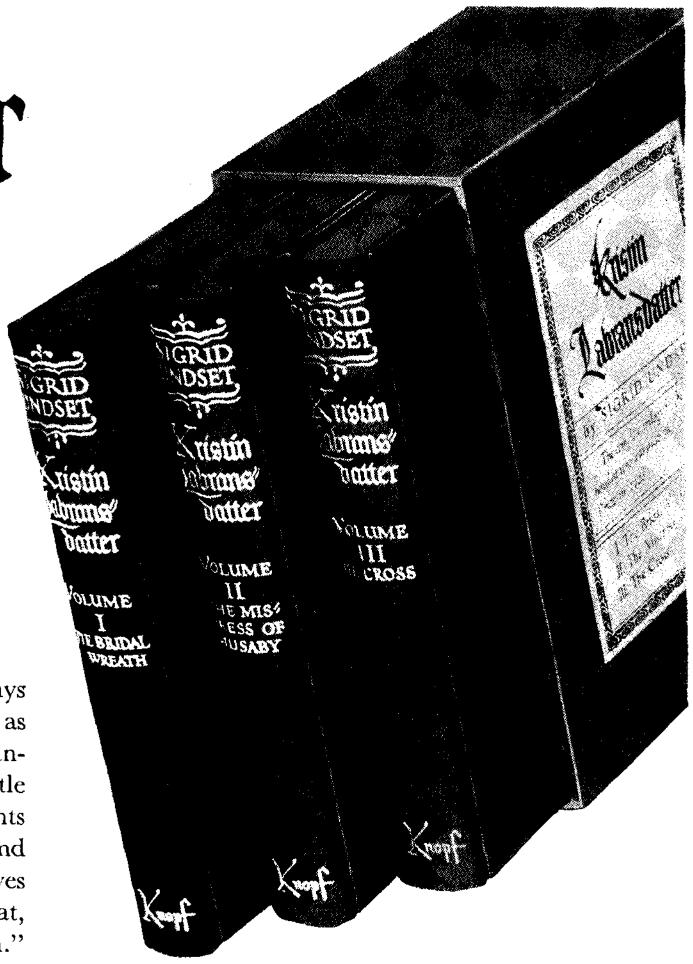
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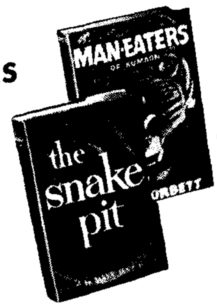
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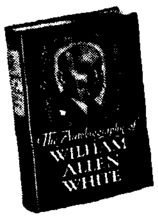
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"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

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So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

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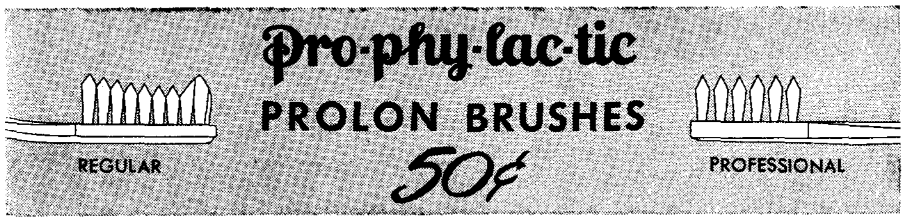
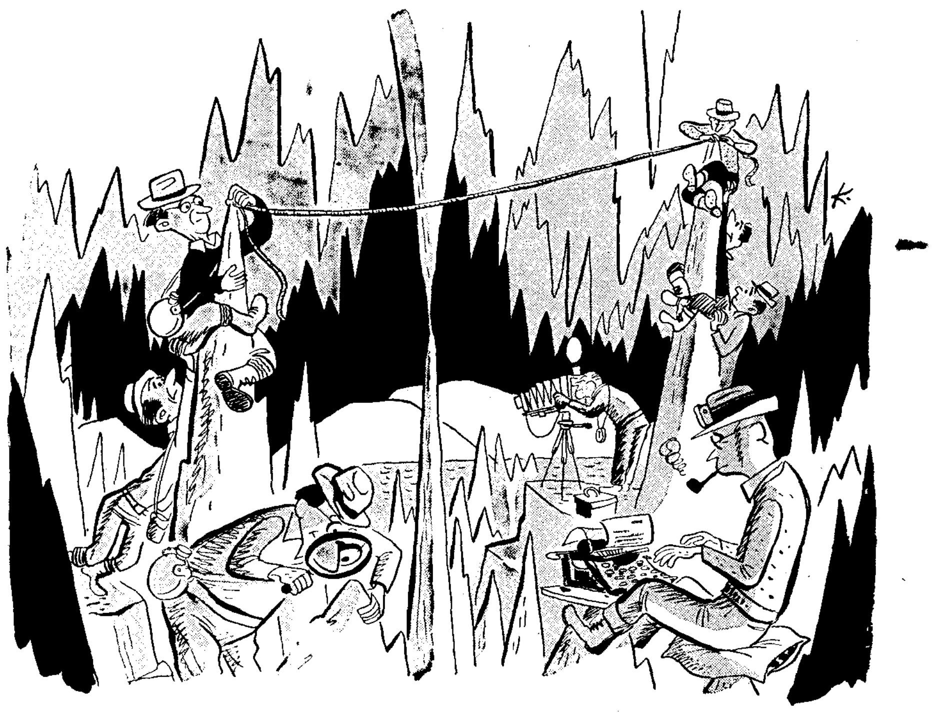




Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The 400 amateur cave explorers belonging to the National Speleological Society, formed in 1941, eventually hope to measure, map and describe every one of the 500 sizable caves and caverns in the United States.

Few rescues have been as dramatic as that of Lt. A. W. Greely of the U.S. Army and the surviving members of his Arctic expedition, which set up an observation post in Grinnell Land in August, 1881. As a supply ship in 1882 and another in 1883 had failed to reach the men, three ships were sent to find them in the spring of 1884. On June 22d, after weeks of effort, the ships finally blew their whistles for the crews to return aboard and give up the search. As the vessels started to leave, two survivors, who had heard the whistles, were seen staggering across the ice. Of the 25 members of the expedition, only Greely and six others were found alive and they were in such a starved condition that they would have died within the next thirty-six hours.

A New York firm that makes and sells recordings of important radio programs has so far recorded broadcasts that contain 500,000 voices and occupy 100,000 double-faced 12-inch records. The largest number devoted to one person preserve the speeches of the late President Roosevelt which cover 2,030 sides, requiring 127 hours to play and costing $3,800.

Through long daily contact with certain industrial vapors, human hair has been known to develop various unusual colors. For example, the hair of workers in copper smelters and brass foundries has turned green, while the hair of those in cobalt mines and indigo works has turned blue.

A Netherlands physician has invented an external artificial kidney for patients suffering from uremia. To rid the blood of accumulated impurities, it is pumped through and washed by this apparatus at a rate of 18 times in a 14-hour period. The treatment keeps the patient alive until his kidneys function again.

The largest device ever made containing fireworks was the round "bomb" that was exploded over London on Saturday night, June 8, 1946, as a part of the victory celebration. Weighing nearly 200 pounds and fired from a special mortar, this firework burst at a height of 750 feet and produced a pyrotechnic display whose illumination exceeded 40,000 candle power.

An innocent-looking Nazi belt buckle, recently discovered in Germany, was found to contain a small but powerful revolver which the wearer could fire twice in a split second as he casually adjusted his belt.

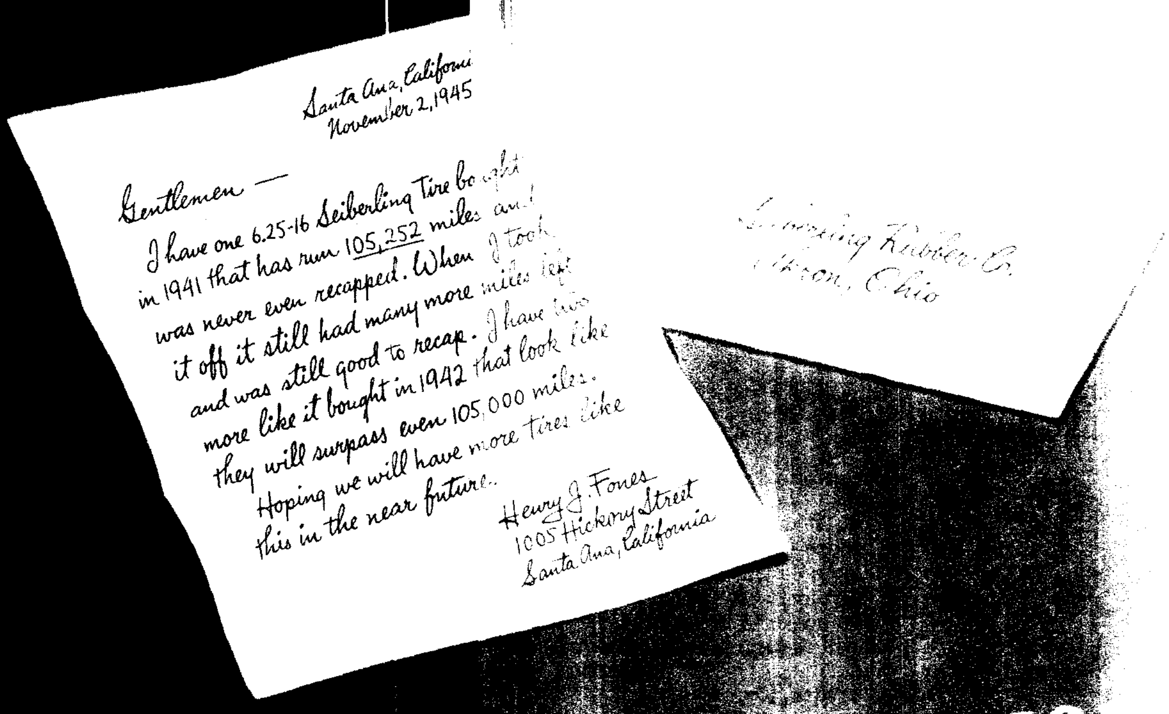
Probably the only Jewish clock in existence today is on the façade of the Jewish Town Hall in Prague, Czechoslovakia. Its Hebrew numerals are set from left to right and its hands also move counterclockwise.

Nine foreign countries have issued postage stamps in honor of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The issues before his death were those of Guatemala and Turkey, and the issues since have been those of Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Greece, Haiti, Honduras and Liberia.

In parts of Scotland, all families hopefully give a masculine Christian name to an infant months before its birth, and this name becomes so established in the household that it is retained with "ina" added to it if the baby is a girl. Hence the many feminine names such as Thomasina, Georgina and Jamesina. *By John R. K. Pirie, Aberdeen, Scotland.*

Some 90 American radio manufacturers plan to produce about 21,130,000 receivers in 1946. Out of every 1,000 of these sets, 900 will be for the AM band only, five for the FM band only, 90 combination AM and FM, two television only, and three combination AM, FM and television.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission



Santa Ana, Californi
November 2, 1945

Gentlemen —
I have one 6.25-16 Seiberling Tire bought in 1941 that has run 105,252 miles and was never even recapped. When I took it off it still had many more miles left and was still good to recap. I have two more like it bought in 1942 that look like they will surpass even 105,000 miles.
Hoping we will have more tires like this in the near future.

Henry J. Fones
1005 Hickory Street
Santa Ana, California

Seiberling Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Here's your answe

es

That 105,000 *is* unusual mileage, Mr. Fones, even for Seiberling tires. Things have changed a lot since you bought your prewar Seiberling tires and we've learned a lot in the last few years, so even Seiberling "know-how" has improved. But one thing has not changed, and that is that Seiberling *builds better tires.*

Even now, Mr. Fones, the demand for the outstanding performance of Seiberling is exceeding supply. Yet we *have not* cheapened and *will not* cheapen Seiberling tires in order to make and sell more of them. In compounding raw materials, in building the tire itself and in careful inspection at every step—we do and always will *take time to build real Seiberling quality into every tire.*

The Seiberling tire you buy today *will* give you *extra* quality, *extra* miles, because *it has to be BETTER to be a Seiberling.*

That's a *promise,* Mr. Fones!

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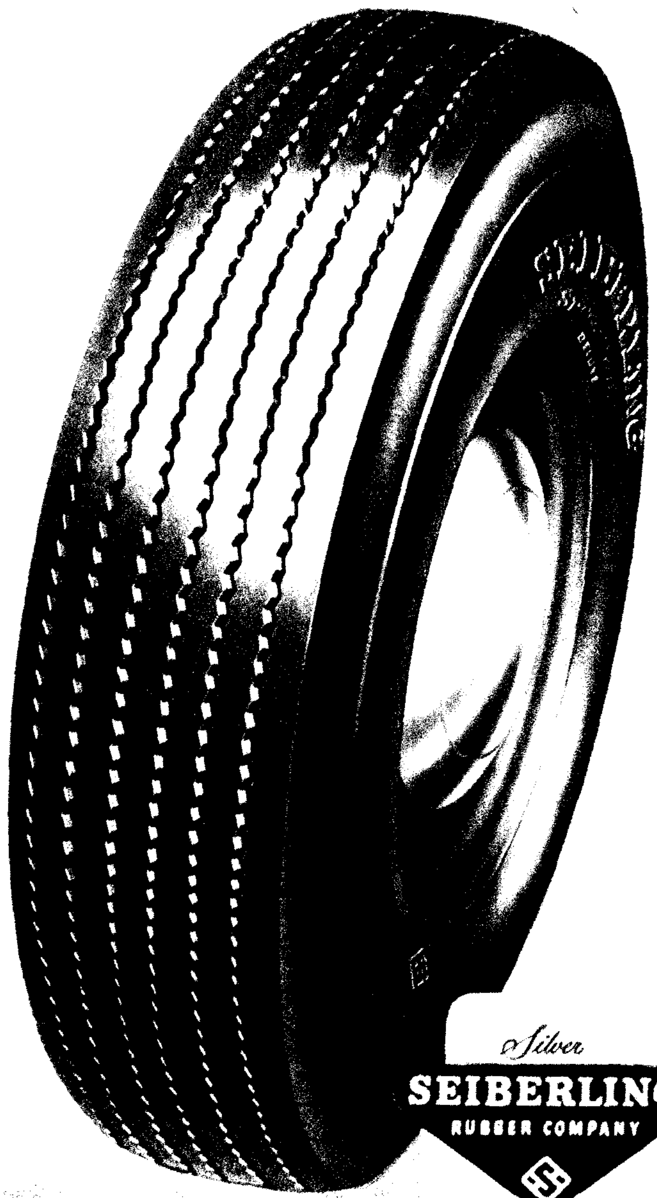

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The Week's Mail

DEAR EDITOR: What America needs is more men like Senator Bilbo of Mississippi—men who are not ashamed or afraid to let the public know what they stand for. I believe the people of his state will re-elect him. He has my best wishes.
GEORGE ROBERTS
Hyden, Ky.

Speaking before an election, Senator Bilbo said: "Ah'm callin' every red-blooded American who believes in the superiority and integrity of the white race to get out and see that no niggah votes. . . . And the best time to do it is the night before."

DEAR EDITOR: If its citizenry is not properly educated, no nation can be strong. So I am glad to see that Collier's is to put the spotlight on our schools, with the object of learning how they may be improved. I enjoyed Kyle Crichton's Our Schools Are a Scandal and so, I am sure, did all your more thoughtful readers. A very helpful article, that.
W. L. BOONE
Denver, Colo.

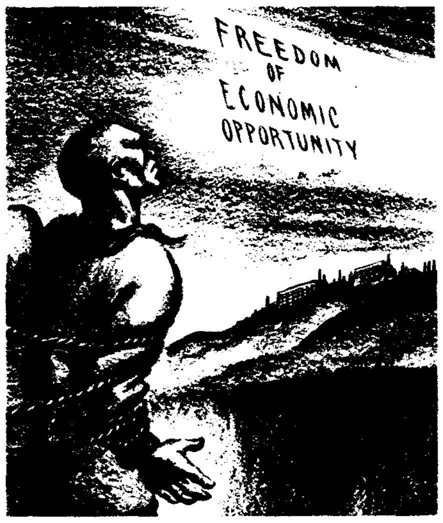
DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy your magazine, and I observe that you run a lot of pictures of handsome ladies. What I would like to know is why, once in a while, don't you run a picture of a handsome man—myself, for instance? I am not one to slap myself on the back—I use a sledge hammer.
W. N. SIMON
Columbia, Mo.

Send in your mug, Mr. Simon.

DEAR EDITOR: No doubt, a great many people have read the Bible all the way through from cover to cover. But how many, I would like to know, have read every word of a good, hefty encyclopedia? I know one person who did it—my Uncle John. He performed the feat at the age of 80, and it gave him something to brag about the rest of his life. Have any of Collier's omnivorous readers ever done it?
WALTER DUNMORE
London, England.

DEAR EDITOR: I have just seen the disgusting anatomical display on page 15 of your May 25th issue. I think that picture is in very bad taste. When artists do girls in bathing suits they should at least stay within the bounds of decency!
MRS. W. EWOLDT
Eldridge, Ia.

The picture shows a young man and woman and a very young girl on a beach. The little girl has no bathing suit. The young woman (right) wears a 1946-style swim suit. We don't think it indecent.



DEAR EDITOR: If I were a millionaire, I would get out a pamphlet containing the cartoon you call Freedom of Economic Opportunity and the powerful editorial, The "Social Equality" Bogy, and send a copy to every home in America.
JOHNNIE F. KIRVIN, JR.
Los Angeles, Cal.

The editorial has to do with the Negro's right to economic equality with his white fellow citizens. The cartoon is reproduced above.

DEAR EDITOR: Your editorial on the Automotive Golden Jubilee (June 15th issue) carries me back 42 years to my Texas home and my first ride in one of those "horseless buggies." In those days, the farmers hated the new mechanisms. So did their horses! My brother bought one, however (a small Maxwell), and one notable day he drove me all the way from San Marcos, our home town, to Austin, a distance of 32 miles. We had two punctures and much engine trouble, but we made Austin all right—in about two hours!
J. N. YOUNG
New York, N. Y.

On Aug. 23, 1939, at Bonneville, Utah, John R. Cobb drove a Railton Red Lion 369.7 miles an hour and set a world's record. He could get from San Marcos to Austin in a little more than five minutes.

DEAR EDITOR: I have heard that Collier's was the first magazine to use "short short stories." Were you? If so, when did the first one appear?
R. T. GLASS
Philadelphia, Pa.

The first short short story, so labeled, ***appeared in Collier's of Sept. 12, 1925. Its author was Octavus Roy Cohen.***

DEAR EDITOR: Sometimes I agree with you people who run Collier's, and sometimes I don't. But I will say this: Whatever your viewpoint may be on a subject, you are invariably fair minded. This fact impresses me whenever I read one of your articles or editorials. More power to you!
FRANCIS L. THOMAS
Dallas, Tex.

And more power to you, Mr. Thomas.

DEAR EDITOR: For more than fifty years I have been a baseball fan, and I have seen most of the great teams of today and the past in action. What I can't understand is the assumption of many sports writers that modern baseball is superior to that played in the late Gay Nineties

(Continued on page 40)

"I'm all over the map at once"

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Don't let the sun shine directly into the camera lens. If the picture requires facing the sun, hold some object outside the field of view to cast a shadow over the lens.

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 3, 1946

Straw Hat Circuit

BY EDWIN LANHAM

He knew that a stage-struck girl will sacrifice almost anything for success. He knew that if he were to save her years of heartache later he must not spare her now

COMING down on the train he had gone through his part, sitting by the window with his eyes closed and lips writhing as he mumbled the words. Somewhere in his scrapbook there was a newspaper clipping that called it a noble forehead, but the hairline was receding now and the flesh of his face had lost its firmness. Occasionally he had opened his eyes to reassure himself that his reflection in the car window showed a still handsome man.

He had often thought that it was unhealthy for a man to be forced to deal in vanity as his stock in trade, but an actor must always appraise his appearance as a storekeeper takes inventory. Vanity was a womanish weakness, he thought, and like a woman he felt a tightness in his stomach when he noticed how his cheeks had begun to sag a little, how the color was no longer evenly distributed on his cheeks, but was mottled here and there like a poor dye. The uneasiness he felt could not be relieved by the purchase of a new hat or a new jewel, so he was weaker than a woman, really.

On the way to the hotel in a taxi he wondered if it were a good play. When he first read it he had thought so, but he had learned to distrust first readings. There was simply no way to tell. You took a role. You worked hard. Sweated through rehearsals, hammered the lines into your head; you tried to live the part and, of course, you lost perspective. You never knew until the curtain came down on opening night whether the play was good or bad, or, for that matter, how good you were in the role, or how bad. That last play, the Broadway flop in March, had been pretty terrible.

The hotel was down by the sea, facing the boardwalk in the old resort town. It was a square white structure with spires and cupolas and looked like an iced wedding cake in the bright summer sun. The glare hurt his eyes, and he did not even look toward the sea.

As he registered in the lobby he saw a poster with his own name in big block type: Jack Marley, star and director. He had seen that name a hundred times in type and in electric lights and the pattern of letters was pleasing to his eye, yet there was still a little sense of shock each time he saw it, as there had been the first time in the first play, nearly twenty years ago.

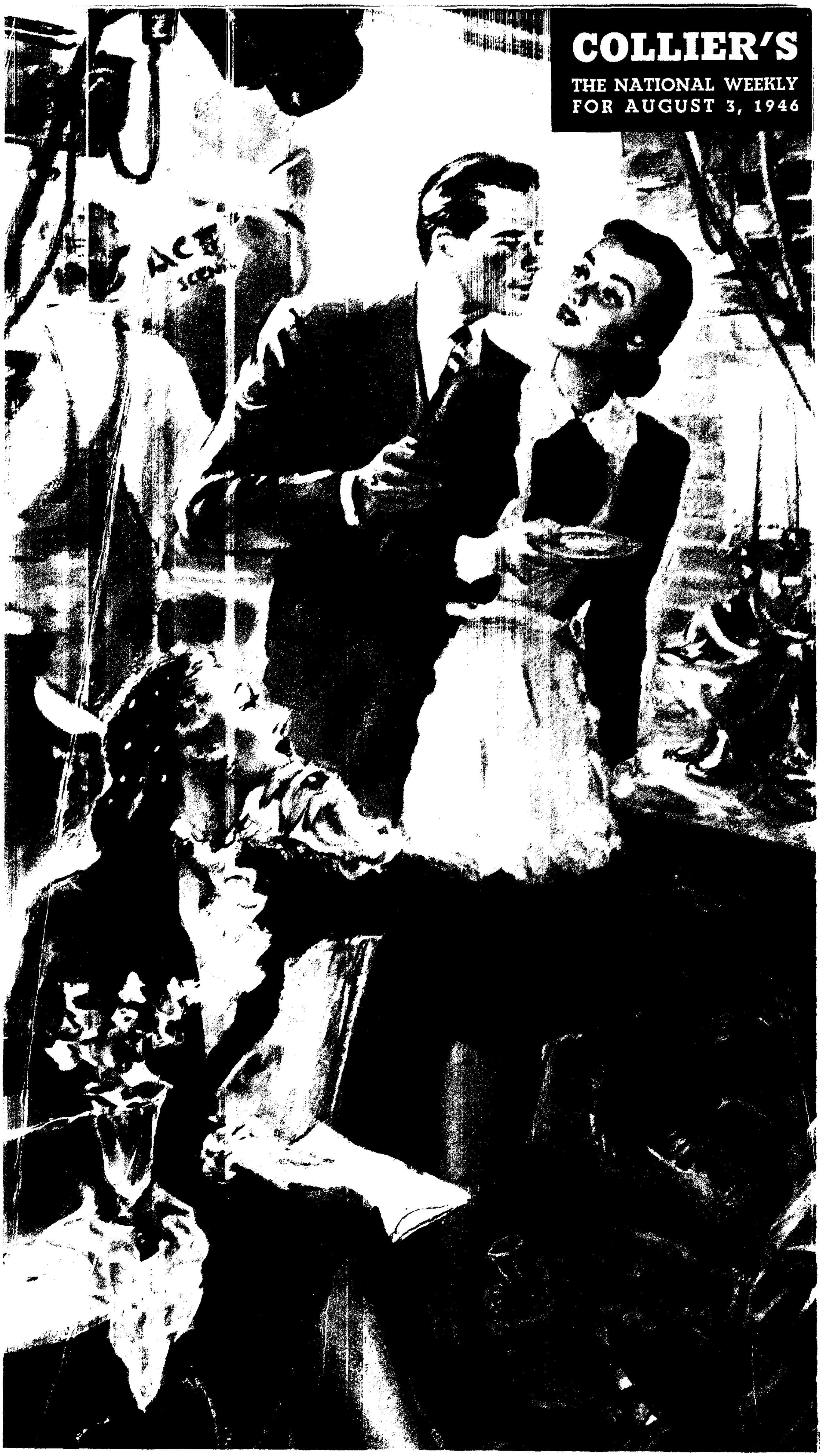
HIS thoughts returned to the new play. If the tryout went well in summer stock, it was assured of a Broadway production in the fall, and he would have the inside track—as leading man certainly, possibly director also. If it went well here he would scrape up what money he could and buy a piece of the production. That was the only way to get ahead in the theater—own a piece of the show.

He tipped the bellhop, and as soon as the boy had shut the door he swung his suitcase onto the bed and opened it. His hands went under the mound of clothes, groping, and he brought out the bottle. There was a glass on the washstand and he poured a drink and tossed it off neat; then he washed the soot from his face and hands and sat down in a chair by the window. For the first time he looked at the sea. He drew in deep breaths of the salt air and he began to feel better.

He closed his eyes, and his lips moved again in a tortured way as he mumbled his lines. It was harder and harder to memorize his part, and he had to have the lines right this time. He had to know his part and direct the play as well. . . .

The theater was a weathered gray rectangle down where the boardwalk ended, facing out to sea. There was a broad front porch furnished with wicker chairs that were eagerly sought at intermissions by patrons who had endured for half an hour the hard seats inside—and the play as *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



When they were going over a scene in the third act, there was an odd smile on Mathilda Lynne's face. It was a love scene between himself and Lily, and Jack knew that he was more than an actor, more than a director

WHO IS A NEGRO?

BY HERBERT ASBURY

More than 2,000,000 U.S. Negroes have crossed the color line, contributing, among other things, an ever-widening stream of black blood to the native white stock

AN INVESTIGATOR accosted twenty Negroes, about equally divided among darkskins, brownskins and lightskins, at 126th Street and Seventh Avenue, in New York's Harlem. To each he put two questions:

1. Would you pass as a white man if you could?

2. Do you know of any Negroes who are passing or have passed as white?

Two of the twenty suggested that the investigator mind his own business. They were immediately dismissed as unco-operative. Of the remaining eighteen, all but two knew of Negroes who were living, or had lived, as whites. Eleven said that they would pass if they could. Significantly, however, each emphasized that it would not be because he considered the white man a superior being, but because of the obvious social and economic advantages to be gained. One, a very light-skinned man who resembled a South European more than a Negro, said:

"I pass, myself. Every day from nine to five I'm a white man. I've got a good job downtown; I do the work well, and I've had two raises. But I'd never have been hired if I had said I had Negro blood. When I applied, I gave my race as white and my nationality as Spanish, and neither statement has ever been questioned. I keep a little room in a white part of town, to bolster my story if necessary, but I seldom go there.

"Nearly every night I come home to Harlem because my folks and all of my friends are colored. I am engaged to a girl who has the same amount of Negro blood that I've got, one eighth. Our children will have no more, but if they tell the truth about their ancestry they'll be classed as Negroes. Maybe after I'm married I'll stay over on the white side, so my kids will have a better chance to get somewhere in the world."

Another said:

"What's the matter with white people, anyway? They seem to have no pride of race. One dash of black blood makes a man a Negro, but a dash of white blood won't make a man white. If a person has, say, sixteen times as much white blood as black and wants to live white, his whole life must be one of lies and concealment."

The sociological phenomenon of black becoming white, which is more or less peculiar to the United States, has existed in this country for more than two hundred years, and probably will plague racial purists for another two hundred. The Negro calls it passing, crossing over, crossing the line or going over to the other side; he speaks of a colored person who has passed as a "white Negro." What the white man calls it depends largely upon where he lives; the viewpoint of the Georgian is seldom that of the Vermonter.

The exact number of persons with Negro blood who cross the line each year is unknown, and the surreptitious nature of the process of passing makes it unlikely that accurate statistics can ever be obtained. But the subject has been exhaustively studied, and during the past fifty years a considerable body of information has been amassed from which reliable estimates can be made.

Authorities now generally agree that between 15,000 and 30,000 persons classed as Negroes go over to the white side every year, although a few investigators have placed the annual migration as high as 200,000. And as Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, once said, "Large as is the number who cross the line, it is but a small percentage of those who might follow such an example but who do not."

These estimates are far from being mere guesswork. They are based on careful studies by experts of census reports, immigration records, vital statistics and information from other sources. These studies show very conclusively that approximately 20,000 Negroes disappear every year, and that their absence from the black population cannot be accounted otherwise than by passing.

Two of America's foremost social scientists, Dr. Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University and the late Dr. Edward B. Reuter of the University of Iowa and Fisk University, have made extensive examinations of the census records and other data relating to mulattoes. They found an abnormally low ratio of mulatto men to mulatto women especially in the age groups 15-19 and 20-44. For example, the census of 1910 showed an excess of more than 85,000 mulatto females in the age group 20-44, a ratio of 79.9 males to each 100 females. No such careful studies have been made of later censuses, but most sociologists believe that they will show a corresponding excess of females.

Fewer Women Cross the Line

Since there are no biological or other reasons, both Dr. Johnson and Dr. Reuter have attributed the excess of mulatto females to the fact that large numbers of mulatto men, particularly in the age group 20-44, cross the line, or at least have reported themselves to the census takers as white. Their theory is strengthened by the fact that the low ratio of mulatto men to mulatto women is particularly noticeable in the large cities of the North, where passing is easiest.

Another Middle Western investigator, after an extensive survey of census and other records, concluded that in the two decades from 1890 to 1910 the Negro race in this country lost approximately 600,000 persons, an average of about 30,000 a year. Since there has been scarcely any Negro emigration from the United States, he concluded that these 600,000 persons had gone over to the white side. In all investigations in which census reports are used, allowances have been made for the obvious fact that the authenticity of the information depends largely upon the judgment and care exercised by the census enumerator, especially in cases involving the definition of mulatto. For census purposes, a mulatto is a person having one half or less of Negro blood.

In addition to studies of this nature, there has been a great deal of personal investigation of passing, and several extensive surveys have been made by research projects. The results of these indicate that the estimates made by sociologists and anthropologists are correct.

Nearly every survey has reported that few Negro families have been found which didn't know of at least one instance of passing. Some families knew of dozens. And contrary to general belief, Negroes who attempt to pass are seldom exposed by other Negroes. When they are, it is usually because of personal enmity that has followed them across the line; or because having turned white, they try to prove their orthodoxy by turning violently anti-Negro. Walter White says he "could name some men in American public life of this type." The attitude of most Negroes toward passing was thus expressed by Mr. White:

"Negroes naturally resent the loss of some of the brilliant minds which would be an asset to them in their grim struggle for survival. But if any Negro believes he will be happier living as white and thereby escape the barbs and handicaps of prejudices, or if he believes he can use his ability and training to greater advantage on the other side of the racial line, most Negroes wish him well.

"There are, of course, individuals who resent passing, particularly if they themselves are unable to do so. But these individuals are relatively few in number. Most colored Americans do not attempt to interfere with the lives of those who are successfully passing. Fundamentally, most Negroes get a sort of grim pleasure out of white Negroes passing and thus fooling the allegedly superior race."

There are many degrees of passing, of which the most important are permanent passing and what the sociologists call segmental passing. In both, the cause is generally economic, the desire to hold jobs or have careers which are not open to Negroes. Sometimes, however, a person with colored blood will cross the line because of a white marriage or love affair.

But as a rule the opposite is true. Most Negro-white marriages are between Negro men and white women, and usually the wife follows the husband into the colored community. In many instances she claims to be a light-skinned Negro, hoping thereby to overcome the aversion with which the majority of Negroes appear to regard interracial marriage. This is by far the easiest of all forms of passing, even if the woman happens to be a golden blonde. Few whites, or Negroes either, for that matter, can imagine her saying she is a Negro if she isn't.

The light-skinned Negro who passes permanently cuts himself off completely from the colored world; he usually moves to another part of the country where he is unknown and begins an entirely new life. Sometimes he prepares for the adventure by learning Spanish, French, Italian or Portuguese, or by cultivating an accent. He thus becomes a foreigner, and as everyone knows, a foreigner is apt to be any shade of color.

Biographies with Pages Missing

Some Negro authorities say that many Negroes who have passed return to the colored race after varying periods of months or years. In support of this statement they point to the fact that in the lives of a number of prominent Negroes there are gaps which biographers have been unable to fill. Some, of course, do return because they were not as successful as they had hoped to be, because the strain of living white was too great, because they simply didn't like white people en masse, or for other reasons. But no estimate can be made of the number who "come home," as the Negroes say. Probably it is very small.

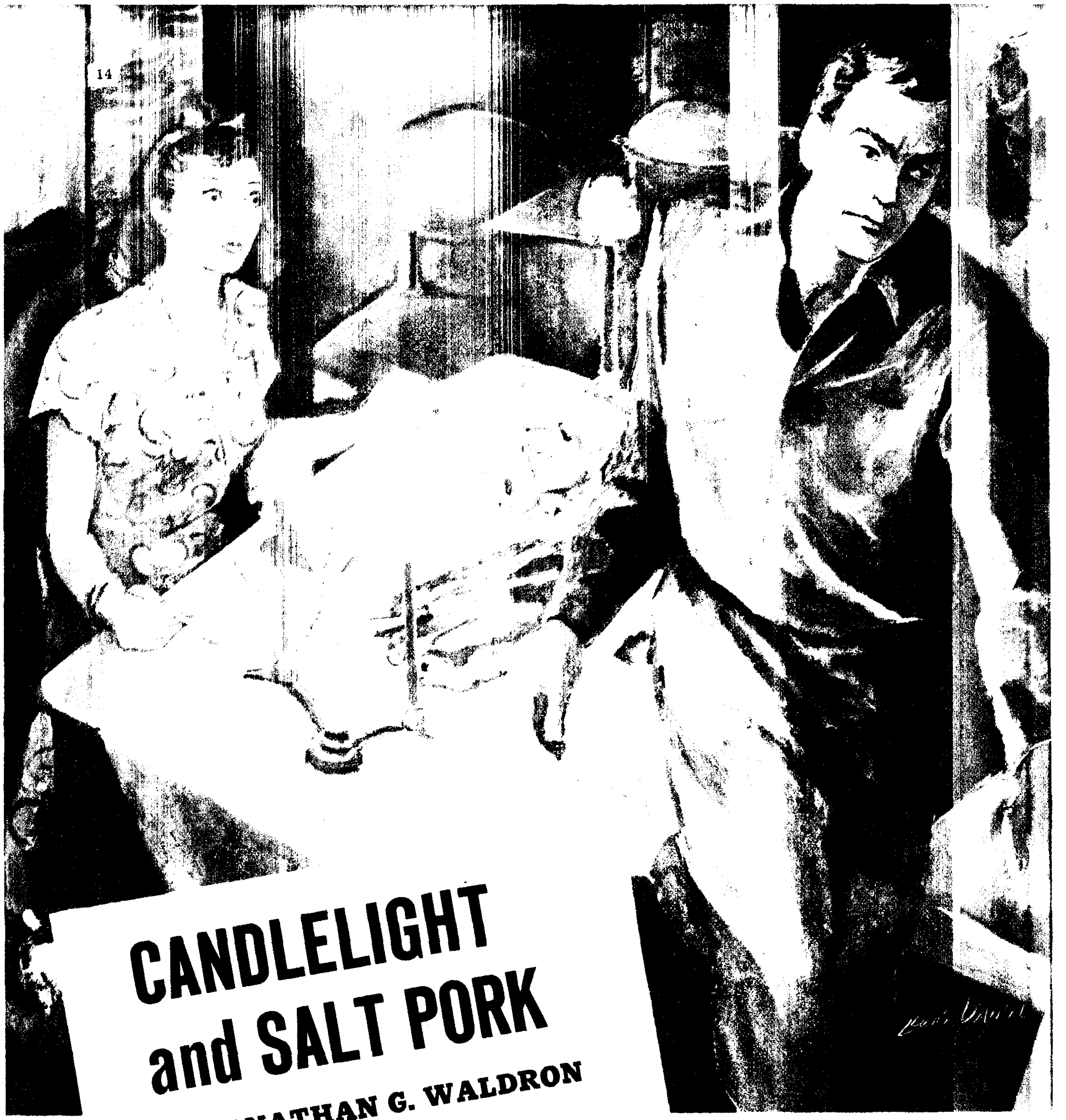
In segmental passing, the white Negro leads two distinct lives; occupationally he is white, but in his social and family life he is a Negro. It is believed that a great majority of those who cross the line permanently are men; as a rule the economic drive is stronger in men than in women, and it is easier for a man to break with his family and friends. But about as many men as women appear to practice segmental passing.

Many light-skinned Negro girls have obtained good positions as telephone operators, stenographers, typists, clerks, and receptionists by passing as white, and others are to be found behind the counters and desks of the big white department stores of New York, Chicago and other cities. Most of them represented themselves as members of various dark-skinned white groups. "It is amazing," said a Negro leader, "how many girls of Spanish and Portuguese descent you'll find in New York and Chicago." One girl who works in a large New York store said she knew of at least half a dozen others who had similar jobs.

"Two of them are in this store," she said. "We all come down from Harlem together every morning. I've never had any trouble. I've been here a year now, and I've seen no one I knew except one white woman for whom I worked as a maid before I got this job. She came to my counter one day and I waited on her, and she recognized me. She was just as nice as she could be, and later on she wrote a letter to the store saying I had been very courteous and helpful. But of course she didn't give me away.

(Continued on page 71)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL



CANDLELIGHT and SALT PORK

BY JONATHAN G. WALDRON

I made a feeble effort to eat, but I couldn't. At last I stood up. "Louie," Doris whispered. "Louie, your supper"

MY WIFE Doris and I are as happy as we can be. We are as happy as larks. We are as happy as a couple of kittens. We are as happy as the day is long. Yes, except for the terrible first week of our marriage four years ago, the joining in the holy bonds of matrimony of Louis Vincent La Fave and Doris Mary Lindsay has been wonderful.

It was during the terrible first week of our marriage that I *swore* at my little wife. But it is not so much the swearing or the loud banging of my fist on the table. It is not so much the loud shouting of "*Sacrée vache!*" an expression I had heard my old black-haired father use so many times. No, it was what *caused* the swearing and the banging of my fist on the table.

I live in what is called Frenchtown, where the people laugh so much. In our village, one side of the river is called Frenchtown but the other side of the river has no name. It is where the sad people with all the money live. In Frenchtown you will find all the teamsters and sawyers and skidders who work in the mill. But on the other side of the river lives a different class of people. If all the teamsters and sawyers and skidders in Frenchtown should suddenly die, then the people on the other side of the river would starve to death. That is why we laugh so much.

I am twenty-four; my brother Xavier is twenty-one; my oldest sister Jeanne is eighteen. Next is my sister, Clarice, who is eleven, and my youngest brother, Raymond, is eight. My mother and father supported us all on twenty-six dollars a week.

I am a husband now and I know what it is to pay for things with money which you have to earn. I have no children of my own but if I had as many children as my mother and father, then I would have to use the same system they did. . . .

In the fall of the year, my father would say, "Ma, I must go out to Joe DuJardin and help butcher." Then he would leave with a team and wagon which he would borrow from the mill. Late at night he would return with the wagon box piled full with the sides and hams of half a dozen hogs. We all helped him carry the huge white slabs of meat into the cellar.

These hogs—or at least the remembrance of these hogs—were responsible for the quarrel Doris and I had during the first week of our married life.

Doris is not from Frenchtown. She lived on the other side of the river on North Adams Street near the American Legion Hall. Her father ran the garage. Doris and I went to school together and one day I said to myself, "Louie, if that girl can yell and scream and jump up and down when you are getting your nose smashed playing football, then she should at least give you a date."

Besides that, she was a pretty girl even though she was from the other side of the river, and I like a pretty girl—Frenchtown or no Frenchtown. So we went dancing at the Granada Club and then we went to the prom and one night on her old man's front steps we said we were in love with each other.

We graduated together the following spring and then we went to Rockford, Illinois, and got married. When we came home I got a job in the mill and we rented a house in Frenchtown. That house of ours nearly scared me to death. I was always afraid I would stumble and smash something, or I was afraid I would suddenly go skidding along on a rug and knock over a table. Everything in the house was neat and small like Doris, who only came up to my shoulder. She must have known I was nervous in this house because she came up to me and put her soft brown hair under my chin and held on to me with her arms.

"Louie," she said, "don't be afraid."

The third night when I came home from work, Doris said, "Louie, tonight we will have our first *real* meal in our new home." And she smiled and told me to go and wash up. When I came out of the bathroom, Doris was standing near the dining-room table and she looked at me and then at the table. She was all dressed up in a flowered house coat with a small lace handkerchief sticking out of the pocket. Her brown hair was done up with a blue ribbon and tied with a bow on the top.

The table was covered with a pink cloth, laid cornerwise, and alongside of the dinner plates were little pink napkins. In front of my plate was a silver dish filled with a rib roast still steaming in its brown gravy. In front of Doris' plate was a long platter of golden potatoes, cut squarely in half and cooked to a fine crisp. That was not all. To the left of my plate stood a salad. Doris' eyes gleamed when I looked at it. She had cut a head of lettuce into small, green pyramids, and around the edge of the plate were thin slices of orange, each with half a walnut on top. Then over this all she had laid fine strips from a banana to spell the letter "L."

I SAT down at the table across from Doris and I made a feeble effort to eat. I tried to eat but I couldn't. The silver dish and the pink napkins and the candles bothered me. To be honest, I was scared of these things, especially of that "L" made out of a banana. At last I shook my head and stood up.

"Louie," Doris whispered. "Louie, your supper."

I just shook my head again and walked into the living room and turned on the radio. I could hear Doris sobbing. At heart I am not a bad fellow, but I do not like to hear women sobbing even if they have something to sob about.

"Now," I said to myself, "I must be firm about this matter but I must also be careful because I do not want to hurt Doris who is so tiny and good." So I called out, "Doris, come here."

She came in the living room and she was holding her small silk handkerchief to her nose. It was then that I banged my fist on the table and sent the radio bouncing up and down. Doris looked frightened. It was then that I said, "*Sacrée vache!*"

But a moment later I said, "Doris, don't cry." I pulled her down on my lap in an easy chair and she stuck her wet nose in my shirt collar.

"Doris," I said, "I am Louie La Fave and not Louie anything else. Since I was so small I can't remember, I have been raised on simple food. Doris, if you want to make me happy, you will buy a red-checkered oilcloth for the table. In the middle of the table you will place a bowl of boiled potatoes. On one side of the potatoes you will place a platter of fried side pork and on the other side you will place a plate of bread." She nodded her head. "One thing more, Doris. Tomorrow you will go to my mother and find out how to make black molasses cookies. That is for dessert." She nodded her head.

We are happy now. Doris can fry side pork almost as well as my mother. As for myself, I prefer to cut the rind off a piece of side pork and then fold the meat twice before eating it with my fork. But Doris always lays her piece of side pork flat on a piece of white bread. Then she either sprinkles it with horse-radish or smears it well with mustard before she presses another piece of bread firmly on top to make a sandwich. It seems almost impossible to break her of some of the small habits she had when she lived on the other side of the river.

We are very, very happy, however.

a short short story complete on this page

British miners' children wait at the pit head for their fathers. But very few of these lads will be miners—which is one of Britain's worst headaches

Prime Minister Attlee and Herbert Morrison are two of the exceptionally able, honest and sincere group which is now governing England, the author finds

BY HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

Britain's venture into Socialism may provide the answer to the most provocative question of our times: Can liberal democracy move into a planned economy without the loss of individual freedoms? Here's a report on the experiment, one year after

LONDON

"THE first thing I thought the Labor government would do," said the carpenter sadly, as he sloshed his beer gently in the mug, "would be to knock down the price of workingman's bitter from a shilling, fourpence a pint to sixpence, and his fags from two shillings, fourpence to twenty for one shilling."

"Ah," said his mate, "they're thinking of your wife and kids. They know you wouldn't take the money home anyway, Bill, so they let you pay it to the brewer and collect it off him in taxes and then give it to your missus in social services—free doctors, free meals at school, free milk, free education."

"I like the old-school-tie way of doing things," Bill replied. "We didn't get much money but we always had a full belly and a full glass, and when you'd had half a dozen pints of fourpenny ale Saturday night you'd had something that you knew you'd got inside of you. Yes, my lad, two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a couple of pints and you'd got a meal—a week's ration by today's weight."

So the arguments go in Britain's pubs these days as the people react to the impact of socialization. The questions they deal with are as simple as bread and cheese, but behind their conjectures and evaluations looms a much bigger, much more basic question for England, and the world.

The question is whether you can have Socialism without totalitarianism. The Russians, in effect, are saying, "No!" The British Labor Party says, "Yes!"

That is why, when an avalanche of votes gave the Laborites a huge majority last year, it was fair to say that Great Britain was pioneering again. Success would mean that the world was being shown one way out of its economic troubles without having to abandon democratic freedoms; failure would be a strong argument for the free enterprise to which the United States alone among the great powers still clings.

Here is the first great experiment of a major democratic power working toward a more or less complete socialization. The goal, economically speaking, is not much different from Communism, since Communism is a form of Socialism, but the methods are entirely different—in Britain through democratic processes with the maintenance of all the freedoms which liberals hold sacred; in Russia through State Socialism of a type which cannot correctly be called anything but totalitarianism. Hence the experiment is fundamentally whether effective and efficient Socialism can be achieved by free men and women without impairing their freedoms.

"The greatest danger to freedom has been the concentration of wealth and economic power in the hands of the few, and we are today transferring economic power to the community," said Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee in a recent speech. "We are redressing the economic inequality which is the outstanding feature of the capitalist regime, but in fighting for freedom against the forces of concentrated wealth we do not neglect the need for the preservation of other freedoms. . . .

"We seek to provide social security for all instead of merely trying to alleviate the lot of the poorest section of the community. The conception of the Poor Law doctor gives way to the conception of a national health service for all. The idea of working-class dwellings gives place to that of planned cities and homes for all. Meanwhile over an increasing field of activity, service to the community replaces exploitation of the many in the interests of the few."

Take that at its face value, because with the British Socialists, whatever you think of their reasoning you cannot question their sincerity or honesty. Moreover, when they talk of "democracy," "freedom of the press," "Parliamentary rule" and the like, they mean just what we mean, and not the sort of "democracy" which is to be found, let us say, in Bulgaria today. Looking at their accomplishments after a year of "peace," the odds favor the totalitarians.

This is not an argument for or against British Socialism. It is simply a report one year after. But one has to keep the fundamental problem in mind: Can liberal democracy produce Socialism? For Britain's is a Socialist government and it received a five-year mandate from voters to carry out a Socialist program, including nationalization of the key industries.

The middle classes revolted; the "nation of shopkeepers" had voted for socialization. The rural population shed, perhaps forever, its feudal inheritance. But at the same time, the Labor Party, that had begun as a class party forty years before, now included men and women drawn from every class in the community. Of the twenty-one Communist candidates only two were elected. That in itself was proof the British people were not voting for revolution; they were voting for a left-of-center, constitutional, even bourgeois party. There never was any doubt of that.

All the same, it was a new chapter in political history. The Labor Party Congress before the elections had promised nationalization of the key industries and the Bank of England, full employment, price controls, government supervision of monopolies and cartels, control of

(Continued on page 45)

All-America Water Queens

BY C. L. SAWIN

Jeanne Wilson (above) is a master at the flying breast stroke. A Chicagoan, she studies at Purdue

Joyce McCrae, veteran of the Multnomah team, is in the free-style relay

THE aquatic experts of the Amateur Athletic Union have chosen an all-America swimming team of fourteen attractive mermaids from four states to make up the mythical team of 1946. This year's team is made up mostly of new figures and faces. Only three of last year's team, Ann Curtis, Marilyn Sahner and Berniece Looney, retain their coveted positions.

Ann Curtis, University of California coed, leads the list that made the team on individual merit. Last year she was chosen for the Sullivan Award (the only woman ever chosen) as the outstanding athlete of the year. This year in the same poll she finished second to the Army's ball toter, Felix "Doc" Blanchard. Ann has twenty-odd American records to her credit, and more pending.

Marilyn Sahner, also from the Golden Gate, was the only other girl picked for her individual ability in free-style events. Miss Sahner set a new national record a few months ago in the 1,500-meter race.

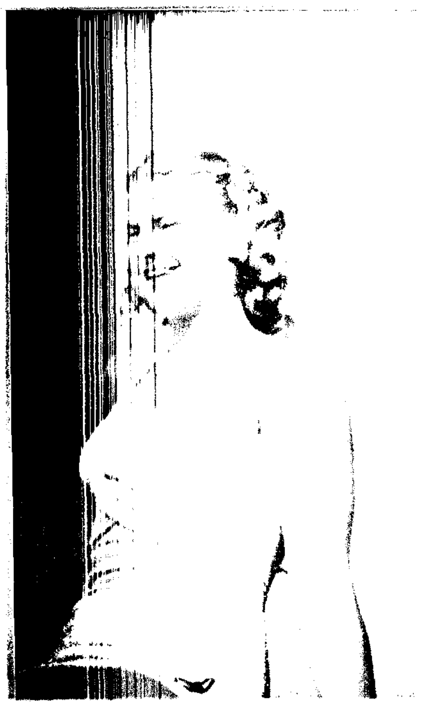
Helen Graham (above) is in the free-style relays. She's a student at the College of the Pacific

Clare Lamore (below) makes the team in both the 220-yard breast stroke and the individual medley

Marilyn Sahner (below), a veteran of last year's team, is picked for her individual ability in free-style events

Lorraine Fischer is backstroke, filling out the All-America medley relay

Helen Morgan makes the team for her star tower-diving performance


Zoe Ann Olsen teams with Helen Morgan in springboard diving

Berniece Looney, Betty Lachok and Kathleen Mahoney (left to right). Betty is the individual distance star; Berniece and Kathleen are on the long-distance team

Jeanne Wilson, representing the Lake Shore Club of Chicago has proved herself the nation's best in the breast-stroke sprints. She has one American record to her credit --the 100-yard, timed at 1 minute 15.1 seconds.

Marion Pontacq proved herself the past season by winning both the indoor and outdoor national backstroke titles. While in her early teens she joined the Crystal team of San Francisco. In 1943 she retired. In 1945 she announced a comeback and won two national titles plus many lesser honors.

Helen Morgan is another West Coast mermaid who came out of retirement last year. From 1939 until 1942, when she retired, Helen was considered the nation's best feminine diver on the springboard and the high tower. Her successful comeback in the acrobatic events earned her the tower-diving billet.

Zoe Ann Olsen, Oakland, California, high-school freshman, who began diving at the age of three, teams with Helen in the diving events.

Her first ambition is to win an Olympic title, her second to own a California horse ranch.

New England's feminine aquatic honor rests on the pretty shoulders of Clare Lamore of Providence, Rhode Island. This nineteen-year-old brunette made the team in both the 220-yard breast stroke and the individual medley. Indoor and outdoor champion in the 220, Clare also holds the indoor medley title. She was voted the outstanding New England athlete for 1945.

Betty Lachok of Akron, Ohio, completes the list chosen on individual merit. This eighteen-year-old high-school senior is a star in the distance swims, excelling at three miles.

Picked with Betty to constitute a distance team are Berniece Looney and Kathleen Mahoney, also of Akron. Nineteen-year-old Berniece is a sophomore at Kent State University. Kathleen, who is fifteen, is a sophomore at Kenmore High, Akron.

The breast stroker chosen to fill out the all-America medley relay with Marion Pontacq (backstroke) and Ann Curtis (free style) is the veteran Lorraine Fischer. Representing Crystal of San Francisco, Lorraine wore the colors of the Women's Swimming Association of New York until 1944.

Helen Graham, Joyce McCrae and Sue Curtis fill in the 400- and 800-meter free-style relays with the individual stars.

Helen, a newcomer in national circles, is enrolled at the College of the Pacific. Joyce, a veteran of the famous Multnomah team, has competed in San Francisco's Crystal relays since 1944. Sue is the young sister of Ann Curtis. She races in the Golden Gate relays and hopes to swim as well as Ann in a few more years.

National team contests the past season were dominated by the groups representing Indianapolis, Indiana; Portland, Oregon; and San Francisco, California; with the Golden Gate outfit holding the trump cards.

These are your 1946 stars. You'll probably hear more of them in 1948 when Uncle Sam's winners go to London for the first postwar Olympic games. ★★★

Marion Pontacq, backstroke, is national indoor and outdoor champ in this stroke

with Marion Pontacq, also backstroke, and Ann Curtis in the free style

The Curtis sisters, young Sue (free-style relay) and Ann (individual free-style)

1946 ALL-AMERICA TEAM SELECTION

GIRL	PERFORMANCE	REPRESENTS	CITY & STATE
HELEN C. MORGAN	Platform Diving	Fairmount Hotel	San Francisco, Calif.
ZOE ANN OLSEN	Springboard Diving	Athens Club	Oakland, Calif.
ANN CURTIS	Individual Free Style	Crystal Plunge	San Francisco, Calif.
MARILYN SAHNER	Individual Free Style	Crystal Plunge	San Francisco, Calif.
MARION PONTACQ	Individual Back Stroke	Crystal Plunge	San Francisco, Calif.
JEANNE WILSON	Individual Breast Stroke	Lake Shore Club	Chicago, Illnois
BETTY LACHOK	Ind. Long Distance	Firestone A.C.	Akron, Ohio
CLARE LAMORE	Ind. Breast & Medley	Olneyville B.S.A.	Providence, R. I.
LORRAINE FISCHER	Medley Relay	Crystal Plunge	San Francisco, Calif.
JOYCE McCRAE	Free Style Relay	Crystal Plunge	San Francisco, Calif.
SUE CURTIS	Free Style Relay	Crystal Plunge	San Francisco, Calif.
HELEN GRAHAM	Free Style Relay	Crystal Plunge	San Francisco, Calif.
BERNIECE LOONEY	Long Distance Team	Firestone A.C.	Akron, Ohio
KATHLEEN MAHONEY	Long Distance Team	Firestone A.C.	Akron, Ohio

THE SELECTING COMMITTEE

Lillian Y. Whiting (Chairman), Des Moines, Iowa
Ione Muir, Williamstown, Massachusetts
Kay Dunnette, Cincinnati, Ohio
Leo Sanders, Anderson, Indiana
Edwin Aspinall, Indianapolis, Indiana

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY C. L. SAWIN—KNOPF–PIX—DAVID PESKIN–PIX

A Little Fire

BY ABRAHAM POLONSKY

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

A grim reminder for modern man: a story of primitive horror in these atomic times

THE miracle first took place on Saturday night in the thick heat of summer. We had just settled our detestable friends in their new home on the island of the zoo, and I remember how Superintendent Akins and myself walked away feeling satisfied with ourselves and angry with the War Department.

"It's the medieval stupidity of it," Akins kept saying, and he shook his round, bushy head.

We walked through the hot evening, through the scent of dry grass and full-leafed trees. The deer compounds lay off to our left and from a mile away came the echoing roar of lions. "Think of it," Akins said. "Brany Island—that little blob of earth in the Pacific—is a telescope into the past, into evolution, history, life, and just because a bunch of gold-braided monkeys want to play with their damned bomb, we can't say a word." He bit off the end of a cigar, chewed it and then spat derisively. "Never take a long-range view of humanity," he added, "it's enough to make a Menapi sick to the stomach."

This was the absolute in disgust. I knew exactly how he felt because I can honestly say that never have I worked for so long on the verge of nausea. These rat-faced charges of ours had a unique and definable stink, penetrating, clinging, revolting, that followed you to table and bed. Worst of all, the most exquisite movie star, languorous of limb, sweet-skinned and blond, must call the Menapi cousin. So should the Admiral of the Fleet, the President of the United States, or any eminent mathematician.

As Akins and I strolled beneath the row of Norwegian pines that stretch to the administration buildings, we pondered our dilemma. The new national security regulations prevented us from telling the world that the possible destruction of Brany Island (named after Captain Brany, an old pirate) was a crime against knowledge and science. I had used all the influence I could, but each time we ran into the same wall. This new test at Brany Island was considered decisive, since the material to be fissioned occurred low in the table of elements. Who cared about evolution, biology, Menapis, or anything? In fact, I had come away from Washington with the belief that all the officials were either mad or tired; but then I am a scientist and respectful of reality.

The best the authorities would do for me—and their best was measured by endless conferences, endless corridors, and endless secret communications—was to permit us to remove a colony of Menapis to the safety of the zoo. And so Akins and I had been quietly flown to Brany Island. There we collected our wards with much difficulty and transshipped them to the States on a specially outfitted Liberty. On that long journey across the Pacific we had better than a fifty per cent mortality.

We had fixed up an island in the zoo and turned the survivors loose on it. And by that Saturday night, as we strolled toward the administration building, we felt sure the Menapis would do pretty well on their new island home.

The horrible creatures were already busily mating and eating and fouling the place. They were happy, and Akins and I were too, in a way. We decided to sit for a while in the gardens behind the research laboratories.

AT THIS hour while light still quaked in the sky we smoked in silence. The flowers burned fragrantly against the darkening ground. Birdcalls laced the air, a wolf howled, and the foxes barked from their cement runways. All the thousands of acres in the preserve were now empty of casual visitors. I felt somewhat at ease since I had tried to do my scientific duty. At least we had safeguarded one colony in our zoo, and placed them on the island under conditions approximating their Pacific ecology. With a little luck the Menapis might survive for examination and study.

"You know," Akins said, "it was lucky someone noticed that these rats have funny feet."

"Hands and feet," I reminded him. "Real hands and real feet."

"And a cheap low cunning. You know, Simon, I sympathize with those poor aborigines who never would go near Brany Island. One look at the Menapis in action sends a primordial shiver down my spine." His voice paused in the gloom, and then with a tentative kind of complaint, he asked, "The closest thing to man, you say?"

"If we were honest," I told him, "we'd say they were men."

"Damn it, no." He stood up and began a laugh which as suddenly ended in embarrassment. "I'm going to take a bath. I smell them all over me."

And at that moment the fire alarm system went off.

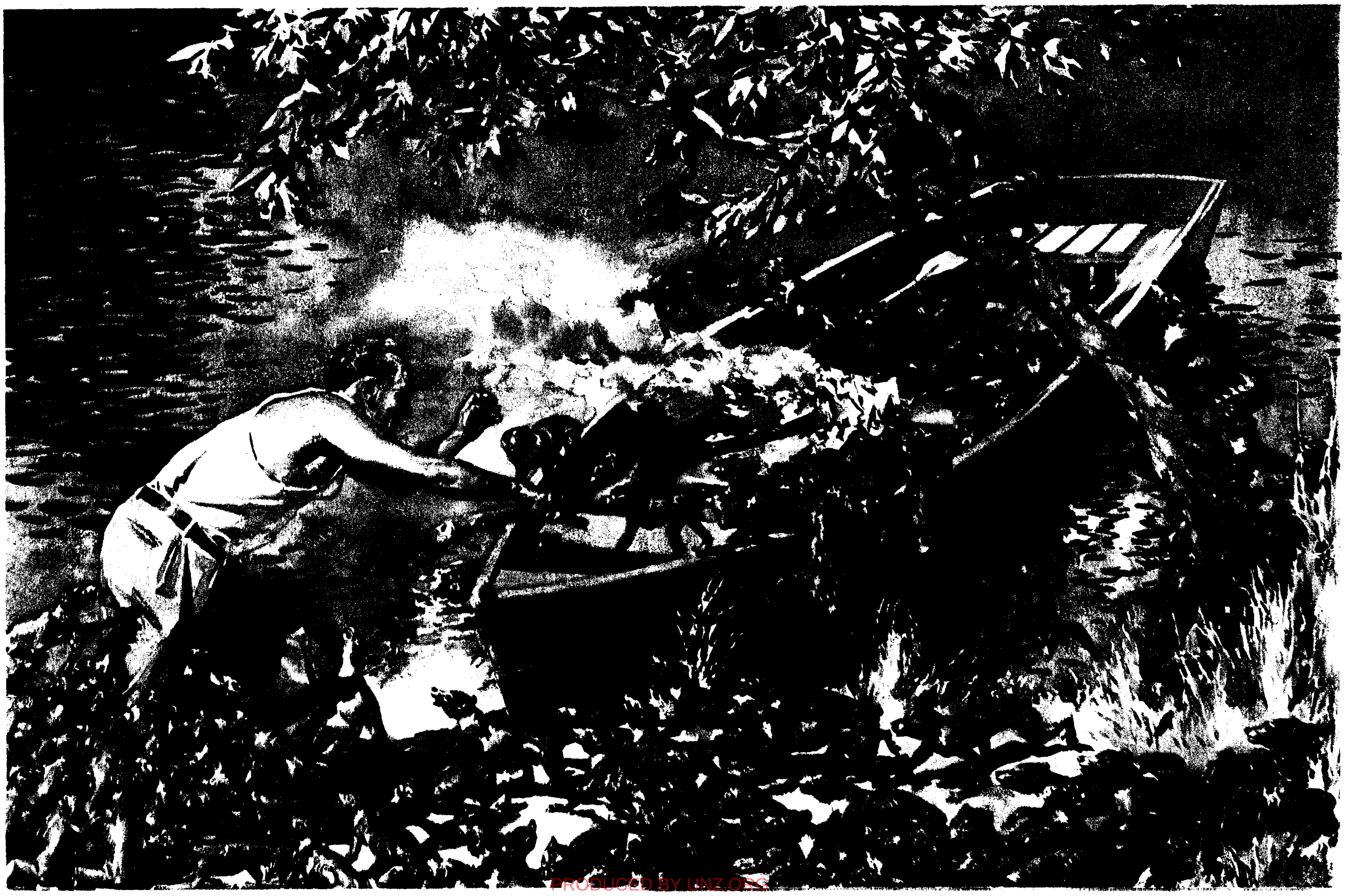
I jumped to my feet but Akins was already racing to the building. By the time I reached him he was at the telephone, shouting into the mouthpiece for a connection. Fire was one of our constant terrors, what with the thousands of birds and beasts that filled our aviaries, cages, dens and fields. But as Akins started to talk, we heard the siren on the fire truck and I knew the men were on their way.

Akins slammed the phone into its cradle. "The Island," he yelled and we ran out of the building.

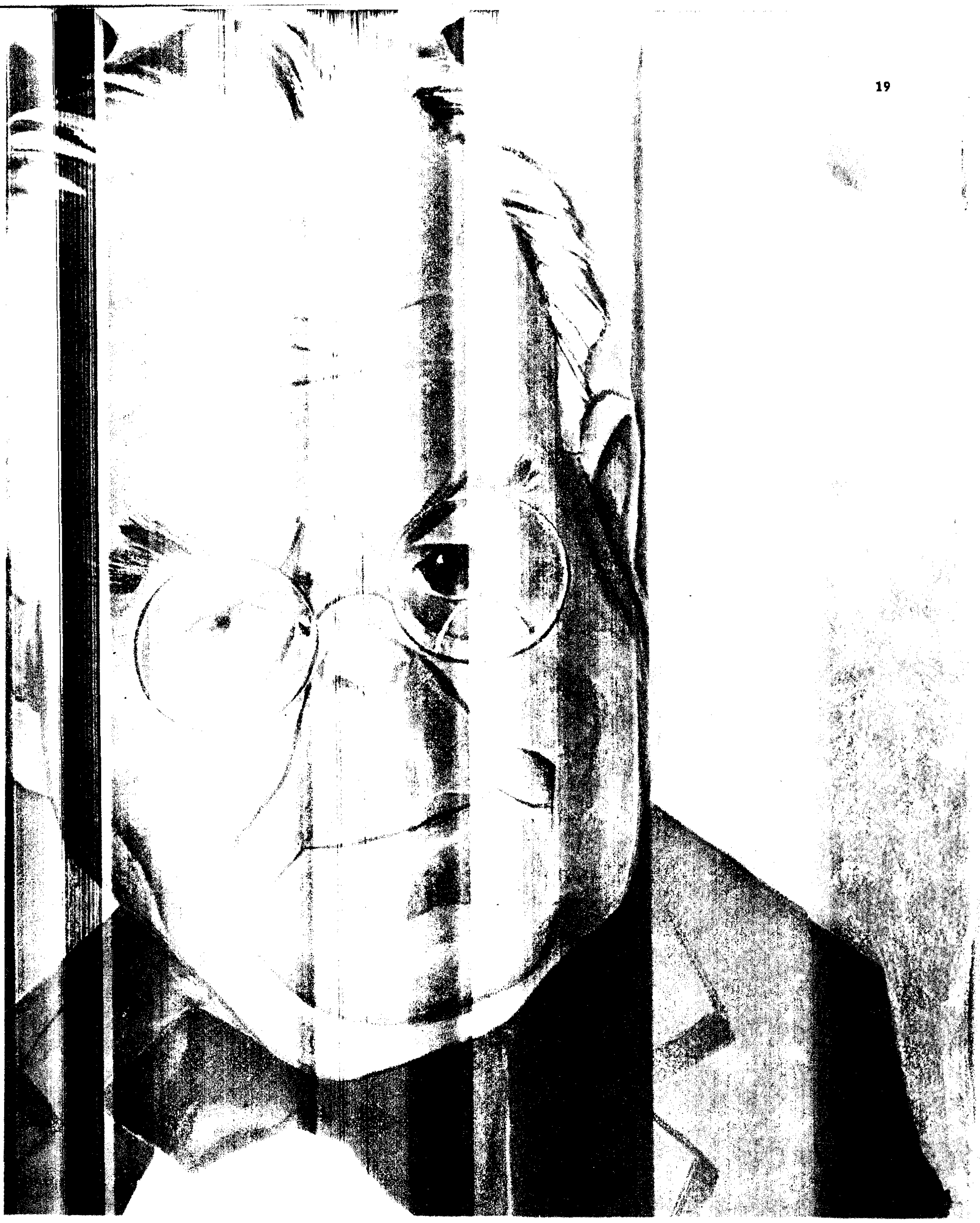
Akins is a few years younger than I am, and generally in better physical shape. In a few minutes he was out of sight. I heard his feet drumming on the cement walks and my own breath

(Continued on page 48)

Like a madman I dashed into the horde of Menapis and thrust the burning torch in their snapping faces



UNITED NEIGHBORS



IV: WARREN AUSTIN OF THE UNITED STAT

PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN'S appointments have provided much powder for anti-administration blasts. But not in the case of Warren Austin. When the Republican senior senator from Vermont was chosen as America's permanent delegate to the United Nations, Democrats and Republicans cheered unanimously.

In naming a successor to Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., to sit on the Security Council—with the rank of ambassador and a salary of $20,000 a year—President Truman chose to ignore Austin's consistently anti-New Deal stand on domestic issues and to recognize his work on behalf of the U.N. Everyone publicly agreed the appointment reflected credit on the President's judgment.

No one, however, was quite so pleased as the tailored, portly Vermonter with the pink jowls and the well-brushed graying hair. He had devoted a political lifetime to internationalism, and by making the U.N. dream come true he has helped to create the job he now fills. When he was offered the chance to fill it he candidly admitted he wanted it.

"It's like a divine dispensation," the sixty-eight-year-old Austin said, "that I should have, at this time of my life and experience, the opportunity to serve my country and to serve mankind."

Any politician might have said as much, but few could have meant those words more. Austin dreamed of a world organization for the perpetuation of peace, and American leadership and participation therein, long before any of his colleagues. Back in February, 1941, ten months before Pearl Harbor, while Congress sought to implement President Roosevelt's policy of full Anglo-American wartime co-operation, Austin's eyes were already focused beyond the war to the peace.

"Members of Congress and other public leaders," he said on the Senate floor, "should express their views on what are our aims and ask Britain what are her peace aims. Furthermore, ought we not to ask Britain now to join us in an endeavor to establish something new in the world hereafter, a new and different sanction of peace? This is not a mere dream—I believe we are in one of those great movements of civilization in which it advances to a higher step after it has slid backward."

With all its imperfections the U.N. is, Austin believes, that "higher step" he had foreseen. He helped America and the rest of the world to take it, braving the antagonism of fellow party members in doing so. He opposed his party's isolationism to support Wendell Willkie in 1940 and, after Willkie's defeat, Austin upheld Roosevelt's foreign policy because it represented, he said, the "traditional American policy of aiding and upholding democracy."

Austin's internationalism wasn't, however, mere war-born conformism or opportunism. Back in 1937 Austin advocated independent American reprisals against the Japanese after the League of Nations failed to halt aggression in China. This, at the time, was more than even Roosevelt was prepared to undertake.

In 1943, Austin fought the isolationists of his party at the famous Mackinac Island conference where Republican strategists tried to draft a foreign policy limiting American participation in postwar international political and economic organization.

At Mackinac, Austin induced his party to adopt a policy pledging "responsible participation by the United States in postwar co-operative organization among sovereign nations to prevent military aggression and to attain permanent peace with organized justice in a free world." Internationalism ceased to to be an exclusive Democratic Party plank, and the way was cleared for the eventual emergence of a strong, bipartisan foreign policy.

Subsequently, Austin helped to draft the Dumbarton Oaks Proposal for the Charter of the U.N. , He patiently explained what the Charter meant to both Democratic and Republican colleagues in the Senate during debates attending its ratification. His knowledge of the document's legal meaning is probably unequaled.

At the Chapultepec Conference in Mexico, it was Austin's draft of the final agreement on hemisphere unity that was adopted. His contribution to the evolution of a firm, unequivocal American foreign policy prompted President Roosevelt to say, shortly before his death, that the Vermonter had won "a permanent place in the conduct of our foreign affairs."

In Austin, America sends to the U.N. a man who talks of world government as the goal which the U.N. must reach if peace is to be permanent and the prosperity of all peoples real. Professional diplomats are inclined to duck the words "world government." Some openly sneer, saying that nations won't submit to any central organization that might infringe on their sovereignties.

"Nonsense," says Austin. "The sovereign equality of nations, great and small, means equality of independence. We do not change the relative independence of the United States to all the other members of the United Nations by joining in an agreement by which we promise that we will not resort to armed force in the solution of disputes with our neighbors.

"We do not lose any sovereignty in respect to our neighbors, because each one of our neighbors makes the same surrender—gives up that amount of independence which is required for the performance of an obligation not to resort to armed force in the settlement of international disputes."

That, basically, was the measure of state sovereignty relinquished by the colonies back in 1787—enough to prevent the dissolution of the Union in wars—when they formed the federal

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CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Sleep, My Love

BY LEONARD Q. ROSS

The Story:
ALISON CORDELEY, who is subject to sleepwalking spells, awakens on a Boston-bound train she has no recollection of boarding. In her purse, unaccountably, is a gun. . . . Another passenger, MRS. TOMLINSON, says she helped ALISON aboard after finding her in Grand Central Station clutching a ticket, apparently dazed. . . . Meanwhile, in New York, RICHARD CORDELEY, ALISON'S husband, tells the police he fears she's been kidnaped. . . . In Boston, MRS. TOMLINSON leaves ALISON telephoning RICHARD. MRS. TOMLINSON is met by her own husband, who questions her closely about ALISON'S reactions to the trip. Using the name VERNAY the couple board a train for New York. . . . ALISON catches a plane for New York; unaware that RICHARD has arranged an appointment for her with the psychiatrist, DR. RINEHART. In the next seat on the plane is BRUCE ELCOTT. He is fascinated by ALISON; and when she feels compelled to tell him she is married, ELCOTT objects: "But you're not wearing your wedding ring." . . .

II

THE strains of That Naughty Girl came sweet and round from the orchestra pit. Six girls in blue crinoline, with large parasols and floppy picture-book hats, sang the refrain, turning to face the left side of the stage. A blue spotlight flickered on and held.

A long, lovely, silk leg, the foot shod with pompons, was thrust into the circle of blue from the wings. A murmur ran through the audience at the Rowland Theater. Then an arm came into view, and then a large parasol covering both the arm and leg, and at last the head of Daphne Vernay appeared above the parasol—winking, smiling, impudent. She was astonishingly beautiful, very young. Her eyes were China blue, immense and innocent; her hair was a cascade of gold, pouring down to her bare and faultless shoulders.

The sextette drifted off stage as Daphne Vernay stepped out, clad in a crinoline gown with a great hoop skirt, twirling her parasol.

She moved lazily, drifting across stage, winking an implicit promise to the audience. She unsnapped her gown and sent it tumbling to the floor. The audience burst into laughter. Daphne stepped out of the gown with a surprised *moue*. She was in a pink petticoat. She pirouetted before the footlights in mock dismay. In tantalizing gestures, with exaggerated voluptuousness, she began to parody the song and the costumes and the mood. She was doing a strip tease—in a petticoat, a delightful, impudent strip tease. She was adorable.

Suddenly her petticoat slipped to the floor, and the audience laughed again as Daphne was revealed in a petticoat of yellow. Then the second petticoat dropped down and she gave a shocked "Oh!" And one by one the colored petticoats dropped away, faster and faster, the audience laughing louder and louder, until the stage was littered with little heaps of color. Daphne flung the parasol away in a quick, final gesture and the audience roared. She was clothed in a striped bathing suit that reached from her bosom to her knees. And while they laughed and applauded, her eyes rolled in innocent surprise. Daphne shook her golden head, laughing, low, deep in her throat, and danced out of sight to the crash of cymbals.

The orchestra struck up the reprise and Daphne stepped out, her hands crossed innocently across her breast, and the bathing suit fell to the floor. She was in a tight undergarment of ostrich feathers, her shoulders gleaming, her legs long and bright, her body marvelous to behold. She fumbled with the snaps that held the garment to her body. The audience made expectant noises, and just as the feathery garment started to slide down, her parasol was stuck out from the wings by an unseen hand, covering her, and the audience laughed and booed. Daphne pushed the parasol away. The feathered garment started to slip down. The parasol was pushed before her again, and just as the feathers slid to the floor the blue spotlight went off suddenly and Daphne gave a high wail of chagrin and disappeared into the wings.

He came toward her and hefted the poker slowly. Terror crawled up her back and she sat transfixed, rigid

The applause and laughter soared out above the fanfare of trumpets.

Daphne flung a kimono around herself, and hurried up the iron stairs to her dressing room. She opened the door. There was a man sitting before one of the two dressing tables. He had on grease paint and a handkerchief stuck inside his collar. He was wearing velvet trousers and the doublet of a gay blade. "Hello, breathless."

"You can't afford to live here, Marco. The rent's too high," she said simply.

He tried to put his arms around her, but a dark, bright little brunette in crinoline stepped between them. "You're on in two minutes, Mr. Duval."

Daphne closed the door.

"We'd better step on it," the brunette said. "Their car is waiting by the stage door." They sat down before the mirrors, smearing cold cream on their faces with quick, deft movements.

Daphne said, "What do our dates look like anyway?"

"Mine is the part Dracula turned down. His father owns a chain of automobile salesrooms in Tulsa. Yours is cute, Daphne. Really. He's a pecan king from Alabama and he's got that 'rill Southun chahm.' "

There was a knock at the door. A man in striped shirt entered with a large box of flowers. "For you, Daphne."

She ripped the green wax paper off the box and read the card. "Well, for goodness sake!" she exclaimed. "They're from my mother and Charles. Aren't they beautiful?"

"If you don't like artificial flowers. Why did they go up to Boston?" the brunette asked.

"I don't know. Business, I guess." Daphne flung off her kimono and slipped into a dress. "Charles has a contact there. An inventor. He's always working on something big and *very* confidential. That man can figure out more angles—"

"If you ask me, honey, your stepfather is a little nuts!"

"Not Charles. He's sharp as they come. I'd still be in the back row of the salad parade if it wasn't for Charles."

"You wouldn't stay in the back row of any pony chorus in the world, baby. Not with that face and upholstery."

Daphne laughed. "All right, all right. Snap up my side, will you?" She slipped several bracelets on her wrist.

"But your mother. I like her."

"Everyone likes her."

"How come you took Charley's name, honey?"

"Mom wanted me to. And it's a better stage name than Larson. Look, Cherry, Charles has been darn' good to my mother. He's made her happy. She had a tough time of it after my father died. How do I look?" She was radiant, superb in her youth and her golden beauty.

They went out carrying the roses and weaved their way through trunks and folding chairs, through plaster statuary and papier-mâché arbors.

There was a big, black, hired automobile waiting for them outside the stage door.

THE soft, late sun splashed down the long canyons into the river, and the wind danced in and out of the towers. La Guardia Field was a bright stone set on the ground between the waters.

The plane from Boston leaned down from the sky, its wings catching the afternoon light, propellers feathered, holding the wind back, lowering the massive weight of the ship to the field. It skimmed the ground ever so lightly, then hard, jogging and shaking, then sped down the runway, its motors rolling in magnificent, controlled power.

The ship pulled up in front of Gate Six.

Dick Cordeley tapped his pipe out on his shoe and hurried through the gate. Alison came down the ramp. "Dick!" She ran to him. She flung herself into his arms fiercely. "Oh, Dick, Dick darling." Holding him close, she buried her head in his shoulder, and her breath caught in her throat.

"It's all right, Ally. Everything's all right." He kissed her, one hand on her cheek, the other holding her chin up. "God, it's good to see you again."

They stood this way for a moment, two figures silhouetted into one form.

A voice behind them said, "Well, goodby."

Alison turned. "Oh, Dick, this is Mr. Elcott. My husband. Mr. Elcott is Barbara's brother; you remember Barbara Elcott."

"Of course. Hello, Elcott. How are you?" The men shook hands.

"I tried to date your wife up all the way from Boston. I think you ought to know," Bruce said.

Dick laughed. "I hardly blame you. How did you do?"

"Terribly. Goodby, Mrs. Cordeley."

"Goodby, Mr. Elcott." Alison took his hand. "Thanks—a lot."

"What for?"

"For trying so hard to entertain me. You took my mind off—other things. You were trying, deliberately, weren't you?"

"When I really try, I date them for dinner." The mockery had come back into his voice again. "So long."

They looked after him. "He's the strangest man," said Alison.

Josslyn was holding the door of the limousine open. They got in. Cordeley leaned forward and rolled up the window. "Now take your time, Ally. Tell me about it—if you want to. Maybe you'd rather not."

"I've got to talk about it, Dick. I've *got* to . . . A funny little woman—she was very kind; I don't know what I would have done without her—told me she had seen me in Grand Central Station last night leaning against a pillar, as though I were going to faint. She said I had a ticket in my hand. Here's the stub." She opened her handbag. Then she saw the revolver. She took the stub out, and left the revolver in the purse.

"That's the gun, isn't it?" he asked quietly.

She didn't look at him. "Yes."

"We'll just not keep the gun in the night table any longer." He took the gun out of the bag. "And I'll have some bolts put on the windows to the terrace . . . Ally, you surely *must* remember something. Try hard. What happened? Try to remember."

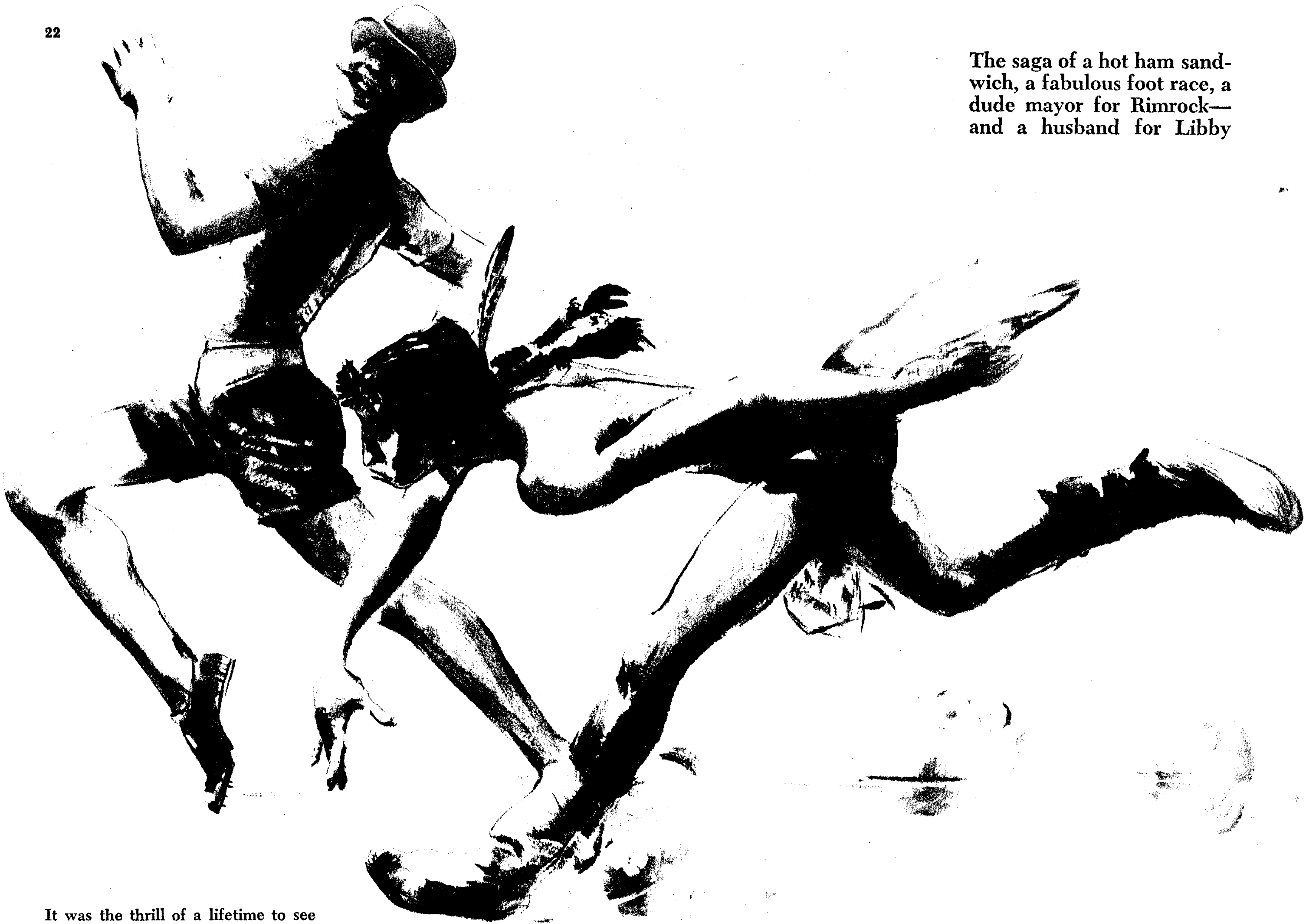
Alison passed her hand across her brow. "I can remember certain things now—pieces, vague, unconnected. It was like a nightmare—it still seems like one. I dreamed that my voice was saying softly, 'Get up, Alison, get up . . . Go on, get dressed. We're going someplace. It will be fun, fun . . . Come on, come on. You can do it. Don't worry . . .' Did I get up? I think so. I remember—but oh, so far away—the sensation of dressing, of walking—far away, a mechanical walking, the way you walk in a dream with your feet not touching the ground really . . . Then a pleasant humming, as if I were inside a car." She strained to remember, her eyes very intense. "Then walking again, half floating, and voices buzzing and lights all out of focus. I felt tired. I didn't want to go on. And then my voice saying, 'It's easy, easy . . . You can make it . . . You can sleep . . . Go on, go on . . .' My legs were the only part of me that seemed heavy, keeping me from floating away. My arm felt hard—maybe I was sleeping on it—no!" She spoke quickly now. "I must have been leaning against something, against my left arm. I can feel it. Then a voice, not mine—yes—Mrs. Tomlinson's voice! I was startled by it, so close and unfamiliar. She said I stared and held out a ticket. I don't remember anything about a ticket. That wasn't in the dream." She shuddered. "Then a train. I got up." She opened her eyes, pressing her fingers against her temples. "That's all. Everything is all dark and mixed up, Dick."

He put his arms around her and they didn't speak. The limousine purred across the Triborough Bridge; the cables

(Continued on page 29)

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

The saga of a hot ham sandwich, a fabulous foot race, a dude mayor for Rimrock—and a husband for Libby



It was the thrill of a lifetime to see Uncle Buck come down the stretch. And when twenty yards from the finish he passed John Tom like he was tied to a post, the crowd went mad

THE WONDERFUL RACE AT RIMROCK

BY D. D. BEAUCHAMP

THE term "running for office" is a very common one, but my Uncle Buck McMurtry is probably the only man in the United States who ever took it literally. He is the only man I ever heard of who won a public office in a foot race. Not that he did it deliberately. It was what you might call a result of circumstances.

I did not see it, of course, but one day we were driving through the town of Rimrock, and Uncle Buck stopped the car in front of the Happy Hour Saloon.

"It happened thirty years ago, come Monday," Uncle Buck said. He sounded sentimental. "I wonder if Billy Caswell is still around."

He got out of the car and walked into the Happy Hour.

I said, "What happened thirty years ago, come Monday?"

"Your Uncle Buck was elected mayor," Aunt Libby said. She sounded sentimental, too. And then she told me about Uncle Buck and the foot race.

My Aunt Libby then owned the Pilgrim Café in the town of Rimrock, and she was out in the kitchen cooking when Uncle Buck got off the 11:56, westbound, and walked across the road from the depot to get something to eat. He had just graduated from law school, and was on his way out to Spokane.

When he got off the train he did not know that he was going to be a conquering hero, or that he was going to be elected mayor.

He had on a tight-waisted suit, high collar, button shoes, with spats, a pearl-gray derby hat and a fake diamond stickpin in his tie the size of a vinegar cruet. He came into the café and sat down at the counter between Mr. Billy Caswell, who owned the livery stable, and Mr. Sharkey Dolan, who was the sheriff of Bench County. My Aunt Libby came out of the kitchen and looked at him, and right then she did not have any idea that she would ever marry him, although she considered him to be very polite in comparison with most of the drummers she had seen.

"Madam," Uncle Buck said, "I'd like a hot ham sandwich with mustard, and a cup of coffee, and I'm in a bit of a hurry. I have to catch a train."

It was a lucky circumstance, Uncle Buck said afterward, that he ordered a hot ham sandwich instead of a cold one, because if he had ordered a cold one he would have had it finished before the train pulled out, and he would not have been elected mayor of Rimrock, and he and my Aunt Libby would not have been married.

THE way it was, though, it took Aunt Libby a little time to fry the ham, and my uncle was only halfway through the sandwich when the train whistle hooted. My uncle went right on with his eating. The train whistled again, and Mr. Billy Caswell leaned over and tapped Uncle Buck on the shoulder. He thought maybe my Uncle Buck was deaf.

"It's none of my business, stranger," Mr. Caswell said, "but if you were plannin' on leavin' town the same way you come in you'd better start movin'."

Uncle Buck took another bite of his sandwich. "I've been on that so-called train for four days," he said, "and providing it is not running downhill, I will give it a three hundred-yard lead and catch it inside of a quarter of a mile from a standing start."

Right then was when Mr. Caswell started to get interested.

"You mean you figure you can outrun that train?" Mr. Caswell said.

"If I were a gambler by nature," Uncle Buck said, "and did not have to come back here to collect, I'd bet money on it."

The train was pulling out by then, but that did not worry Uncle Buck. He ate the last bite of his sandwich and finished his coffee. Aunt Libby had come to the doorway of the kitchen. Uncle Buck got up off the stool and tipped his hat.

"It was a delicious sandwich," Uncle Buck said, "and a good day to you all."

Then he pulled the derby down tight on his head to cut down wind resistance and lit out after the train.

Well, it was quite a sight to see. My Uncle Buck had been on the track team at college, and he had not been out very

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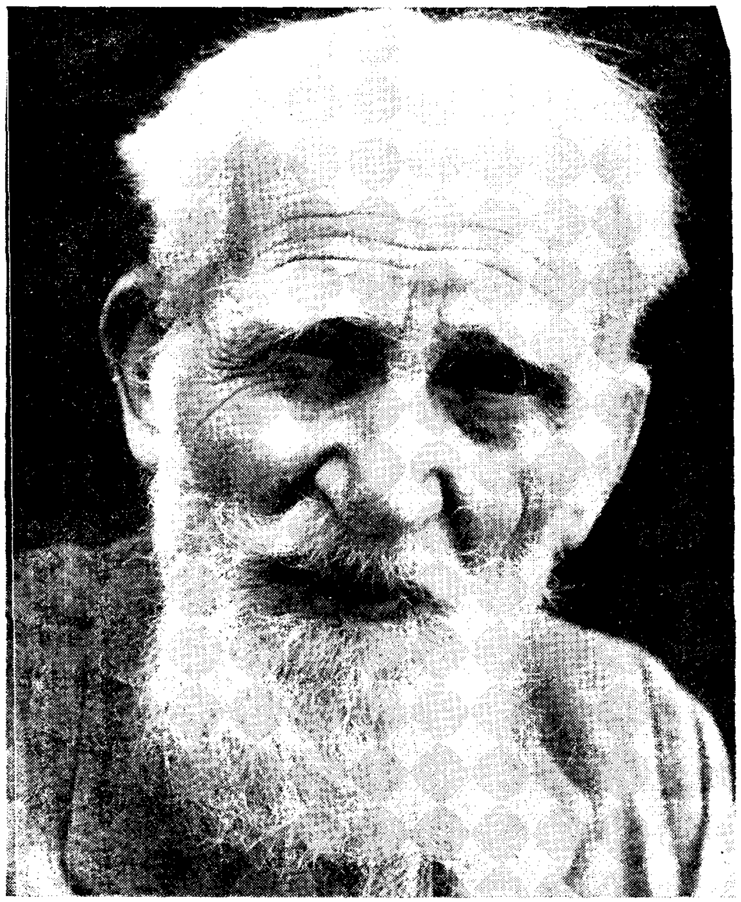
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

WHAT BERNARD SHAW THINKS AT NINETY

On the occasion of his ninetieth birthday (July 26, 1946) George Bernard Shaw received from R. S. Scholefield, an English journalist, a list of nine typewritten questions. Here are the answers in Shaw's cramped, distinguished handwriting—in red ink. In them, Shaw, the perennial bad boy of English letters, demonstrates that his tongue has not lost its acidity nor his mind its precocity. Shaw, of course, has an unparalleled eminence from which to view today's world events: his long life span has been divided almost equally between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Politically he has always been a rebel; at the turn of the century he was one of the earliest and loudest Socialists in England and, unlike many such, he has lived to see Socialists take over the government. It goes almost without saying that their actions do not entirely please him. His life covers almost the entire progress of military man from the Crimean War, when Florence Nightingale dramatized the first attempt to make war more humane, to the atomic bomb. All during that time the world has felt the impact of his iconoclastic mind; here, only slightly mellowed, is its judgment of today.



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

1.From the pinnacle of four score years and ten,do you consider that your life was worth living?   I do-not mean what the world has get out of G.B.S.,but what G.B.S.has got out of the world in human happiness and a sense of fulfilment?

2.Your long life,ranging almost from the era of the stage coach to that of the atom bomb,through one of the most vital periods of recorded history,has been almost equally divided between the 19th.and 20th.centuries.   Which do you consider has been the more favourable towards human development?

3.H.G.Wells has recently taken farewell of the world with the words"......This is the end.....",suggesting that there is no future for homo sapiens,who has lost control over the powers of destruction he has created. Are you equally pessimistic?

4. If the peoples of the world really hated war as much as is often alleged,would not the world's statesmen be forced to maintain peace?   Do you agree that,under our mechanised civilisation,many people seem to find a long peace boring?

5. To what extent do you consider that your mental make-up has been coloured by the fact that you were born,and spent your youth,in Ireland?   And why are you hostile to the idea of ending your days there?

6. Do you consider that Ireland,or that portion of it which has obtained political independence,has justified its place among the nations?   And do you think that there is any especial Irish "mission"?

7. You have said that you "have already one foot in the grave", yet your brain is still manifestly alive.   Is there any reason - other than the possible sense of detachment which age may bring - for assuming that the creative brain is better at 45 than at 90?

8. Have you any especial message for the world on such an occasion,or do you take the point of view that this has already been fully conveyed in your writings?

9. If you live to be a hundred,have you plans which will fruitfully fill the years intervening?

THE TRUTH ABOUT HENRY KAISER

BY LESTER VELIE

Mr. Kaiser at a meeting of his top executives in the Oakland office. Those in the group are, left to right, standing: Mr. Kaiser, D. A. Rhodes, Howard V. Lindbergh, Dr. Paul F. Cadman. Seated: Alonzo Ordway, Chad Calhoun, G. G. Sherwood, T. M. Price and E. E. Trefethen, Jr. Whenever he enters a new field of industry, Mr. Kaiser makes a careful estimate of the situation; after which he tells the world what he is going to do. At times, his promises sound fantastic and many think he cannot live up to them. These men around the table with him help him to keep those promises

With his industrial empire already covering two dozen major fields, Henry Kaiser turned to automobiles. Typically he produced his first models while Detroit was betting he'd never make a car

II

WHEN Henry J. Kaiser was a sand and gravel man, he'd cock his ear for the rhythmic tchk, tchk, tchk of the power shovel as it swung from dirt pile to truck. When the shovel missed a tchk, Kaiser would wince. It cost him money. No rhythm, no profits.

In the mile-square Willow Run plant, where Kaiser was toiling to bring forth an automobile, there was, as February dragged into March and March lengthened into April and May, no rhythm How to get the pulsing beat of mass production into the country's biggest factory, and roll out automobiles, was turning out to be the most stubborn job in Henry Kaiser's life.

At the Detroit Athletic Club, meeting place of motordom's high brass, one dollar would get you three that Kaiser would never make a car.

On the streets, urchins chanted, "Willow Run, Will It Run?"

In Wall Street, brokers quipped, "If you can't get a ride in a Kaiser car, take a ride on his stock." And reflecting this skepticism, Kaiser-Frazer common stock sank in price from a high of $24 a share to a low of $15.

Detroit and Wall Street came dangerously close to being right.

To Kaiser, heaving and sweating on the flanks of Willow Run (he seldom works directly at the mammoth plant, but directs activities from New York or Oakland, California), war problems had been a cinch compared to this.

Where, in technician-hungry Detroit, could he snatch the men to run his plant in its fight for life in the Big Time? Where would he line up some 300 manufacturers of doorknobs, bumpers, windshield glass—treasured life lines of supply which spell life or death in the automobile industry? Where would he get steel?

And money. The huge maw of Willow Run daily bit into the $53,200,000 raised from the public. It would last if production (and money from dealers) started rolling by July, Kaiser's engineers warned him.

With the hot breath of destiny propelling him like a tail wind, Henry Kaiser hurled himself into a double race (1) to get into production before competitors grabbed the market and (2) to do so before his money, like sand in an hourglass, ran out.

First, Kaiser called in his son Edgar. At 27, Edgar, a project manager, had directed the construction of Bonneville Dam across the swift Columbia River, which many engineers said couldn't be done. When the dam was successfully planted on slippery rocks across the 60-foot-deep current, an Army engineer remarked: "Kaiser won at Bonneville because his kids (son Edgar and son's friend Clay Bedford, then 29) were too green to know when they were licked."

At 35, Edgar, as green at shipbuilding as he had been at dam construction, directed three Kaiser shipyards and set the pace by building most ships. Now 38, Edgar is his father's chief administrator. In contrast with the ample girth and capacious, moon-round face of his father, Edgar is a thin man, with hollowish cheeks, a high forehead, made higher by thinning hair. In an organization in which most executives are extensions of Henry Kaiser's will, Edgar is, for all his meager frame and gentle disposition, an entity, solid and autonomous, with whom Kaiser must negotiate rather than give orders.

To Detroit, Kaiser also called Edgar's partner in accomplishment through greenness, Clay Bedford, who at 29 was general superintendent at Bonneville and, at 35, managed three Kaiser shipyards, bossing 90,000 men. One of the yards, according to the Truman Investigating Committee, led the field in producing safe ships, in less time and with less men than any other yard in the country. As rival shipyard managers, Edgar Kaiser and Clay Bedford, to whom ships are still "boats," and the prow and stern "front and back," raced for speed records. When Edgar put a Liberty together in 10 days at Portland, Ore., Clay Bedford, at Oakland, sped one down the ways in 4½ days.

Arrived in Detroit in Edgar's Lockheed Lodestar plane, the two young men took the measure of their job.

"Automobile-making problems? You should have seen what we were up against at Bonneville when the Columbia kicked up and washed thousands of dollars worth of equipment away."

Henry Kaiser put it another way: "Car making's no different from what we've always done. Ninety per cent of it is buying and getting along with our men. The other ten is technical."

It sounded simple, but when Kaiser started on that part of "the 90 per cent" that meant actually buying bumpers, wheels, seat cushions and steel he found himself looking into the haggard face of disaster.

Steel, for instance, was so scarce that established automobile producers could function through 1947 at only two-thirds capacity. With the steelmakers' old customers queued up for supplies, Kaiser could get no steel.

No man to wait patiently at the end of a queue, Kaiser knocked on the doors of the steel industry, paraded the fine evangelistic gifts which once led Jesse Jones to say:

"I don't want you to deal with anyone around here but me. You'd talk them out of their watches, and when I'd ask them about it, they'd say, 'See, he talked me out of my watch, isn't it wonderful?' "

But now, without the background of war, the old black magic had lost its spell. One executive said "No" more vigorously than others:

"What the hell are you doing in the automobile business, anyway?" he demanded.

"War was never like this," Kaiser brooded darkly. During the war he had worked out a pattern of action. First he tried for substitute materials. If none were available, he would build a plant to make them. If he couldn't build a plant, he'd buy one.

Kaiser decided to "fight this thing" the way he'd fought it in the war. First step, then, find a substitute.

A Million for a Miracle

From his Oakland office, Kaiser phoned across the continent to his Fleetwings airplane plant at Bristol, Pa.

"Sherk," he announced to his Fleetwings boss, Sherlock Hackley, "I want to bet a couple of million dollars that you can make me an aluminum car."

When Hackley said he thought it might be done, Kaiser threw in, "But it's got to be done in 30 days." The automobile industry had been studying the possibility of an aluminum car for 30 years. But this Kaiser preferred to ignore.

As usual, lurking in the background, was a Kaiser man who had already "cased" the project (in this instance, the two huge $73,000,000 government-owned aluminum plants at Spokane), had amassed a satchelful of bulky reports and done the spadework in Washington. Kaiser borrowed $20,000,000 from private bankers, leased the Spokane aluminum plants and was in the aluminum business.

Thirty days sped by without a single miracle. It seemed that aluminum car making required a whole new technology.

"Let's give it 60 days," Kaiser said.

But when 90 days had passed he decided he'd better resume his fight for steel. Now, he still had no steel, but his burst of resourcefulness had propelled him neck-deep into another new industry —aluminum.

Men working on the assembly line at the Willow Run plant, Detroit. Some day Mr. Kaiser may produce a cheap, lightweight people's car

To solve the steel need, Kaiser reviewed his other war tactics.

During the war, when Kaiser needed scarce steel to build Liberties and aircraft carriers, he had pounded on official desks and "hollered louder than anybody," and the full might of government was thrown behind the task of getting it for him. When Washington was unresponsive, he would take his case to the people, assault the air waves, marshal a hue and cry in the press.

Now Kaiser, *in extremis*, turned to these tried and true procedures of the war.

First, he would go to the people, turn the heat on the steelmakers.

Carl Byoir, the public-relations man inherited by Kaiser in his partnership deal with Joe Frazer, tried to cool Kaiser off. This wasn't the way smooth public relations worked in the East. Besides, Byoir argued, revealing Kaiser's steel crisis would send the Kaiser-Frazer stock tumbling. Why pick a fight with the steel people? This was no way to win friends.

"We have no friends, except the people of the United States," Kaiser retorted.

At a hastily called press conference Kaiser bared his ordeal by steel. Nobody would sell to him; he accused the steel men of a closed conspiracy against him, named names, demanded the Justice Department step in and that the government ration steel.

This was the proved way of doing what Kaiser wanted to do, fan a journalistic "prairie fire." If the steel men nibbled at the bait and rushed into print, Kaiser would answer, and his fight would make page one of the newspapers.

The strategy began to work when some steel men denied, in print, that any conspiracy existed. But when Kaiser wrote a hotly worded reply aimed at setting the fire flaring, the Carl Byoir men vetoed the incendiary blast by withholding it from the newspapers. Eastern publicity brains had decided that a rough-and-tumble fight was bad policy for the fledgling Kaiser-Frazer Corporation. Kaiser's fight to the people fizzled.

Kaiser now did what his instincts told him he should have done in the first place. When he arrived in the East fresh for his automobile-making adventure, the public-relations men looked him over and prescribed the standard therapy. "We've got to humanize Kaiser," they said of the man whose war role had already won him the popular following of a movie star. "We've got to sell him to the masses of the people."

Kaiser fired Byoir. But this didn't assuage Kaiser's deep hurt. His initial blast at the steel men had rallied no popular uprising. His demand that the government ration steel and that the Justice Department investigate the steel industry went unheeded. The people had let him down, and Washington had let him down. The era which had made Kaiser a national figure was over. It had died with Franklin D. Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, Washington was different. The hot emotions and the compulsion to produce for war were gone. Gone, too, were the eager young men who had fought in the vanguard of the New Deal revolution. There was none in Washington to man the barricades for Kaiser.

In his quest for steel, Kaiser now played his last card.

Since his own Fontana plant was built to make plates for ships, not sheet steel for cars, Kaiser scoured the country for rolling mill facilities. Cyrus Eaton, the investment banker who had underwritten the Kaiser-Frazer Corporation stock, found such a plant, and through a deal requiring the sale of stock to the public, made sheet steel available to Kaiser, solving his steel problem.

Meanwhile, at Willow Run, son Edgar had somehow managed to improvise an automobile-production team, had cleaned out (with Joe Frazer's approval) half a dozen top executives hired by Frazer and replaced them with Kaiser men. He had rebuilt the wartime bomber plant for automobile making, erected assembly lines and paint-spray booths, and set up a life line of parts supplies. So that one day in June in the cavernous spaces of Willow Run there began to roll, haltingly but triumphantly, along one of the mile-and-a-quarter assembly lines, 250 pilot "Kaiser Special" cars.

The Detroit Free Press automobile editor reported:

"I have seen at Willow Run convincing evidence that Kaiser-Frazer can and will produce automobiles eventually." In Detroit, this was news.

Kaiser could make a car, but could he sell it?

He had a dealer organization of 4,000, culled from 12,000 applicants, each dealer fortified with an average $50,000 of working capital. Among millions of Americans clamoring for cars, Kaiser could expect to find customers. Because, for at least a year, anyone could sell whatever was produced, Kaiser would have his chance—until the full brunt of Detroit competition bore down on him.

From Kaiser, the man in the street expected a revolutionary car. Yet at Willow Run, Kaiser was giving birth to a conventional car of conventional design, assembled from conventional parts and materials.

But Kaiser was not worried.

"That's how we started in shipbuilding," he said. "The first hundred ships we built were made the way the other fellows made them. After that we cut loose."

His announced new car with front-wheel drive, engine ahead of the axle and torsion bar springs that were used by military tanks is scheduled for February of next year.

The Dollar-a-Day Dream Car

Kaiser dreams, too, of transportation at "a dollar a day and throw it away," ($365 for a car, obsolete in a year) to tap an untouched mass market. At Oakland, Kaiser is tinkering with a car to weigh no more than 1,000 pounds which he hopes can be stamped out in one piece like a cookie. Of course, there can be no doors on a job like this; sides are so low you step over them. Still in the "conception" stage, the car has been tried in plastics, aluminum, magnesium and steel.

The postwar scarcities which permit Kaiser to poke his toe into the automobile industry's door give him a chance in other fields, too.

No sooner had Kaiser found himself in a $73,000,000 aluminum business than he was deluged with orders from aluminum-hungry manufacturers—orders that were a great comfort to him since the aluminum body car for which the plants were leased isn't ready yet.

Nor does Kaiser have to worry about selling the houses he will build when (like other builders) he gets the nails, soil pipe and lumber he needs. Teamed up with Fritz Burns, a veteran Los Angeles builder, in a company in which each put up $2,500,000, Kaiser is clearing the ground for the erection of $75,000,000 of homes a year.

Like the car with which Kaiser will start out, there is little in his houses of brave new materials or revolutionary building methods. The houses, made to sell at under $10,000, can be bought for as low as $300 down and will employ some Kaiser mass-production methods. But they will not startle or amaze the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX

Clay Bedford and Mr. Kaiser's son, Edgar, at the Willow Run plant where they are responsible for making things hum. During the war, each of them directed three shipyards. Once Edgar put a Liberty ship together in ten days at Portland, Oregon. Mr. Bedford then made one in four and a half days! Below are Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser in their Oakland apartment. Mr. Kaiser directs operations from Oakland and New York

building world with radical innovations. For about homes Mr. Kaiser is as orthodox and sentimental as a rose-covered cottage.

When Buckminster Fuller, the designer, showed Kaiser a model of his aluminum "dwelling machine" which was round, had a conical roof and was suspended from a mast, the sentiment in Mr. Kaiser's soul rebelled.

"That," he said, pointing at the dymaxion house, "is against everything I stand for." The houses Kaiser will build will look like houses.

In a beautiful business world peopled with long lines of consumers queued up for houses, automobiles, aluminum, steel—Kaiser, talking of his empire, dreams of a "business that will never know completion."

To Kaiser the 270 billion dollar national debt means "capital with which to expand," not burdensome debt. In Kaiser's world, there are no glutted markets. When he rolls along a two-lane highway he says:

"See this road? It should be four times as wide, and even that won't be enough for the jam of cars that's coming."

Buoyed by this vision of never-ending expansion, Kaiser has sailed doughtily into 25 assorted fields, leaving a trail of 17 companies behind him. Once when the RFC asked him to produce a balance sheet of his empire's parent company, Kaiser replied, "We haven't got any. We're just a bunch of amoebae splitting off into new cells."

Hopeful competitors put it another way: "Kaiser's companies? Just a house of cards, and when one totters, watch them all go."

Both Kaiser and his competitors oversimplified.

Mr. Kaiser, who sees business problems in terms of hammer-head cranes, assembly lines and workmen, and is uneasy among balance sheets and such financial "underbrush," has managed to compartment himself, financially, like a battleship.

Each section is financially independent of the others. If automobiles sink, Kaiser's aluminum, airplanes, sand and gravel still float. Kaiser's industrial structure, unlike a Ford empire whose activities are devoted to making one final product, is, in comparison, a collection of separate ventures.

Central compartment of the Kaiser empire is the Henry J. Kaiser Company, owned wholly by Kaiser and his sons, Edgar, and Henry, Jr. From this company Kaiser, as president, draws his only salary, $36,000, getting no pay from Kaiser-Frazer or from any of his other companies. His yearly profits from his companies are not known.

Principal tenet of financial faith on which Kaiser operates is never to own more than 50 per cent of an enterprise unless you have to. Because Kaiser's steel venture was too much even for those partners of dam-building days who had followed him into cement and magnesium, Kaiser is sole owner of the Fontana steel plant, which as a practical matter means he is the sole owner of a $100,000,000 debt to the RFC on which he is to pay $4,000,000 interest yearly.

The Henry J. Kaiser Company owns 50 per cent of the Kaiser-Community Homes, Inc., which will build houses, and 5 per cent of Kaiser-Frazer Corporation. (Kaiser bought 325,000 shares at the same price the public paid.) It owns 20 per cent of the Permanente Cement Company, 38 per cent of the Permanente Metals Corporation, which operates the magnesium and aluminum plants, 45 per cent of the airplane company, Kaiser Fleetwings Cargo, Inc., and varying pieces of others.

Executives Share in Profits

To give top executives a stake in his affairs Kaiser has formed two companies, profit-sharing devices which hold men to him with bonds of iron. One of the executive-owned companies shares equally with Kaiser in all profits. These days this means sharing expectations as much as profits.

Acceptance into the inner circle of Kaiser advisers has the aspect of being tapped for a college fraternity.

"Let's summer and winter with the guy," Kaiser men say as they look a candidate over. And "Mother,"—Mrs. Kaiser—has a blackball too. The group of about twenty men has seen no new face for ten years.

In it are Gene Trefethen, 37, as close to Kaiser as an adopted son, who manages, somehow, as top administrative assistant, to fit within his cash-register brain the pieces of the Kaiser jigsaw. When a gleam in Mr. Kaiser's eye announces the imminent birth of another Kaiser venture, Trefethen has a voluminous report made up, rich with photographs (a fetish of Kaiser's, stemming from his early photography days). "I never read the reports," Kaiser says. "The boys tell me what's in them, but it helps clarify their thinking."

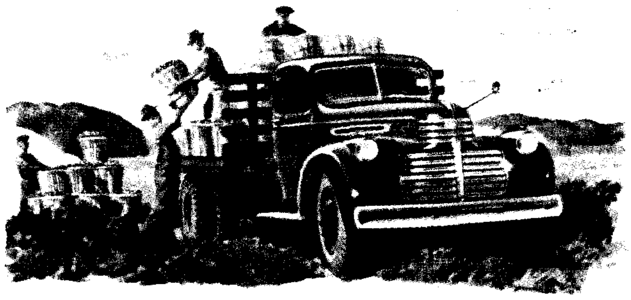
At Kaiser's right hand, too, is Chad Calhoun, who knows his way around Washington and marshaled the facts on magnesium, steel and aluminum that catapulted Mr. Kaiser into those industries. Chad leads the group in the organization that looks on Kaiser as a historic figure and social force rather than a profit-motive capitalist.

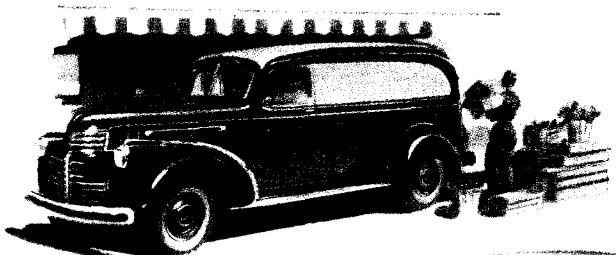
As his financial housekeeper and midwife for his corporations Kaiser has G. G. Sherwood, the treasurer, one of the few gray men in the Kaiser official family. He says he's like the old lady in the shoe, except that he has so many corporations he knows what to do.

Alonzo B. Ordway, who began with Kaiser as a laborer, manages the Fontana steel plant and at 59 is a sort of vice-president in charge of saying no. Howard V. Lindbergh, a beardless youth of 33, who began with Kaiser as a clerk and, like Kaiser, has never had a formal education, is in charge of highly technical experimental work. D. A. (Dusty) Rhoades runs the aluminum and magnesium businesses, trained for them by

(Continued on page 71)

Vitamins by the Truckload

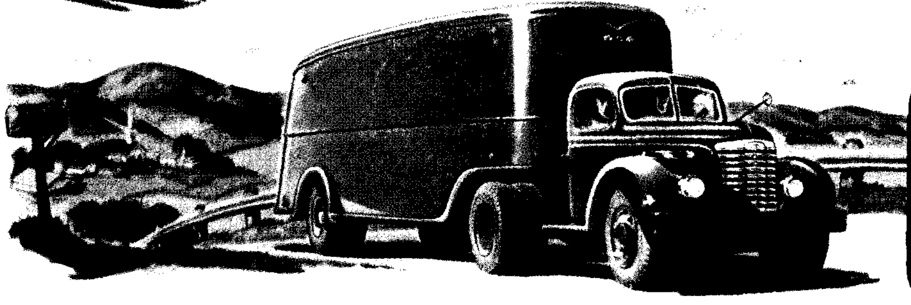




Vegetables and their vitamins are vital to the nation's health. Motor trucks are vital in getting them to your table, fast and fresh.

From one Florida market, 50 kinds of fresh fruits and vegetables are shipped by truck to 26 states, ranging from Kansas to New Hampshire. At Los Angeles, more than 81 per cent of these "vital vitamins" arrive in trucks. Fruit and vegetable farmers alone employ more than 100,000 trucks in growing and harvesting crops. And that's not all . . . thousands more are used to haul the produce to processing plants and wholesale warehouses, to deliver it to grocery stores and kitchen doors.

Ranking high among trucks serving as "vitamin vehicles" are powerful, reliable, economical GMCs. For in GMC's wide variety of models . . . ½ to 20 tons . . . there's an ideal truck type for every type of job.



THE TRUCK OF VALUE

GMC TRUCKS

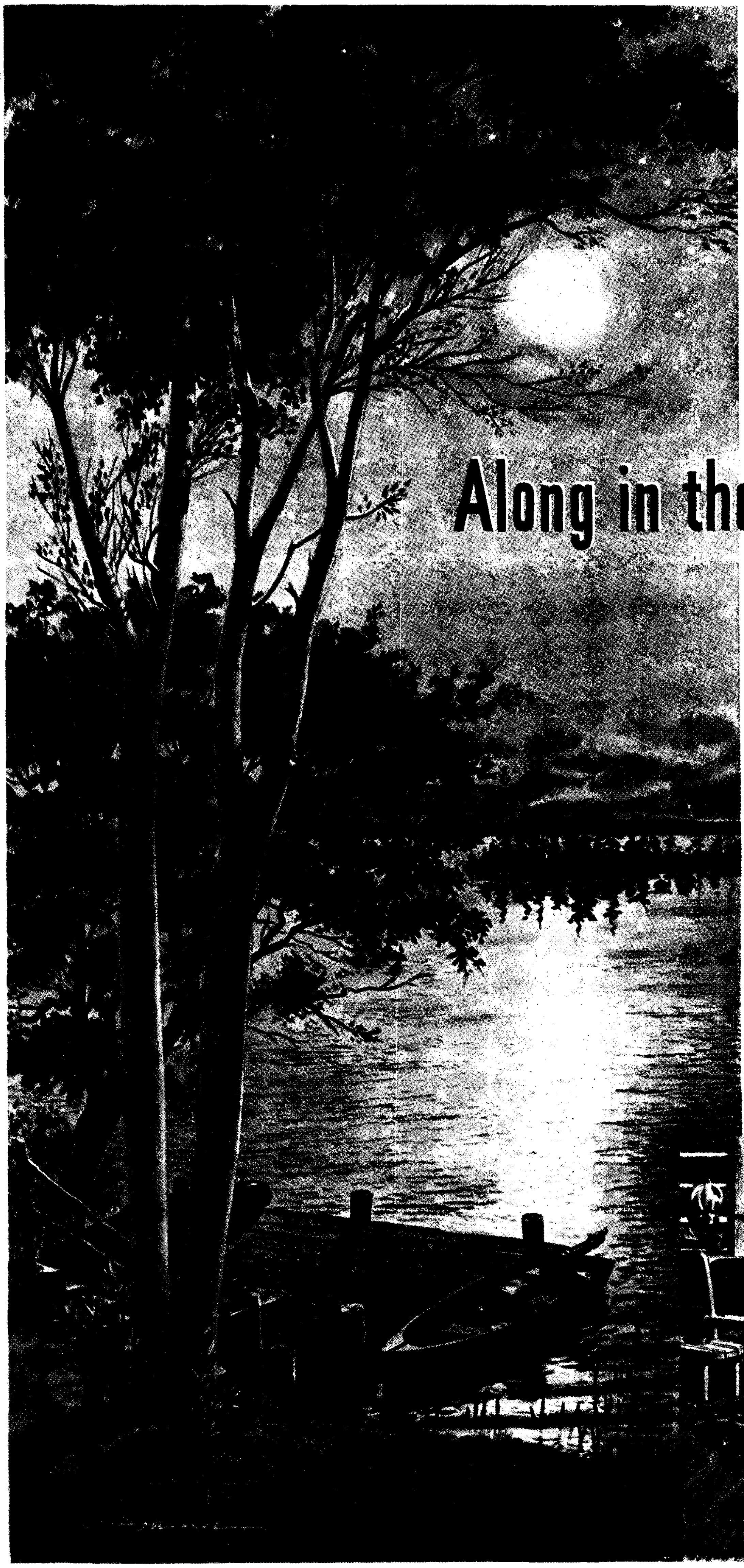
GASOLINE • DIESEL

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Away from the hustle
Away from the bustle
Away from those city lights!

There's little, we think,
Can match a cool drink
In that cabin on moonlit nights!

H. E. Kelley



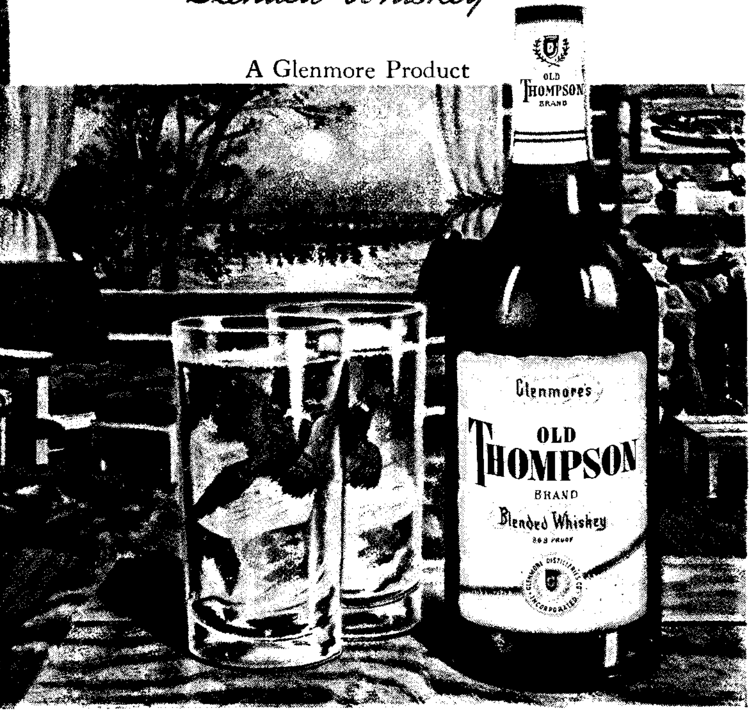
Along in the cool of the evening

Just put yourself in this picture. An easy arm's reach away is something that fits it, too—a tall one made with mellow Old Thompson. For there's no whiskey exactly like "Thompson"—it alone has the Glenmore touch-of-quality plus the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON
Blended Whiskey
BRAND

A Glenmore Product



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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

Sleep, My Love

Continued from page 21

were an immense crisscrossed trellis placed against the sky. Below them the river flowed, sparkling in the burnished sun, and ahead the towers of New York soared in splendor.

"Ally, look," Dick said finally; "we've got to do something about it now. You know that, don't you?"

She said nothing. A puff of smoke came up from the river, swirling around the windows, blotting out for an instant the magic sky line.

"I saw Dr. Rinehart this morning."

"Oh?"

"He's a wonderful man, Ally. I know he can help you. I told him everything. Everything except about the gun, of course. I didn't want to tell him that—or the police. There was no point in it."

Alison shuddered and closed her eyes. She looked as if she were going to faint.

"Ally . . ."

She twisted out of his arms. "It's sheer hell to wake up somewhere and not know how you got there and find a gun in your bag! I might have shot somebody! Maybe I did! That's a pretty thing to think about, isn't it? That's a *nice* thought to have in your head! Maybe I killed—"

"Ally! Wait. Look." He took the gun and broke it open, smiling. "There were no bullets in the gun. There haven't been any bullets in it for months, Ally. I took them out. After that business at the Crossworths'. I know you like to have the gun near you at night. I thought, well, it gave you just as much a sense of security without the cartridges."

And then she laughed. She laughed with enormous, blessed relief, like someone who had been magically whisked away from a time with death. "Oh, Dick! Thank God for you! I didn't even have enough *sense* to open the gun. I was so terrified. Thank you, Dick. Forever and ever, thank you!" She pressed her lips to his passionately.

Later he said, "Dr. Rinehart says he'll come to the house to see you if you prefer."

"All right," said Alison. "I'll see him."

He kissed her, and then all the pent-up emotions broke, the dam of poise and self-possession broke, and Alison wept, bitterly.

THE room was all pastels, shiny and beribboned. A shadow-box frame with a blue mirrored border enclosed a print of a nude maiden swinging through the clouds on a pink cushion suspended from nowhere by two rope strands of lilies. In a vase shaped like an uplifted hand, on a glass table, stood a dozen American Beauty roses.

The dowdy little woman was sitting by the windows knitting, humming aimless snatches of half-forgotten songs: ". . . bicycle built for two . . . kiss in the dark . . . bird in a gilded cage."

When the telephone rang, the woman did not look up; she did not interrupt the bland dissonances of her humming. The phone rang again and again. "Daph*ne!*" the woman called.

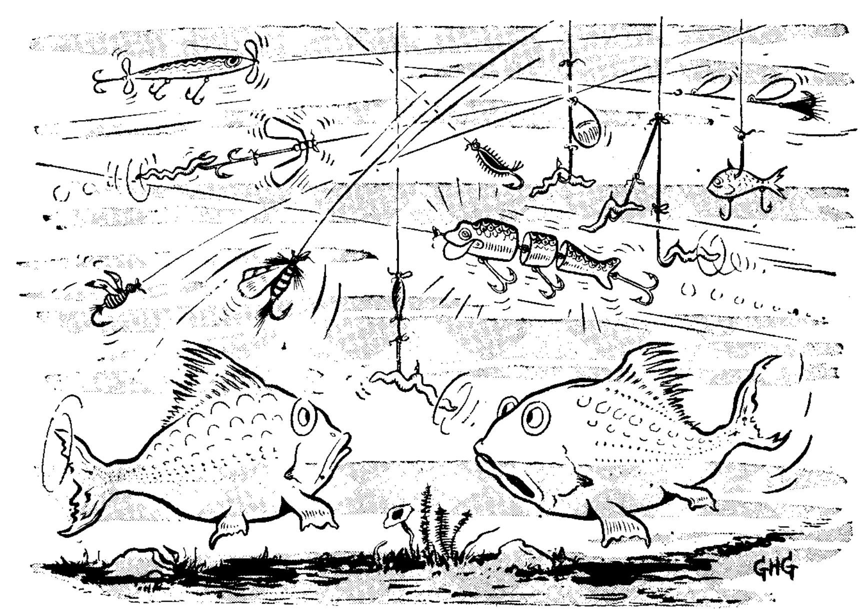
Daphne came running out of her bedroom, barefooted, a large white bath towel thrown around herself. "Hello . . . Just a minute."

"Is it for me, baby? Is it for me?"

"No, darling. It's not for you." Daphne's voice was very gentle. "It's for your charming husband. Charles!"

The man in the horn-rimmed glasses came out of the other bedroom. He was in his shirt sleeves and suspenders. He took the phone. Daphne tightened the bath towel around her shoulders and went out of the room, her legs twinkling.

His eyes followed her, and when she was out of the room, he said into the phone, "Hello . . . ah . . ." His eyes glittered. "It couldn't have gone better. It was such a setup I decided putting her on the train was better than letting her stand there." He stared into the distance, without expression, listening carefully. "Sure I can do that. Just like we talked . . . What time? Check. I have the address. One thing I know is that address." He grinned; it was a horrible grin: the lips parted, baring the teeth wolfishly, but nothing else in his face smiled; all else was immobile. "I'll need more money . . . *That* went for the train. *Three* tickets, after all. And taxis and all. It runs up . . . Well, if you want me to look right, I'll need— You're the one who says I should look right. How about"—he licked his lips—"five hundred? . . . What? Oh. Well, *I'm* taking the chance, after all. I got to do it, don't I? With expenses and everything . . . Three hundred? All right . . . No, I won't call you . . . Where? Fine. . . . It's as good as taken care of . . . No, I'm sure she didn't see *me* . . . Thanks . . . 'By."



"We've got to be darned careful what we eat during the summer months"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

He put the phone down. "Mother, I'll need my black suit. You better press it real nice. I've got an important business engagement."

"What, dear? Isn't that nice? I'm glad you're wearing your black suit again. You look important in it. Real distinguished, like they say." Mrs. Vernay put her wool and needles away, with bright little birdlike motions.

"Press the polka-dot bow tie, too, Mother."

She beamed at him. "Oh, that's *real* nice. That's the best combination of all. My, Charles, I just bet you're going to a bank or something. Are you, dear? Are you going to a bank?"

"Grace. Go on, now, be a good girl. Don't ask so many questions."

"You *are* the one," she said proudly as she went to the closet. "I'll bet you'll bring home a thousand dollars." She was a shadow of a person, no longer real, clinging to reality in fragments. She got the black suit out of the closet.

"Was it an important call?" Daphne came into the room buttoning her dress.

"Yes, Daphne. Very important."

"Was it from that man in Boston?"

"No. Don't you worry your head about it. Just you go on looking like the sun just came up."

Daphne went over to her mother and kissed her fondly on the cheek. "'By, Mom," she said with affection. "I'll be back around five. Feeling all right?"

Her mother looked up. "I couldn't be better, dear. Your father takes good care of me, Daphne."

"He'd better. You're my sweetheart. Payday today. I'll bring it home. Don't go chasing any fires, you two."

The man in the horn-rimmed glasses looked after her as she went out.

"See, Charles?" The old woman bobbed her head up and down proudly. "See? I never told her a thing."

"That's fine, Grace. Just fine." He got a scissors and began scraping under his nails. His lips were pursed and his eyes went flat and blank as he thought about what was going to happen.

MARY, the maid, pulled the long drapes back, and the sun poured into the room. "Beautiful day, Mrs. Cordeley. A day for livin' and laughin' out loud."

Alison smiled. "It's good to hear your poetic streak coming out again." She was having breakfast in bed. She splashed some marmalade on her English muffin and ate it greedily. "Tell Cook the muffins are perfect. I could eat ten of them."

"Shall I put out your tweed suit, ma'am?"

"No, Mary, I—" There was a knock on the door. "Come."

Dick entered. "Good morning."

"Darling. Come and kiss me. Hurry, hurry."

He came to the bed, smiling, and he bent down and kissed her. "Sleep well?" he asked.

"Like Rip van Winkle. I didn't stir." She gave a short laugh. "*This* time I know I didn't stir."

"I stuck my head in several times during the night," he said. "You were dead to the world. Dream?"

"Not—badly."

"Come on. Tell me."

"Well, just about—the train. I guess I'm still jittery."

"Hell, that's to be expected," he said. "That's only natural. How about Dr. Rinehart?"

"I—oh, couldn't it be tomorrow, maybe? I thought I'd take it easy today, just—"

"Now, Ally." He took her hand. "Get it over with. The sooner the better. Dr. Rinehart's no ogre; he's the easiest man in the world to talk to. You know you're just stalling. Look, I'll call him and tell him to come here, and you can stay in bed all day. How's that?"

"All right, Dick. You're right. I am stalling."

"I'll get him to come at three or four. He said he'd come for a house call. I'll ring him from the office and then call you to confirm it."

He got up to leave, but she was saying, "I used to wonder how it was that you and I got married, Dick. Don't look startled. I was just reminiscing. They say that when people are sick they rummage through their lives and try to find a pattern. Outwardly, we're a perfect combination: a Cordeley, a Willicomb. But underneath we're different in so many ways."

"I know you as well as I know myself," he said.

"I suppose you do. But sometimes I wish you'd shout or swear at me or break the furniture! You're so darned decent, Dick. I depend on you."

"Tonight when I get home, remind me to beat you for five minutes." He blew a kiss at her and left the room.

Alison stretched her arms and yawned and looked out toward the cloudless sky, and on a sudden impulse she jumped out of bed and went to the windows. The sun lay on the river like a spangle of bronze coins. The morning air, the good river smell, came into the room. Alison flung a bed jacket over her nightgown and went out on the balcony. Across the wide, slow-tided river, beyond the puffing little barges, lay another world. The river was a moat, spanned by flying bridges.

She did not notice the launch, near Fifty-fifth Street, cutting through the water. It had a large sign on the side:

Manhattan by Water Trips. $2.00

There were about twenty people in the launch, among them Bruce Elcott. He was in a seat between a large woman in a flowered dress, and a boy with a wad of gum that seemed to defy the second law of thermodynamics. But Bruce Elcott did not seem interested in what the guide was saying. He was looking off to the left, exploring the buildings above the East River Drive. He thought once that he saw a woman on the terrace, her dark hair swept by the river breeze, but the woman turned from the balustrade of the terrace and went back into the house.

IN THE hall, the grandfather clock tolled four times. Alison tied the sash around her house coat and ran a brush across her hair briskly. "Everything's all right in the living room, Mary?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"I won't want to be disturbed. Tell Haskins that if anyone calls, to take the name and number. I'll be about an hour." She went down the stairs, into the living room, where she lighted the fire and pulled the drapes at the windows which opened onto Sutton Place. The doorbell rang. She went into the hall, glanced at herself in the mirror above the Chippendale table, and opened the door. "Dr. Rinehart? I'm Alison Cordeley. How do you do?"

The man nodded pleasantly.

"Just put your things anywhere. I thought we'd sit downstairs. It's pleasant with the fire. These old houses get quite chilly." She led him into the living room. "Cigarette?"

"No, thanks." The man took off his horn-rimmed glasses and wiped them slowly. He was wearing a black suit and a blue polka-dot tie. His vest had white piping at the edges. "I don't smoke."

Alison lighted a cigarette and sat down on the love seat near the fire. She gave a short little laugh. "I don't know how much my husband told you, Doctor."

He put his glasses back on and looked at her. "I want *you* to tell me, Mrs. Cordeley. Just forget about your husband. I've got to hear about it in your own words. That's the best way."

"Well, it started about three months ago, at my husband's club. We were supposed to go away for the week end. . . ."

His fingers were playing on the top of the table, the nails scratching back and forth. The fire was lower in the living room now, and the ash tray in front of Alison was littered with cigarette stubs.

". . . Then I got my husband on the phone and he arranged for me to fly back from Boston. . . ." She rolled the cigarette between her fingers, gazing at the dull reddish end. "That's all."

The man in the horn-rimmed glasses didn't say anything. His nails kept scratching the top of the table.

"Well, Doctor," she said awkwardly, "what's your diagnosis?"

The man in the horn-rimmed glasses said nothing. Her eyes went to his fingernails, scratching back and forth on the table. "Doctor, would you mind? That annoys me."

"You're nervous, Mrs. Cordeley." His voice was soft, insinuating.

"No, not especially But it does annoy me."

"You're very nervous, aren't you? And you have a bad memory, Mrs. Cordeley."

"Really?" She glanced up in surprise.

"Yes. A very bad memory."

"Frankly, I think it's good. I'm a little surprised that I remember as much as I've told you. I think I remember more each time, the more I think about it, the more I talk about it, the more certain things come back—like remembering what my voice said to me while I was—asleep."

"But you shouldn't try to remember, Mrs. Cordeley." He shook his head as if he were chiding a naughty child. "That doesn't help, Mrs. Cordeley. It doesn't help at all. You just upset yourself that way. You just keep going round and round, in circles, round and round." He waved his hand in mid-air, very slowly, making small, overlapping circles. "Round and round. That's no good. That's no good at all." His voice was flat, almost toneless. The words were spaced with painful deliberation, and in the silences there hung implicit suggestions of things too dangerous to be said.

ALISON played with her handkerchief. "Well—what should I do? You've got to help me."

"You should go away. Far away from here. Get a long rest. Sleep a lot. The more you sleep, the better."

"I don't want to sleep, Doctor."

"Ah . . ."

"I'm afraid to sleep."

"Ah . . . But you *must* sleep, Mrs. Cordeley, more and more. You must conquer sleep."

"But what if it happens again?" she cried. "This is the third time, Doctor! What if it happens again?"

"You're a sick woman, Mrs. Cordeley. Very sick. This is serious. Walking in your sleep that way. Doing things—there's no telling *what* you might have done, is there now?"

Alison twisted the handkerchief back and forth. "I'm sure I didn't do anything really dangerous," she said. "I'm sure of that."

"How can you be sure, Mrs. Cordeley?" His voice was very even, low. "That's the worst part, you know. Not being sure what you did. Who knows what you might do the next time? Suppose the next time, without knowing it, you get a knife, say . . ."

She sprang to her feet. "Stop! Please, Doctor! . . . I'm sorry. I—you upset me. I thought perhaps you could help me, you could make things simpler, but—Forgive me. I didn't mean to be rude. You—"

"I upset you?" He smiled that strange, listless smile of his. "No, Mrs. Cordeley. You upset yourself. That's what I'm trying to tell you. The things which upset you are *inside* you. It may be hard for you. Very hard. But that's got to be done. You've got to know the worst."

She wheeled around. "The worst? Doctor, surely it can't be that bad. Surely it can't—"

"Who knows?" He pursed his thin lips. "The next time you might do something *bad,* something wicked, something dangerous. Like I was saying, suppose the next time you went walking in your sleep that way, you got a knife—"

"No, no! Please!" She bent her head, shaking it, twisting her handkerchief. It took her a moment to recover. "There's one thing I didn't tell you, Doctor. There's one thing I didn't want to tell you, I— There was a gun in my bag."

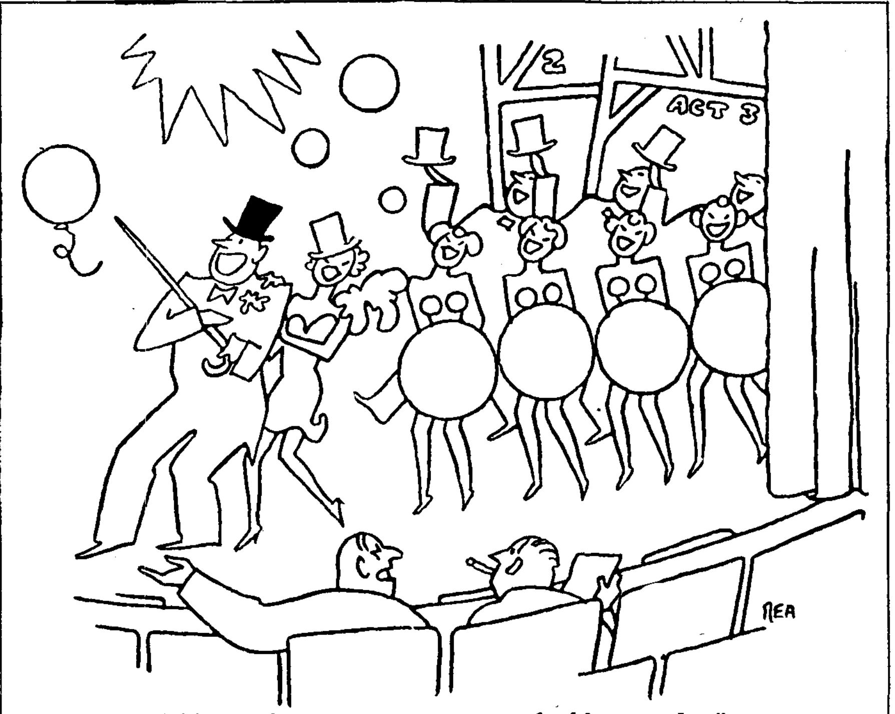
"A gun? A real gun?"

"My husband's. We keep it in the night table next to my bed."

"A gun!"

"But I know I didn't do any harm with it! My husband had taken the cartridges out, you see. There was nothing in the gun. I couldn't have hurt anyone."

"But a gun! Tsk! Tsk! That's what I mean, Mrs. Cordeley. Suppose your husband didn't take the bullets out. That might have been bad. That's what I was driving at when I said that maybe next time it might be something else . . . poison, a knife. . . ."



COLLIER'S "I'd say: clean it up. Put in some double entendres" GARDNER REA

"What shall I do, Doctor? I'll do whatever you say. I've got to. I've got to let you—cure me."

He stared at her. "Cure? . . . Cure?" he repeated.

Her eyes opened in a sudden comprehension of horror. "I *can* be cured, can't I? Doctor, tell me—I can be cured, can't I?"

He looked around the room without answering. He went to the fireplace and picked up the fire poker, a long, heavy poker with a brass griffin on the end. Then he turned toward Alison slowly, holding the poker in his hands, one hand at each end, hefting it. "Now, Mrs. Cordeley, you must control yourself. . . ."

"I am controlling myself, Doctor! I'm quite all right."

He came toward her, holding the poker. Her eyes widened. Terror crawled up her back. He stared at her, his eyes blank, flat, dull behind the thick lenses. He hefted the poker slowly, mechanically, and she could not take her eyes off it. She was transfixed, rigid. And he stared at her stonily; the silence throbbed between them, beating in the room, bursting with unutterable horror. Everything was being done in slow motion and in that awful silence.

In the hall, the grandfather clock struck five times, each note soft, round, like an empty bell.

"I think," he said at last, spacing each word out, his tone monotonously even, "I think I'll have to send you some medicine. So you can sleep. So you won't walk in your sleep. But it won't stop the nightmares. Nothing can stop them. . . ." He blinked his eyes, and put the poker back on the stand, and looked at his watch. "It's late. Another patient to see. A very sad case, Mrs. Cordeley. A girl—she's going insane. . . . I'll send the medicine. Follow the instructions carefully. You mustn't take an overdose, you know. You must be *very* careful not to take more than it says on the bottle. . . . Goodby, Mrs. Cordeley."

She stared after him as he opened the door and went out, as if her eyes wanted a final testimonial, a last verification of his reality. Then she shook her head, fighting off a mounting premonition of chaos, of being lost in a nameless doom. "Oh, God," she whispered. "Oh, God."

She started up the stairs, holding onto the rail, reeling, faint. Then she turned and sprang to the phone, dialing a number in frenzy.

"Dick!" she cried, her voice high, shaking with terror. "Dick! Dick! I—I—" She tried to utter one thing more, some unfound word, some symbol of resistance to an engulfing despair, but before she could say it she sank to the floor and the phone clattered down harshly beside her.

THE man in the horn-rimmed glasses was squeezed into the telephone booth at the cigar store and he was saying, "Okay. It went fine. She's so scared she could hardly hold together. . . . Oh, guess what? Lady Luck kissed us on both cheeks—but good! *She* let me in the house herself. That's right. *She* did. Not the butler. . . . I didn't see anyone else at all. I don't think anyone else got a gander at me. You ought to find out for sure. Say, it couldn't have gone better! . . . Look, I've got to see you. It's about Daphne. No, nothing's wrong, but you've got to do something fast. You better see her. I'll tell you why when I see you. . . . Tomorrow's Sunday. Daphne doesn't do a show. She'll be free. . . . Where? Okay. Tomorrow at five. I'll be there."

He hung up and pursed his lips. Behind the pale eyes and the pasty vulgarity there was a monstrous dream. . . .

Alison felt cold, wet things on her forehead, a heavy hand; a beam of light lay on her eyelids, struggling to get through. She felt a finger opening one of her eyes. . . . A small, round column of light was focused on her eye, and there were endless halations around it, like a speck of sun on a camera lens. Silhouetted heads—dark, obscure—hovered over her. She heard a watch ticking: A small silver hammer tapping on ice. The faces moved into focus: Dick's face and Dr. Ronald Melford's, and another man's—a tall, thin, gray-haired man, with an ascetic face and a gentle manner. She was in bed, and the room was dark but for a lamp in the corner of the room.

"That's better, Alison," said Dr. Melford. Behind him, in the shadows, stood Dick, anxious and frowning. "That's better. This is a colleague of mine, Alison, Dr.—"

"I fainted," she heard herself say.

"You certainly did," Melford smiled. "But then every pretty woman is entitled to faint now and then. I must say you've been good about it all the years I've been taking care of you. We're having some coffee brought up."

She struggled up, leaning on her elbows. "He came to the house, Ronnie. I—it was awful!"

"Easy."

"He was horrible! He was horrible!"

"Who, Ally?" asked Cordeley

"Dr. Rinehart!'

Dick and Dr. Melford and Dr. Rinehart exchanged quick glances.

A VIOLENT shudder possessed Alison, convulsing her whole body. "He was horrible! That man is evil, I tell you! If there's one thing I know—one thing in all the world—Dick, please don't make me see him again. Please! Never! I won't!"

"For God's sake, Ally. Listen. This is—"

Dr. Rinehart shook his head to Cordeley, cutting his words short.

"He kept staring at me, like a monster. He scratched his nails on the table till I thought I'd go mad! He kept telling me—implying I was crazy! He picked up the fireplace poker—"

Cordeley was shaking her. "Alison. Stop that! Do you hear? Stop that."

"Wait," said Dr. Rinehart quietly, speaking for the first time. "Mrs. Cordeley," the man said in a voice that was warm, friendly; he took her hand in his. "You don't have to worry any more. That man is gone. He can't harm you. Just relax. Try. For me." He smiled. "We're all here. We'll all help you. No one can harm you now."

"Maybe she shouldn't talk about it," said Cordeley.

"Why not?" asked Dr. Rinehart easily. "If you want to, Mrs. Cordeley, go right ahead. We'd like to know about this. It must have been awful for you. Of course, it was. But it's over now. There's no need to be frightened any more."

Alison leaned back against the pillows and felt herself relax. She felt as if an ominous thing had been driven out of the room. She liked this tall, thin, gray man with the reassuring voice. It was more than the voice. It was the certainty, the ease and strength and clarity behind the voice. "Thank you," she said.

Dr. Rinehart sat down on the bed next to her. "Now, if you want to—fire away," he said.

"All I'll say is the same thing, again and again,' she said. "He was horrible.'

"What did he look like, Mrs. Cordeley?"

"He was middle-aged, heavy. He wore big, horn-rimmed glasses. Don't you know Dr. Rinehart?"

"Yes, I know him. . . . Tell me, why do you think he meant to harm you?"

"I don't know."

"What did he say? What did he talk about?"

"I told him—about my sleepwalking. You know about that, don't you, Doctor?"

"Yes."

"I told him the whole story, and then he was absolutely silent, as if he wasn't

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listening. His eyes had a strange expression. He told me I was very sick. I swear he was trying to frighten me out of my wits. He tried to make me feel as if I were losing my mind! I—oh, I can't go on. I don't understand it. Please—let me alone."

"Certainly, Mrs. Cordeley."

Dr. Melford said, "You're all right, Ally. I gave you my double-extra checkup, streamlined. Don't let this get you down." He winked at her and patted her hand. "I still think you're a sap for not marrying me instead of Dick. I'll stop by in the morning. So long."

"So long, Ronnie. Thanks—a lot. And thank you, Dr.—"

"Good night, Mrs. Cordeley," Dr. Rinehart said.

Dick said, "I'll hurry the coffee along."

"Don't you go, Dick."

"I've got to see them out, Ally. I'll be back in a minute." He closed the door to Alison's room. The men stood quite silent for a moment. Cordeley looked at Dr. Rinehart. "This is awful, Dr. Rinehart."

Dr. Rinehart frowned.

"I told her you couldn't be here at four today, Doctor," Cordeley said. "I called her right after I spoke to you. I was sure she understood."

"What in the world could have happened?" asked Dr. Melford.

"I'm worried, Dr. Rinehart," said Cordeley. "Is she—"

"Let's not jump to conclusions," said Dr. Rinehart. "Perhaps there *was* someone here."

Cordeley said slowly, "Oh. But who? Why?" He snapped his fingers. "Come with me, gentlemen." He hurried down the stairs. "Haskins! Haskins!"

Haskins came out of the butler's pantry. "Yes, Mr. Cordeley."

"Haskins, did Mrs. Cordeley have a visitor this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir. She had me tidy up the room for four o'clock."

"Yes, I know, but did you see anyone come in?"

"Why, no, sir. I was polishing the silver and listening for the phone. Mrs. Cordeley told the maid she wouldn't be disturbed. She must have had her visitor, sir."

The maid came out of the dining room carrying a coffee tray.

"Mary, did you see who came to call on Mrs. Cordeley this afternoon?"

"I, sir? No, sir. I was upstairs. But there must have been someone because Mrs. Cordeley came downstairs—"

"I know, I know. But did you see the man?"

"Why, no, sir. But there must have been someone. The fire was lit."

Dick said, "Thank you, Mary. Take the coffee to Mrs. Cordeley now."

AS MARY went by, Dr. Rinehart said, "Don't say anything to Mrs. Cordeley about this, Mary. Or you, Haskins. It's important. Mrs. Cordeley is—quite upset."

Cordeley turned to the two men with a helpless gesture. "Well?"

"You'd better go back to your wife now," said Dr. Rinehart. "She needs you. Just be with her. Hold her. Reassure her. Let her talk."

"She doesn't know that you are—"

"Say I came with Dr. Melford. You didn't get my name. That could easily have happened in your excitement. She'll probably talk for an hour—and then be very tired. She'll want to sleep. There's not much else to be done, tonight. She doesn't know me well enough to talk to me, or for me to do much good."

"But, Doctor—"

"I'd like to see her tomorrow, of course. For several hours. It's Sunday, fortunately. Call me in the morning. I'll keep all afternoon open."

"Doctor, she imagined the whole thing! She imagined it all!"

"I'll be able to tell you more—when I know more. I'm a doctor, Mr. Cordeley, not a magician."

"You've got to tell me the truth!" Cordeley blurted out. "Is she going mad?"

Dr. Rinehart hesitated. "Your wife has had an extremely traumatic experience—real or otherwise. I can't tell. She has been deeply frightened and deeply shocked. That's all I can say now. Call me in the morning. And get some rest yourself, Mr. Cordeley. Good night. Coming, Melford?"

After he had closed the door, Cordeley bolted it. And then he smiled. It was extraordinary how different his face had become. It was as if a mask had dropped away. It was a face in which cunning and corruption held dominion. He went up the stairs.

THE terrace was bright in the afternoon sun. The day was clear and soft, and the life of the river—the murmuring traffic of the bridges, the distant echoes of voices and laughter and river calls—formed a pleasant tapestry of sound for the design of their voices. Alison and Cordeley were having lunch on the terrace.

"Dick, who was the other doctor? The one with Ronnie?" Alison asked him.

COLLIER'S "The small saving would be hardly worth the trouble" GEORGE PRICE

"His name is Jenkins."

"I liked him."

"Did you?" asked Cordeley. "I didn't think much of him."

"I'd like to see him again, Dick. It's curious—just in the little while he was here, he seemed to understand, and I got a feeling of confidence about him."

"Too bad, Ally. He left town this morning. He told me last night he was going to St. Louis for a medical convention. He takes his vacation after that. He said he wouldn't be back until Christmas."

"Now if you had sent him to see me, instead of that awful man—! Dick, I *won't* see Dr. Rinehart again."

"Of course not." He picked up the telephone and dialed a number.

"Whom are you calling?" Alison asked.

"Dr. Rinehart."

"Dick!"

"Listen to what I say," he smiled. "Hello, Doctor. This is Richard Cordeley. . . . She slept well. But she—I'm afraid she refuses to see you again, Doctor. No—she just does not want to see you. . . . She's here now if you want to talk to her."

"I won't talk to him!" said Alison. "Tell him to crawl back under his rock!"

"I'm afraid it's quite useless, Doctor," Cordeley said.

At the other end of the wire, Dr. Rinehart said, "Well—it would be unwise to try to persuade her. I'm sorry, Cordeley. I'll be glad to see her whenever she's ready, of course."

"Thank you, Doctor. Please send me your bill." Cordeley hung up. Then he smiled to Alison. "See?"

She leaned forward. "You're a dear. I can't tell you how that relieves me! I've been very foolish, Dick."

"He's supposed to be the best psychiatrist in New York."

"I don't care if he's the first adviser to the President of the United Nations. Dick, I really think that man is an out-and-out fraud! I can't explain it. But—"

"You don't have to, now."

She smiled. "Now let me pour you some more coffee, give me a cigarette, and let's enjoy the sun. What time are we due at the Van Suydams'?"

"Seven-thirty."

"I'll be glad to go to a party, after all this."

"Do you think you ought to go, Ally?"

"Of course, darling. I'm feeling fine."

Haskins came out to the terrace and cleared his throat and said, "Lieutenant Strake is calling." He seemed oddly embarrassed.

"Strake? Fine. Show him in, Haskins," said Cordeley.

Lieutenant Strake grinned at Haskins and winked as he passed him.

"Alison, this is Lieutenant Strake. He was a great help to me. He and Captain Hannegan made all the arrangements in Boston."

"How do you do, Lieutenant Strake." Alison gave him her hand. "Won't you have some coffee with us?"

"Thanks. I will. I just wanted to tell you how we wound up the—er—" Lieutenant Strake paused, looking toward Alison.

"I'm a big girl, Lieutenant," Alison laughed.

"Oh." He grinned. "Well, Mr. Cordeley, I just wanted you to know we buttoned up every angle—here and in Boston. You can relax about any kidnaping angle. Not a thing in it. I handled Grand Central myself. Burrows couldn't find any cab call-in or pick-up. Captain Hannegan went through the police dockets—night and morning. Your maid says she was asleep. We think she was. She's got a clean bill as far as we're concerned. We talked to her quite a lot."

"I'd bet my life on Mary," said Alison.

"Your butler was out from seven o'clock that night, like he said. He didn't get back until the next morning. We checked on him. His alibi is all right. He was with—well, a lady."

"Haskins?" asked Alison in amazement.

"Yes, ma'am. He was with a lady, all right. And another couple. No doubt about that."

Alison put her head back and laughed. "That *is* a delicious bit. Haskins! With a lady love! Why, he's the last man in the world—"

"Alison, please," said Cordeley impatiently. "Lieutenant Strake is trying to tell us something important."

"It's just so funny, Dick. Can you imagine Haskins in a love nest—"

"I don't think it's funny. Go on, Lieutenant."

"It all adds up—if you'll pardon my saying so, Mrs. Cordeley—to a clear lapse-of-memory case," said Lieutenant Strake. "It just means she got to Boston without knowing how."

"But, Lieutenant, it's a long way from this house to Grand Central," Cordeley said. "If she didn't take a cab or the subway, then how—"

"She could have walked. Lots of them do."

"Oh. I didn't think of that." Cordeley sighed. "Perhaps I ought to put an ad in the papers, Lieutenant. Offer a reward."

"Why, Dick? What good would it do? I don't want the gory details. Frankly, I'm glad it turned out this way. If it *has* to be a choice between kidnaping and walking in your sleep, I'll walk."

"We could put a man to watch the house for a while, Mrs. Cordeley," said Lieutenant Strake. Cordeley struck a match and fiddled with his pipe. "For a couple of weeks. To relieve your mind."

"It would do anything but that," said Alison. "I don't want to be watched."

Cordeley blew out the match. "I think my wife's right, Lieutenant. After all, now it's a problem for a doctor, not a detective."

"That's the way it looks to us, too, if you don't mind my saying so." Lieutenant Strake got up. "Well, that about washes it up, I guess."

"You've been very kind, Lieutenant," said Alison. She smiled. "Now I'll lead you past a box of my husband's most expensive cigars, which I hope you'll smuggle out under your coat—with our compliments."

"I'll take that offer. Goodby, Mr. Cordeley." They shook hands. "Thanks for your cigars."

"It's I who should thank you," said Cordeley. "You'll never know how much of a help you've been to me."

Cordeley looked after the two of them as they went into the house. He leaned back and inhaled deeply and blew a large circle of smoke into the air. He looked at the river with complete satisfaction.

AT FIVE o'clock, the man in the horn-rimmed glasses entered the Shipley Building on Madison Avenue, scribbled some indecipherable name on the Sunday register, and rode up to the twenty-eighth floor. There was a light on in the inner office of 2804. The outer office was dark. Vernay went around the corner to a door marked PRIVATE.

Cordeley was behind the mahogany desk, reading a thick book. He said, "Sit down, Vernay."

"About the money, Mr. Cordeley."

Cordeley opened the middle drawer and tossed some bills on the desk.

Vernay counted the bills carefully; then he looked up. "There's only two hundred—"

"I couldn't get more," said Cordeley.

"You said three hundred."

"It's the end of the month!" said Cor-

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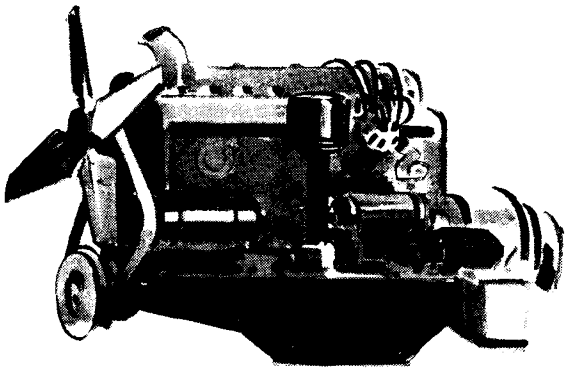

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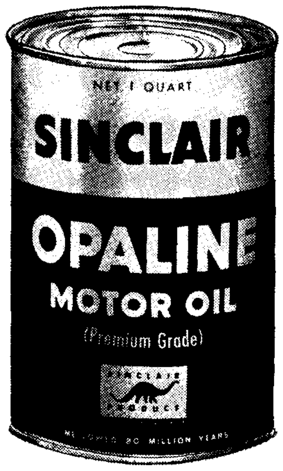

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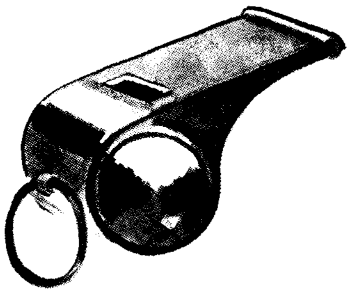

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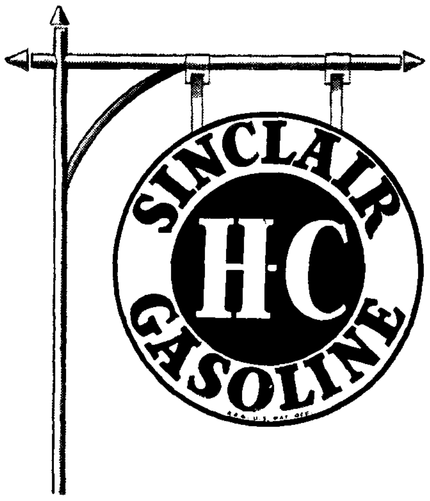

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Famous to groom Dry, Wild "SUN-BAKED" HAIR

Makes it easier to comb—keeps it so handsome looking

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He realized his tousled, wind-tossed hair looked 'a mess' so he foolishly plastered it down with greasy goo. Girls laughed in his face. If only he were up-to-date and would try Kreml. It keeps hair looking so handsome—never greasy, oily or sticky.

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A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy—
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deley irritably. "You'll get the rest on the first, when the estate remittance comes in."

"But you said three hundred, Mr. Cordeley. I wanted five and you talked me down to three and now—"

Cordeley rapped his pipe on the desk. "I know, I know! I had to buy something for Daphne! It was more than I thought! Don't be so damned small, Vernay. Millions are involved; don't quibble about a miserable hundred dollars!"

Vernay folded the bills and put them in his pocket. "Okay, Mr. Cordeley. . . . Did any of your servants see me yesterday?"

"No."

"That was a real break, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"It makes things even better, eh?"

"Much better," Cordeley said.

AFTER a moment of silence, Vernay asked, "What's next? Don't you think we can move fast now? There's *no point in waiting, with everything going so right.* What about another train ride? Grace was perfect in Boston, you know. She did everything I told her. Grace can't make mistakes, because she can't be smart. You couldn't ask for a better person if you want another train ride."

"She isn't getting any funny ideas, is she?"

"Grace likes what I told her the first time. That your wife is crazy—just married you for your money. That made Grace angry—the idea of throwing away money. Don't worry about Grace. Did you take care of the prescription?"

"There won't be any medicine," said Cordeley.

"I told her I'd send some."

"It won't be necessary now," said Cordeley. "If you'd been seen, the medicine would serve a function. Medicine from 'Dr. Rinehart.' But this way—no one came to the house. Dr. Rinehart was never there. No one was there. The whole thing will be just—a nightmare. A terrible, terrible nightmare. It's much better."

"That's smart, Mr. Cordeley. She's pretty high-strung now. Couldn't we—clinch it?"

"What do you mean by 'clinch it'?"

"Well, I thought her being so nervous and all, another real scare could—"

"Could what, Vernay?"

"Push her over the edge. Snap the thread in her mind."

Cordeley looked at him with contempt. "Don't talk like a fool, Vernay. Do you really think it's that simple? Do you think it's possible to drive a healthy person insane? Do you think you can commit a person to an asylum just like that? Do you think doctors and examining boards and officials are nincompoops? No, *Mr.* Vernay. I'm not trying to drive Mrs. Cordeley insane. I don't intend to try anything as foolish as you suggest."

"I guess I don't understand—"

"It's much simpler than that, Mr. Vernay. Much simpler, and foolproof."

Vernay wet his lips. "How long will it take? When does she get whatever you fix up?"

"Whenever I want—now," said Cordeley. "A woman who walks in her sleep, Mr. Vernay, who has such severe hallucinations, can fall off a balcony so easily. And she'll do it *herself.* Make no mistake about that. The police would understand—they have a complete record on her unfortunate condition. And the doctors would understand because they have a complete record, too. It's so simple."

"When does it happen?"

"Why are you so impatient, Mr. Vernay?"

"Well, it's not for me, you understand. After all, it's what you want, too, Mr. Cordeley. Once it's taken care of—you'll be free. You'll have the money. . . . If you had the money now, if it wasn't your wife's—"

"What are you trying to say, Mr. Vernay?" Cordeley demanded.

"It's Daphne."

Cordeley looked up. "What about her?"

"Like I told you. She's beginning to get impatient. She's beginning to nag me about my promises and build-up. She ought to know where she stands."

Cordeley's face contorted into anger. "I can't see Daphne whenever I want to! Good God, surely you can understand that! As soon as this is done and over with— But I won't risk the slightest thing going wrong now!"

"Daphne doesn't know a thing about that. All she knows is that you haven't been around."

"I've called her every single day."

"*It's not the same thing, Mr. Cordeley.* I can't keep her on ice indefinitely. Lots of men want to take her out and show her a good time. Rich men, too. One of them might go crazy about her, she's so beautiful, and want to marry her—"

"Stop that!" Cordeley hit the desk with his fist. His eyes were curtained with rage and jealousy. "She's got to wait a little longer! A week, two weeks—that's all. Then I can see her every single day. Don't you think that's what I've been dreaming about? Do you think I like to wait? Then no one could ever think there had been anything between us while Alison was alive. Don't you see how important that is? Don't you understand?"

"Sure, sure. Take it easy, Mr. Cordeley. I understand it all. Just like we talked before. Only Daphne doesn't like to sit around and hear me keep promising. I can't say too much. I don't want her to think there's anything fishy—"

"If she ever does, Vernay!"

"Look, I'm not nuts, Mr. Cordeley. I don't cut off my own nose. I got as much to get out of this as you have. It's just tough to keep stalling Daphne along. I told her you'd see her tonight to explain everything."

Cordeley thought for a moment. "Tell her I'll pick her up in front of your place at eight. I'll convince Daphne."

VERNAY got up. "You—er—realize we've got to play this together, don't you? You with your missus, me with Daphne." A curious expression, a sign of some private triumph, invaded his eyes and lay behind his glasses. "Daphne puts a lot of stock in what I say."

"You mean you're holding a club over me?"

"I wouldn't put it that way," the man said. "But Daphne doesn't do things without me, Mr. Cordeley. She's the one big thing I ever had. You don't get someone as beautiful as Daphne in your bank account once in a million times. You got your wife, but if you divorce her you got nothing. I've got Daphne—and if I'm a real good father I'll look out for her and she'll do fine and I'll do fine—and so will you, Mr. Cordeley. You know that backward. We talked it all over, didn't we, the second time you laid eyes on Daphne. . . . All my life I've been kicked around by the breaks. I should of had a lot of money—a lot of money, Mr. Cordeley. All my life, things didn't pan out. I said I'd hit the jack pot some day. And I will. With Daphne, I will."

As he talked, a curious transformation crept across his vulgarity, his shabbiness, his aroma of the years in smelly bedrooms and steaming kitchens under gaslight. He had escaped for a moment from his past and the reality of the present into some glittering future he invented for himself.

"You'll get more money from me than you ever dreamed of," said Cordeley.

The man blinked his eyes and returned. "Yes, I know. That's why it's all working out so good. That's why I've gone to all this trouble. That's why I'm a little impatient, Mr. Cordeley."

Cordeley was scribbling on a pad. "Call me at a quarter to eight at this number." He handed Vernay a slip of paper. "A quarter to eight sharp."

"It'll be on the nose. So long, Mr. Cordeley."

Cordeley looked after him for a while, thinking. Then he took the book which he had been reading and put it in the bottom drawer of his desk. The book was entitled Varieties of Somnambulism. He locked the drawer carefully, got his hat and cane, turned off the lights and went out.

THE limousine floated down Park Avenue.

"Your tie is crooked," said Alison.

"Fix it."

She pulled the ends of his white tie firmly. "You *are* a distinguished-looking devil, Dick. You were made for evening clothes."

Cordeley glanced at Alison out of the corner of his eye. "Feeling all right?"

"Never felt better."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, I am! For heaven's sake, Dick, don't keep harping on it. This is the tenth time you've asked."

"Sorry, Ally. I can't help worrying. I don't want you to overdo things. You're amazing, the way you bounce back. If I were in your shoes, I'd be in a cold sweat. I'd be scared to be left alone. I'd be afraid to sleep."

"Maybe I am. Maybe I will be. I haven't made up my mind yet." She squeezed his arm. "And when I do, you'll be the first to know."

The Van Suydam house was a brownstone fortress with Renaissance windows. It was a testimonial to the folly of a generation which had imitated the baronial.

Alison wore a black gown, unornamented save for a band of lace across the neck, utterly simple in line, beautifully formed to her body. Her arms and shoulders were startlingly fair against the deep darkness of her hair, and her eyes were light. She wore a thin black choker around her neck, with an emerald pendant in a filigree mounting.

They crossed the marble foyer, walked to the salon, where the Van Suydams were greeting their guests. ". . . Good evening, Richard. Alison, how *very* lovely you're looking. But a little pale, my dear. Have you been ill?"

"No, not—"

"She has," said Cordeley.

"Oh, well, paleness makes you look *distinguée*, my dear. Come with me, children." Mrs. Van Suydam put an arm through each of theirs and shepherded them around the great room. "I think you know the Gorhams. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell. . . . You remember the Fairalees. . . . Ah, here's someone you haven't met. He's a scoundrel, but his mother is my second cousin so I must give him sanctuary. . . . Turn around, *enfant terrible*."

The man who turned to face them was Bruce Elcott. "Hello."

"You *have* met. But then, you know everybody, Bruce. Be a darling and see that the Cordeleys get something to drink." Their hostess left.

"Why don't you invite me to dinner some night, Mrs. Cordeley?"

"Just like that?"

"Well, I *could* win you at a raffle, but it takes much longer."

The Crossworths came in, and another couple Alison knew. "Ally, darling, how good to see you! Has she been behaving, Dick?"

Cordeley said, "Not entirely."

Helen Crossworth whispered to him. "Is she better?"

He shook his head.

"How awful for you, Dick. I thought she just had too much to drink that night at our house."

"It's much more serious than that, Helen."

The butler came through the crowd to Cordeley. "There is a Mr. Wilson on the telephone for you, sir. He says it's most urgent."

Cordeley went out into the foyer and took the call, and at the other end of the wire, the man in the horn-rimmed glasses said, "It's a quarter to eight, Mr. Cordeley."

"All right." When he returned to the salon he said, "Ally, I'm terribly sorry. It's that Nadwick account. I'm afraid I've got to leave."

"Dick, you can't!"

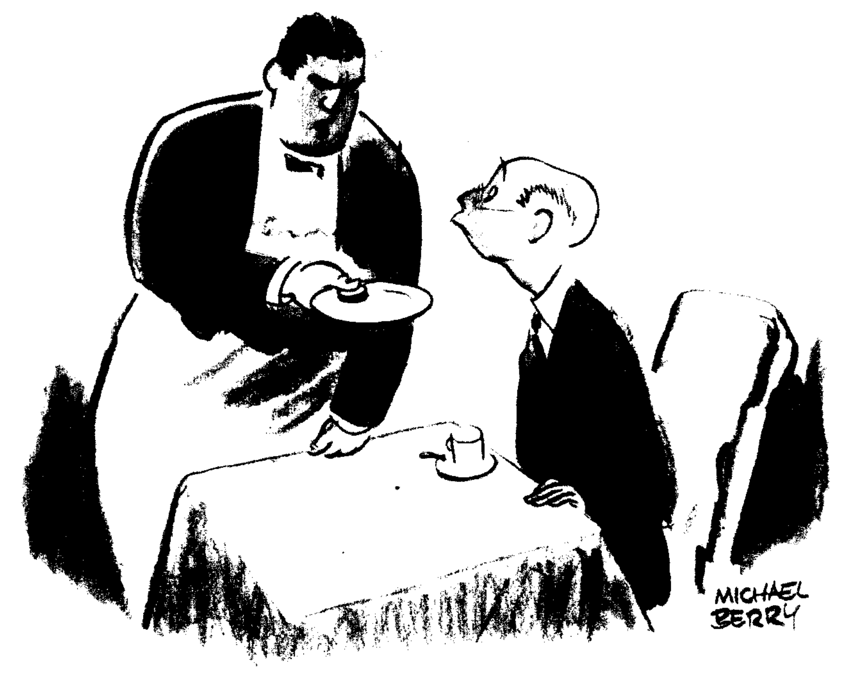
"I'll explain to our hostess. I must. It's too important. I've been working on this for months. Old Man Nadwick is a prima donna. He's liable to drop the whole plan if I don't get there. Elcott, you'll take care of Alison, won't you?"

"You're lucky to get a sitter on such short notice."

Cordeley kissed Alison on the cheek. "I'll take a cab. Josslyn will be out front with the car. Get home early, Ally—promise—by one?"

She looked at him. "You are worried, aren't you? All right. I promise."

There were forty-one at dinner, in a room which had been disemboweled from some château on the Loire. Forty-one pools of claret shimmered in the glasses against the lace and the gleaming Sheffield. Well-bred voices spoke of stocks and scandals, of the latest political



COLLIER'S "Your change, sir!" MICHAEL BERRY

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▲ Mr. Tinker is prone to imitate Hollywood cameramen. The result is just film footage—and we mean feet!

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chicanery and the most delectable recent infidelities.

Elcott whispered to Alison, "This is deadly. Let's leave."

"Don't be rude."

"I'd rather be rude than bored. Anyway, it'll get worse and worse as the evening trudges on. Aren't you bored? Honestly?"

"Honestly? No."

"That's because you're talking to me. Otherwise you'd be clawing at the walls. We can catch Tour Number 18 if we go now. It leaves from Forty-seventh Street."

"Do you *really* go on those fantastic trips, Mr. Elcott?"

"Fantastic? Why, Tour 18 is one of the best. Don't you like to have fun?"

"Of course, I like to have fun," Alison smiled.

"Then that settles it."

"But not *now*. This is a dinner party."

"You mean you're not supposed to have fun at a dinner party?"

"You know, Mr. Elcott, I—"

"Wait. Years and years ago, my father and mother decided to call me Bruce. And it's the most amazing thing; ever since then everyone has called me Bruce. Why don't you?"

"All right, Bruce."

"Fine. May I call you Mother?" And before Alison could react he said, "Faint, and I'll carry you out. I dare you to." His eyes were teasing her, challenging her, dancing with amusement.

And suddenly she felt good, very good, curious, eager, and she said, "Who'll make the excuses?"

He grinned. "Good girl. I'll help you with your chair. Look faint. Reel. You might knock over a glass; that makes it more realistic. Then a cry. Just a small, ladylike cry. I'll take over from there. . . ."

THE sightseeing bus with the glass roof was crowded. The gaunt guide was calling through a megaphone held at the corner of his mouth: "You are now in that amazin' conglomeration of brilliant lights known the woild over as the Great White Way! Broadway, folks, colorful, dazzlin', kaleidoscopic, the Street of Streets! Lit by no less than 150,000 incandescent bulbs and thoity miles of neon tube—or enough to light up a city the complete size of no less than San Francisco, California. Look left!" Twenty-odd sightseeing heads shifted to the left. "Honoring the memory of Father Duffy, a monument! Look right!" Twenty-odd Ulysseses looked right. "All the movie houses, cheek by jowl. Look left!" Everybody looked left.

In the last row of the rubberneck wagon, Bruce Elcott sighed blissfully. "See what I mean?"

Alison nodded solemnly. "I see exactly what you mean."

"Like it?"

"Love it."

"It gets better all the time." He turned to look out of the back window. The Cordeley limousine was following the bus dutifully. Elcott grinned. "Josslyn thinks we're mad."

"And I might say at this time, guests of the All-Around-New York Cut-rate Tours, that the city of New York covers no less than 386 square miles and employs the amazin' amount of 19,572 policemen—or as they are sometimes called, guardians of the law!"

"19,572!" Bruce repeated in admiration.

Down Seventh Avenue went the charabanc, across to Fifth Avenue and down to Washington Square, and the commentator, his megaphone glued to his tireless lips, orated on and on, holding them spellbound with names and statistics and obscure facts and mixed metaphors.

The bus cut to the east, through dark, deserted streets. "And now, folks, we embark on the most fascinatin' part of our trip—Chinatown! Mysterious, Oriental, a breat' of Shanghai in old New York!"

The bus stopped at Worth and Mulberry streets. The guide announced: "Enter the House of Worship, or Temple of Joss, as it is called!"

A sign over the door read:

Post Office Station 233
Joss House
Chinese Fortunes

They went through the little post office, which was closed at this hour, into the room behind.

A short, elderly Chinese gentleman shuffled in and bowed to them. "High Priest of Chinatown!" the guide cried proudly. "Also functioning as postmaster, appointed by Woodrow Wilson, formerly President of the U.S."

The old Chinese gentleman bowed gravely, his hands tucked into his sleeves, and mumbled several Chinese words.

"High Priest has just welcomed you!"

"My friends will never believe it," Alison sighed to Bruce. "Greeted by the high priest in a joss house! It sounds lurid."

The high priest passed by them and hesitated. He seemed to recognize Bruce, broke into a smile, bowed deeply, and spoke several sentences in Chinese. Bruce bowed back gravely, and replied.

Alison watched this exchange in utter astonishment. "Bruce—do you speak Chinese?"

"Of course. Doesn't everyone?"

"Well, I'll be—"

"Hush. Mustn't use naughty words in the high temple."

"But where in the world did you learn Chinese?"

"In China. Come on." . . .

Across the Hudson in a clump of woods beyond the heights of the Palisades lies a large estate bounded by a high wall. The sign at the front gate reads:

Rollingwood Club
Private

You reach the big house on the knoll through a driveway bordered by tall pines. A broad-shouldered man in a dinner jacket examines you through a panel in the front door before you enter.

The main salon of the Rollingwood Club is a gambling casino: roulette wheels, tables for blackjack, Russian bank, faro, dice. The stairway which leads to the second floor is guarded by two men in dinner jackets. You rarely see anyone on the stairway or on the balcony to which it leads. Six doors open off the balcony, to six private suites. Each suite has another door which leads to a back entrance.

Cordeley and Daphne Vernay were in the No. 4 suite. It might have been a fine bachelor's apartment in London: good chairs, a Lawson sofa in a hand-blocked print of ivy and magnolia, cherry-wood tables, hunting prints on each side of the fireplace, a radio concealed in a Chippendale chest of drawers.

THEY had finished dinner. Cordeley filled her glass from the magnum of Cordon Rouge in the large silver bucket. His face was flushed; he had been drinking too much.

Daphne leaned back against the sofa lazily, crossing her legs in a long X, her throat and arms and bare shoulders gleaming in the candlelight. "What kind of a monastery is this, Mr. Cordeley?"

"Stop calling me Mr. Cordeley."

She fluttered her eyes with exaggerated innocence. "Wouldn't that be rather intimate? Who runs this place, Dick? They've got it guarded as if it were Fort Knox."

"It's just a club. For members only."

"Give me a cigarette," said Daphne.

He held out his case and said, "About my wife, you don't understand."

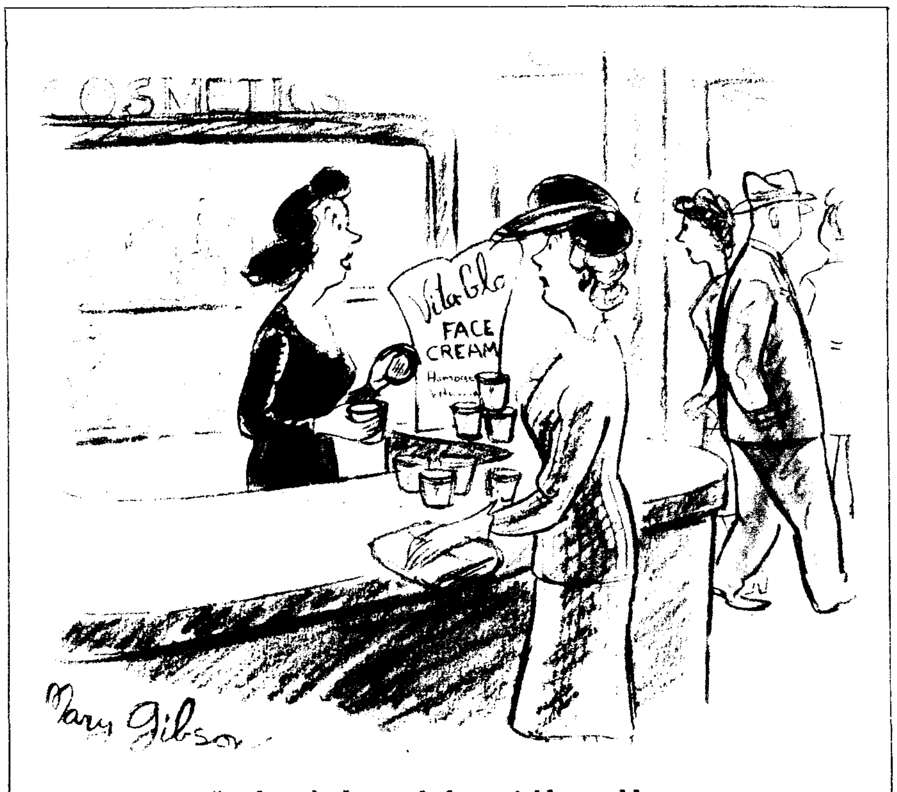
"It's very easy to understand, pet." She smiled. "When a man like you takes a girl like me to a place like this—that's very easy to understand. Where have you been all these weeks?"

"Busy. Working. I told you."

"Look, Dick. You and I don't seem to be getting anywhere. You told me all about your wife a long time ago, a long, long time ago. Your wife's spells can go on for ten years, and where does that leave me? As long as you *are* married, Dick, the you-and-me act is out. Don't interrupt, let me finish. I'm not playing Pollyanna. I just know what the percentages are. This could be a nice, tidy arrangement—for you. But not for me. I don't like to sit around twiddling my thumbs. I'm *not* for free, Dick."

"It can't go on much longer, Daphne!" he exclaimed. "She's in a critical state. The doctors say it's a matter of days, maybe. Then I'm free." He put his arms around her. "Why don't you just forget about her?"

She flicked her finger against his cheek impudently, and he started to kiss her. But she put a finger on his lips and shook



COLLIER'S "It doesn't do much for wrinkles or blemishes, but it's not a bad butter substitute" MARY GIBSON

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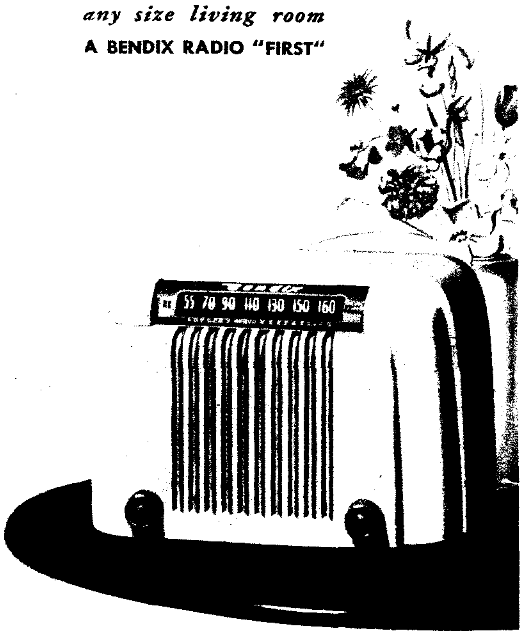

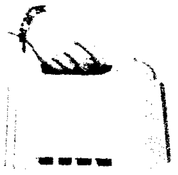

New built-in handle makes this handsome plastic model a true room-to-room portable

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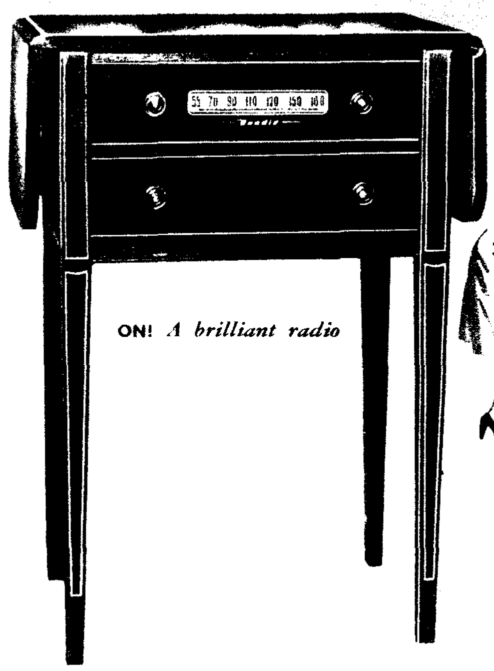

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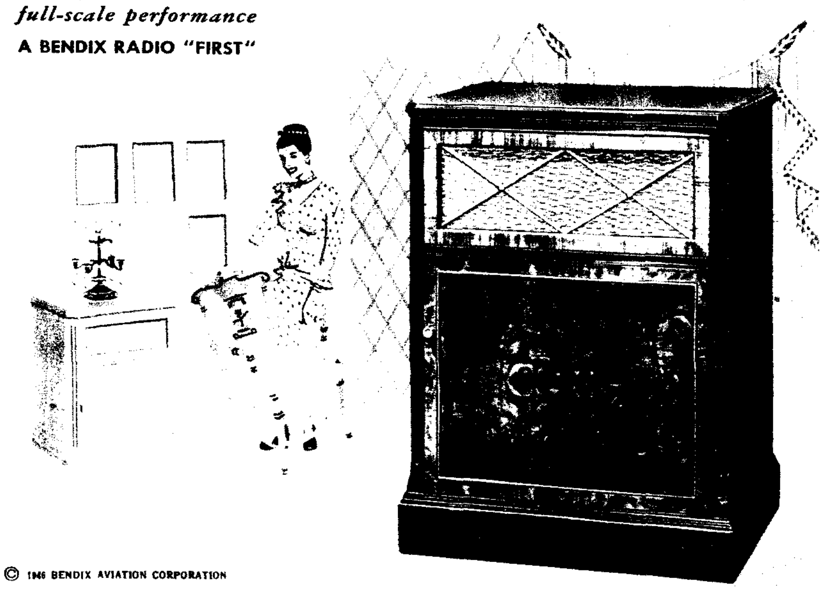

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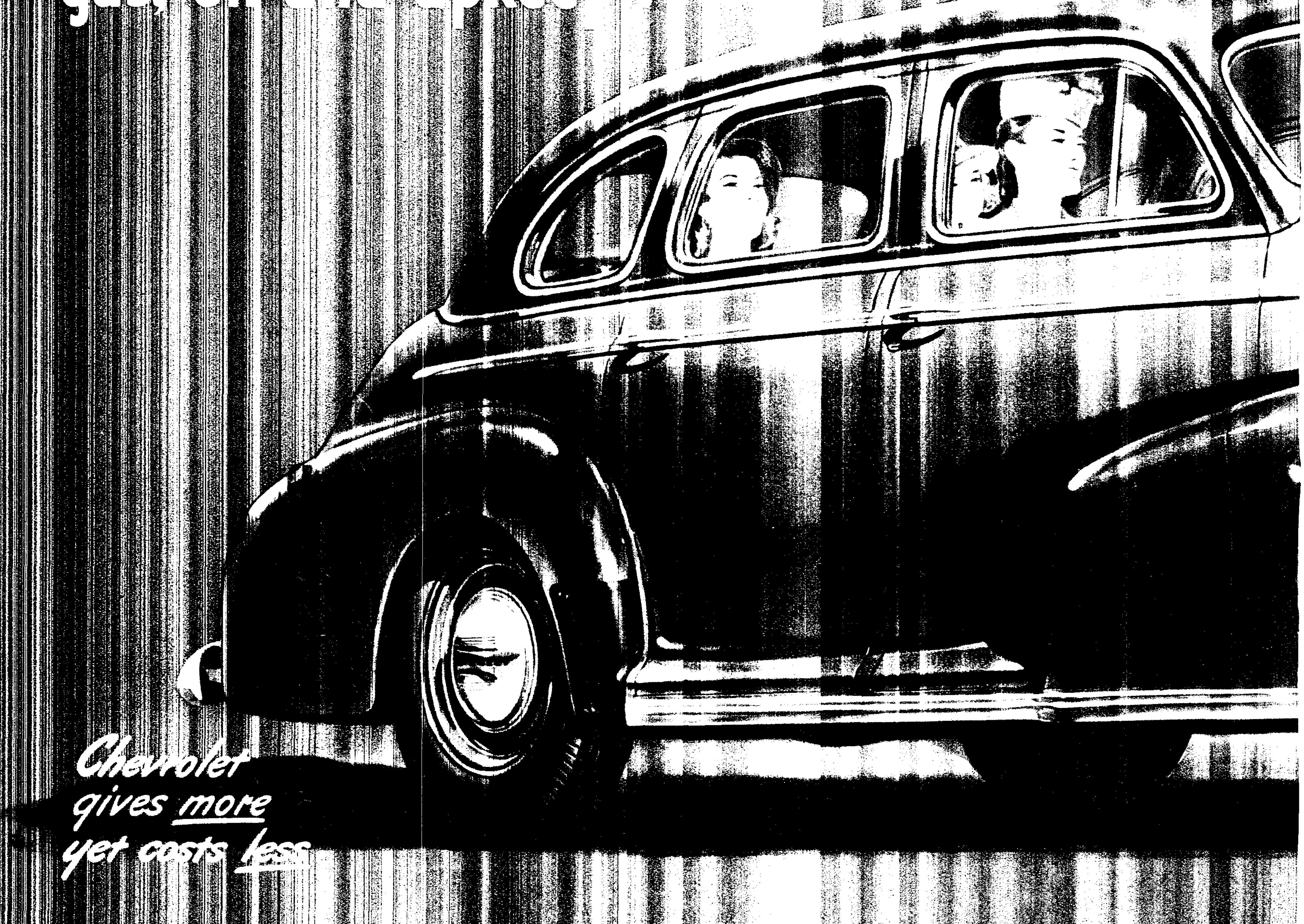

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Travel far and wide! Chevrolet's many exclusive comforts and advantages will take better care of you and your family. And Chevrolet's lower operating and maintenance [illegible] will take better care of your budget.

How much more *pleasure* you and your family will have—and at how much more *profit* to your pocketbook—when you settle down for short jaunts or long journeys in this big, easy-riding, easy-handling Chevrolet! You win in every way with Chevrolet quality.

Where else, for example, will you find a lowest-priced car with the extra-comfortable Knee-Action gliding ride? . . . with the generous "three-couple" roominess, deep-cushioned correct-posture seats and original No-Draft Ventilation of a luxurious Body by Fisher? . . . or with the extra-easy Vacuum-power Shift, the shockproof steering and Synchro-Mesh transmission which mean so much to smooth, vibrationless driving and effortless car control?

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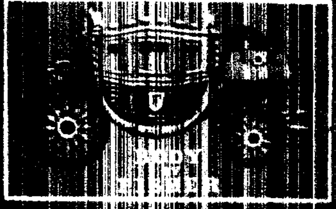

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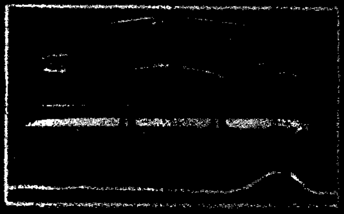

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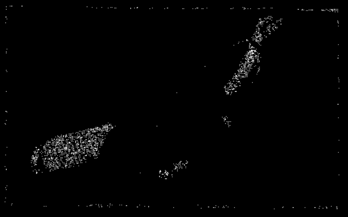

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her head. "I'm not in the mood, angel."

He kissed her hair suddenly and his voice was thick: "You're so beautiful it stabs me in the heart. You're so beautiful I choke up when I hold you like this. I suppose that sounds corny to you. I suppose it's like an old phonograph record. I suppose you've been told that by every man who ever fell for you—"

"Uh-huh," she nodded and she gave a laugh low in her throat. "Only last week, Mr.—"

"I told you to stay away from other men!" he said harshly. "I told Vernay! I won't stand for it, Daphne!" He caught her by the arms and his eyes were furious. "I'll do anything in the world to get you, and I'll do anything in the world to keep you!"

"You're hurting me."

"If you ever let me down—"

"Let go, Dick."

CORDELEY was trembling, glaring at her, twisted by passion, by rage, by jealousy and unspeakable desire.

"Dick! Didn't you hear me? Let me go!"

He dropped his hands slowly. "I'm sorry, Daphne. It's just—I've got to have you. I'm going to have you. Nothing can stop me. No one can stop me." He picked his glass up and tilted his head back and drank.

"Sometimes I wonder about you, Dick."

"There's nothing to wonder about. Don't make it hard for yourself."

"You don't fit into the grooves I'm used to," she said. Then she smiled with the odd, bright wisdom of the young. "You're not the middle-aged Romeo. You're not the Princeton boy who thinks he's made the grade because he can take a pretty chorus girl to the Stork Club. You're not the stage-door Johnny. You are Prince Charming. You're exactly what I've always wanted."

He laughed huskily. "That's better."

"You are, *Mr.* Richard Cordeley. Why should I pretend anything else? I'm not going to end up doing the Hello number in some tired musical, or fighting off the wrinkles in a basement night club. . . . You're my Prince Charming. You're a gentleman." There was a lazy banter in the way she pronounced the word. "But I've got to know if you'll do a vanishing act before the curtain goes up on Act Three. That's the act that counts, Dick. Act Three. . . . Do you know what it takes to be a lady? A lady is someone who can say 'No' to someone as attractive as you. I intend to be a lady." She raised her glass, a laugh rippling in her throat; she was proud, beautiful, superbly confident.

He looked at her, his face flushed, and he pulled a small leather case out of his pocket and held it out to her without a word. Their eyes held for a moment. "Open it."

She opened the case: A double strand of pearls gleamed against the velvet. She put her glass down on the table involuntarily.

He took the pearls out of the case and put them around her neck.

She studied him for a moment, her cheeks crimson; then she stood up and went to the mirror above the fireplace. When she saw herself, when she saw the pearls around her neck, she stood quite still, putting her hands on her throat, covering the pearls, feeling their warm magnificence.

Cordeley came behind her and put his arms around her waist, his lips against her golden hair.

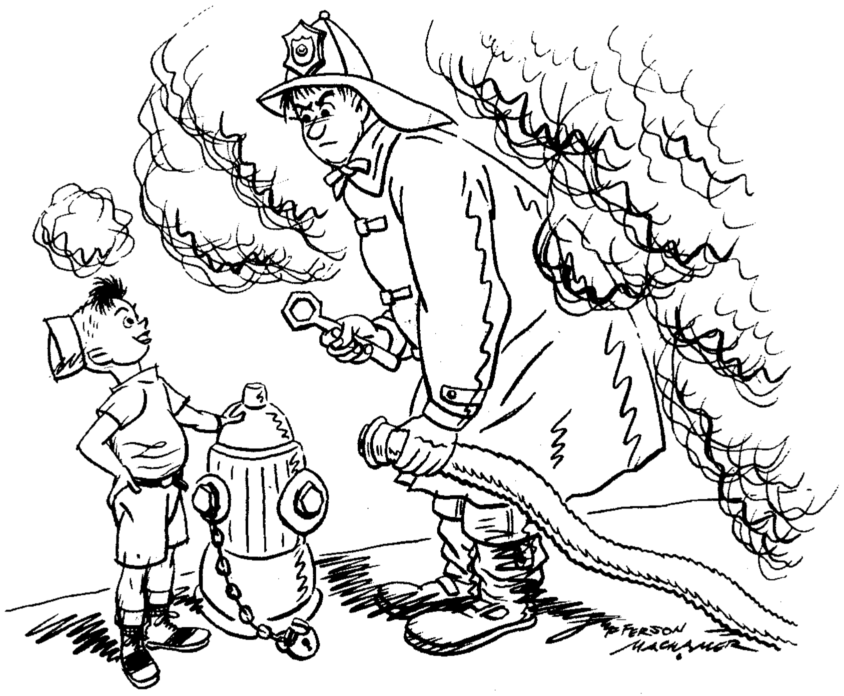
"My whole life has come down to o thing, Daphne," he told her. "Yo The whole world's shrunk. I don't ca about anything else. Do you know why, Daphne?"

She was staring into the mirror, fascinated, overwhelmed by a realization of what he had done and promised.

"Because you make me feel the way a man ought to feel about a woman. You're not a testimonial to a finishing school. You're a woman, you're not polite and kind and so damned proper I have to keep things chained up inside. When I touch you, it's like touching a high-voltage wire. When I'm with you, I'm something I never was before." He turned her around, pressing her close. He was a man possessed, driven by one desperate and irrevocable passion. She was a goddess from some dream he had never forgotten.

Her hands moved across the back of his head and down his neck, across his shoulders. A murmur played deep in her throat. "M'mmm. You never did kiss like a gentleman. . . ."

(To be continued next week)



"What would you want to be if you were a little boy?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

and a little later. I don't think the game has improved a bit. RUFUS LLOYD
Baltimore, Md.

DEAR EDITOR: Reading Freling Foster's department in Collier's, Keep Up With the World, some of his amazing facts called to mind a fine old Negro I used to know in North Carolina. I never knew him to tell anything but the truth, and he asserted definitely that he had seen "hoop snakes," which could form their bodies into hoops and roll downhill. He also claimed he had seen snakes swallow their young, when in danger. I am told, though, that he was romancing. Was he?
CAL INNESS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The old boy was pulling your leg. It's a wonder he didn't see some "glass snakes," which—according to highly imaginative observers — can break their bodies into pieces and put them together again.

DEAR EDITOR: Was Hitler the father of the two children in the picture with Eva Braun accompanying the article in your issue of May 4th? As an artist of long experience, I feel sure they were. Study Hitler's face, and Eva Braun's, and see if you don't agree with me.
LULA HUDSON BIDWELL
Vinita, Okla.

Nothing has been discovered to show any relationship between either of the children and Hitler.

DEAR EDITOR: My scouts and spies inform me that Texas will be the team to watch the coming football season. Your readers might also keep an eye on Tennessee, Oklahoma Aggies and St. Mary's on the Coast. Needless to say, Army, Notre Dame and Navy will be very strong, as they usually are. Missouri, also, will be unusually potent.
WES LISTERER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Is this confidential, Mr. Listerer?

DEAR EDITOR: All clear-thinking, intelligent, ambitious veterans will welcome your editorial, Tips to the 52-20s, in your June 22d issue. It will be popular with men who, like myself, enlisted, whether married or single, and have within their breasts a true sense of real Americanism. It will be unpopular with men who had to be drafted against their will.
H. J. ROWE,
Former C. Mo. M.M., U.S.N.R.
Mayville, Wis.

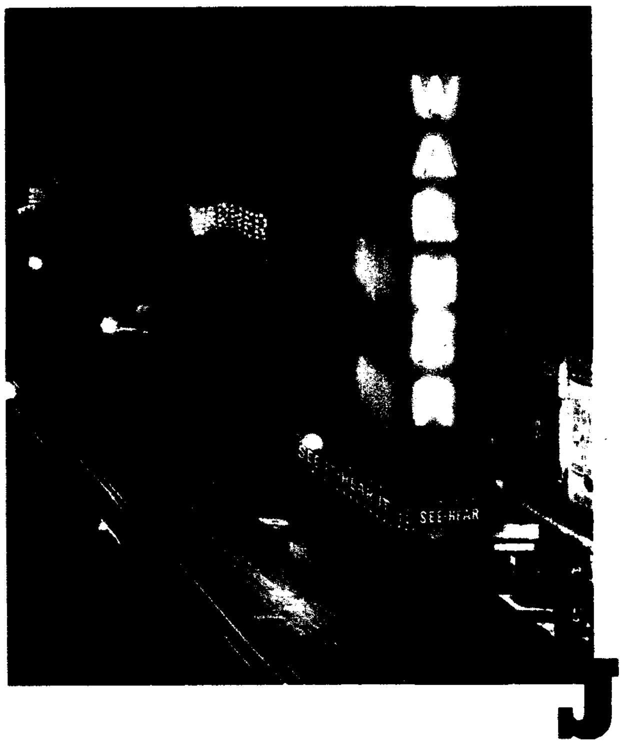
The editorial urged veterans who could get jobs to go to work and not take the $20 a week to which jobless veterans are entitled for a full year.

DEAR EDITOR: May I, a veteran, point out the bare-faced fact that all the so-called priority jobs promised during the war never materialized. Again, everyone promised that returning veterans would be treated as the men they had proved themselves to be. But the V.A. in New York is complaining of the lack of jobs for veterans.

Before I went into the Army, I was an 18-year-old office boy. I spent three and a half years in the service and was wounded twice. I received three battlefield promotions, all for leadership.

Would you expect me, even with a bad limp, to go back as an office boy at $17.50 per week? PIERRE A. RINFRET
New York, N. Y.

ANNIVERSARY



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So when the New York *Times* not long ago commended Warners for "combining Good Citizenship with Good Picture-Making" it was recognition, we felt, of a way-of-thinking which began in a small-town "nickelodeon" in 1906. And you may be certain of this same way-of-thinking and this same way of pioneering just as long as there's a Warner Picture around for you to see — and Hear!

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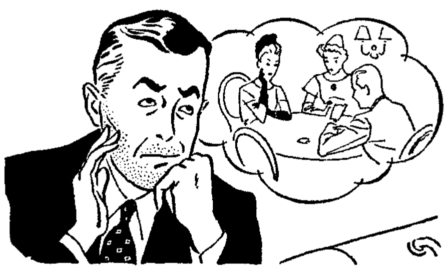

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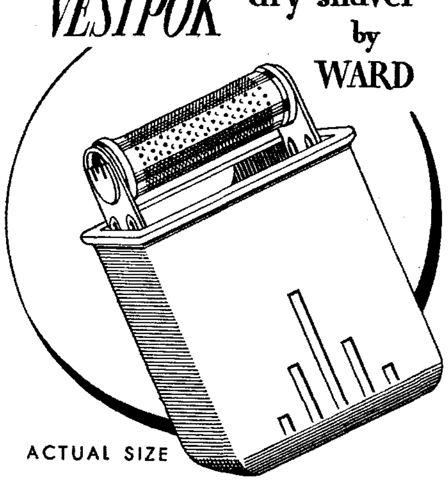

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The Wonderful Race at Rimrock

Continued from page 22

long, and he was in good condition. The train was a good hundred yards away and gathering speed, but Uncle Buck caught it before it got to the loading pens. It was one of the greatest exhibitions of out-and-out fleet-footedness ever seen in Bench County. Aunt Libby and Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan were standing at the front window watching. Uncle Buck swung up the steps of the last coach, and Mr. Caswell turned to my Aunt Libby.

"Elizabeth," Mr. Caswell said, "did he pay you for that sandwich?"

"No."

"God has provided," Mr. Caswell said. "Come on, Shark."

Then Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan went outside and got on their horses.

Naturally Uncle Buck did not know what was going on after he had caught the train, and even if he had heard Mr. Caswell he would not have known what Mr. Caswell meant about God providing, because he did not know the condition of things in Rimrock. They were pretty terrible. Every year a band of Indians came down from the Rocky Boy reservation and camped near town for two or three weeks to trade, and maybe work a little; and every year before they left they challenged the town to a foot race. It was the big sporting event of the year, and everybody in town bet on the race with the Indians, and for the past five years everybody in town had lost. It was quite a blow to civic pride, as well as being expensive, and this year it looked like the town would lose again, because the Indians had a very good runner, and there was nobody in Rimrock who could run a lick. That is there had not been anybody in Rimrock who could run until my Uncle Buck got off the train. That is why Mr. Caswell had said the part about God providing, and what he meant was that God had provided my Uncle Buck.

IT WAS maybe three or four hours later that Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan came back into the café. My Aunt Libby took one look at them, and went out in the kitchen and got the coffeepot and the bottle of whisky she kept for medicinal purposes. She put them both down on the counter in front of Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan.

"What happened?"

"We took him off the train out at the junction," Mr. Caswell said. "His name is Buchanan McMurtry and he's a graduate lawyer. Sharkey put him under arrest for jumpin' a board bill on account he didn't pay you for his sandwich, and we brung him back to town." He poured some of the whisky into his coffee and started feeling of his right eye. His right eye was getting black. "It took considerable doing," Mr. Caswell said.

Mr. Dolan did not say anything because he had lost three of his front teeth, and what he said without his teeth you could not understand.

"Where is he now?"

Mr. Caswell tasted his coffee and then poured some more whisky in it.

"We got him locked up over in the livery stable until he calms down to the point where he can appreciate what a public benefactor he turns out to be," Mr. Caswell said. "Right at the moment he seems to be laborin' under the impression that he has been willfully abducted for mercenary purposes."

Aunt Libby shook her head. "He is a nice-looking young man, outside of his clothes," she said, "and if it were not for the fact that I'd like to win back the fifty dollars I lost last year I'd feel sorry for him."

"The question is: How do we make him run?" Mr. Caswell said. "Right at the moment he ain't exactly what I'd call co-operative."

"He'll get over that," my Aunt Libby said. Then she went out into the kitchen and started making an Irish stew.

She took the stew over to the livery stable that evening. Uncle Buck was standing up on a bale of hay like it was a speaker's platform, and making a speech like he was talking to a crowd of people, but there was nobody to listen to him except Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan, and a couple of horses. Uncle Buck was speaking about man's inhumanity to man, and how the ends of justice would be served. Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan were not interested in what he was saying but they were amazed at Uncle Buck's staying power.

"It's a filibuster," Mr. Caswell said, "and there is no question of his wind not bein' sound. He's been carryin' on like that for three hours, with everything from the Preambie to the Constitution to Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." He shook his head like he was discouraged. "We don't seem to be gettin' no place."

"I want a lawyer," Uncle Buck said. He could not be his own lawyer because he had not yet been admitted to the bar.

"Son," Mr. Caswell said, "the nearest lawyer I know of lives over in Butte and that's two hundred miles. However," he said, "if you'd show the proper spirit of co-operation, Miss Matthews might be disposed to drop the charges."

My Aunt Libby's name was Elizabeth Matthews.

"Sacrifice my Constitutional rights to your commercial conniving," Uncle Buck said. "Never."

"Stubborn as a mule," Mr. Caswell said.

"In that case I have come to the wrong place," Aunt Libby said. "I have never heard of a mule who ate Irish stew."

She started out the door.

It was then that Uncle Buck came to his senses. He had not had a hot meal since the train left Minneapolis, and Aunt Libby made the best Irish stew west of Boston. Uncle Buck stepped down from the bale of hay, and bowed to the horses.

"Gentlemen," he said. "I have reconsidered."

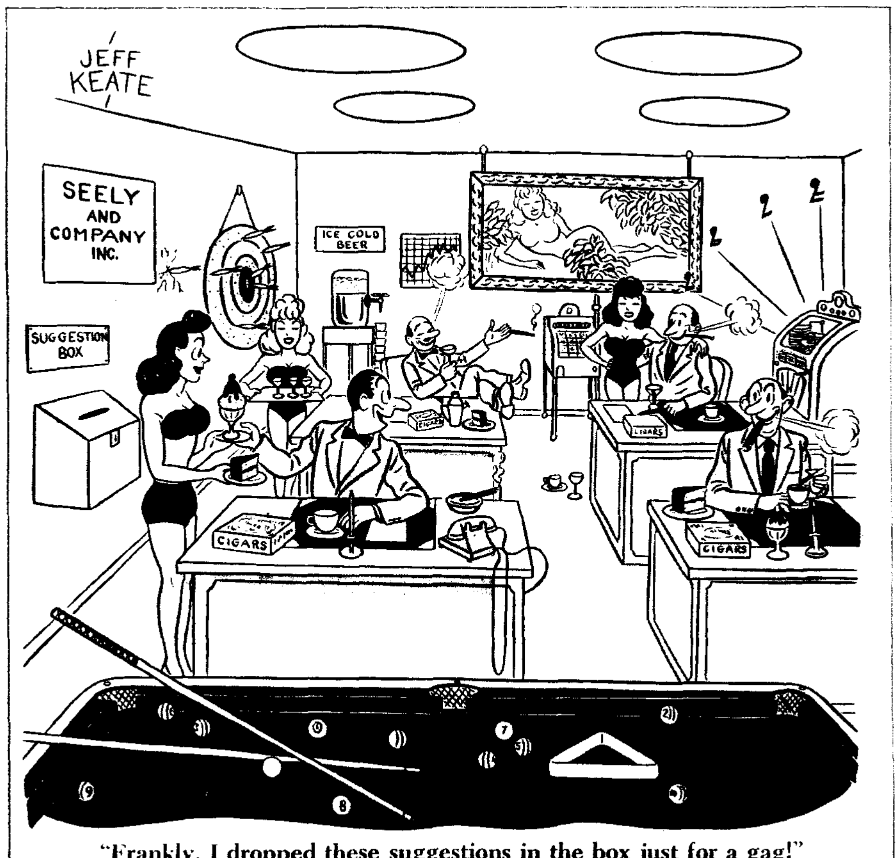
Uncle Buck tried to escape from the livery stable twice after that, but each time Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan caught him and brought him back. After that they took turns standing guard over him, and finally he gave up the idea of trying to get away.

After a while he even got to the point where he was enjoying himself. At least he enjoyed himself a part of the time. Public morale in Rimrock, not to mention most of the available cash in the town, was resting on his shoulders, so to speak, and he began to appreciate his responsibility to the community. Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan had a responsibility, too, since they had discovered Uncle Buck. That was the part that Uncle Buck did not enjoy, because Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan were going to make sure that Uncle Buck went into the race in the pink of condition. They both admitted that Uncle Buck had showed up well in the sprints, but they weren't sure about his staying power, and the race he had to run was one lap around the track down at the county fair grounds. It was a half-mile track.

NEITHER Mr. Caswell nor Mr. Dolan had ever trained a foot racer, but Mr. Caswell being in the livery-stable business had trained a number of horses, so they acted accordingly. Condition, Mr. Caswell said, was condition, whether it was a man or a beast.

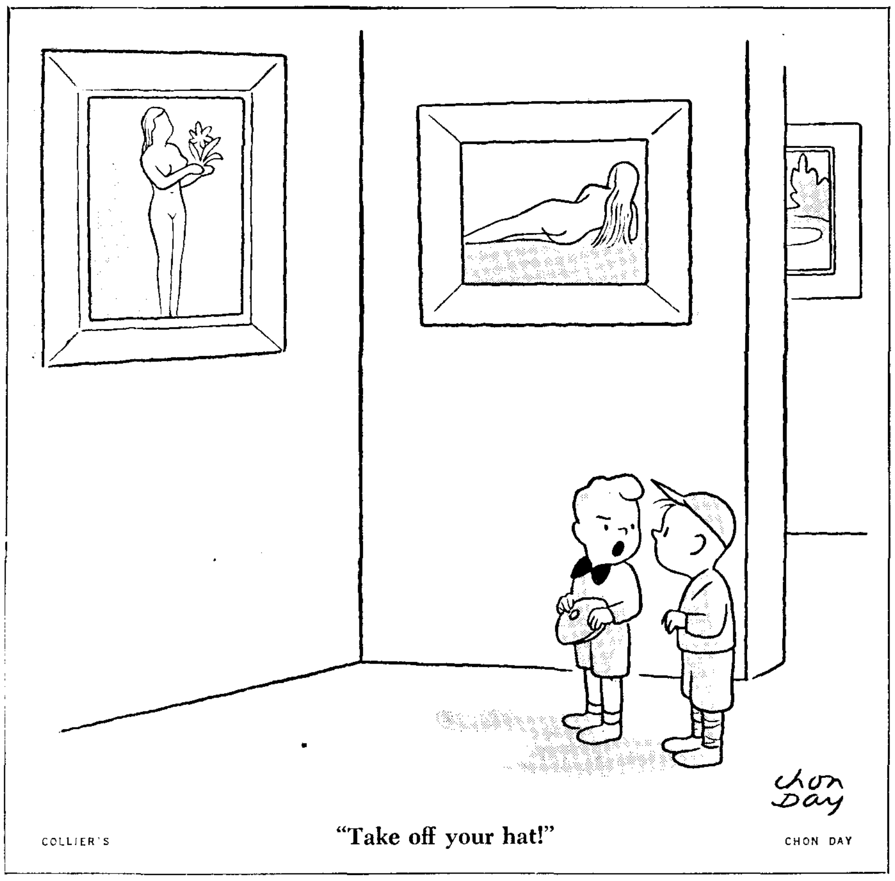
They would get Uncle Buck up at dawn every morning and put him through his paces. He would work out on starts and sprints for a while to limber up, and then at the end they would breeze him a full turn around the track, with Mr. Dolan pacing him on horseback while Mr. Caswell held a stop watch on him. The results, Mr. Caswell said, were encouraging, but not conclusive. But the fact remained that public spirits were higher than they'd been for four years, and the amount of money that was being bet on Uncle Buck was the biggest in Rimrock history.

After they had given Uncle Buck his workout, Mr. Caswell and Mr. Dolan would take him back to town and lock him up in the stable again. They did this for two reasons. In the first place they could not be sure that Uncle Buck would



"Frankly, I dropped these suggestions in the box just for a gag!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



COLLIER'S "Take off your hat!" CHON DAY

not try to escape again, and in the second place the Indians were giving four-to-one odds on their runner, and Mr. Caswell did not want the word to get around that Rimrock had a ringer.

During the day the townspeople would come in to see how Uncle Buck was shaping up, and when they dropped in, Uncle Buck would have to prance up and down the length of the livery stable while they studied his form and action, and then he would have to stand still while they listened to his breathing to make sure he was not wind-broken, and felt the muscles in his legs, and some of the old horsemen even went so far as to pry his mouth open so they could look at his teeth. That was the part of the time when Uncle Buck did not enjoy himself. He objected to it as being undignified, but Mr. Caswell said it was only fair. As long as the people were putting up their money they had a right to see what they were betting on. So Uncle Buck kept on objecting, and the townspeople kept on feeling his muscles and looking at his teeth.

MOST of them agreed Uncle Buck was a high-stepper with good knee action, and after they got through examining him they would usually go out and bet some more money. Or if they did not have any money they would bet horses and cows and real estate. There were a few of the citizens, of course, who were pessimistic about the outcome. They admitted that Uncle Buck looked good in practice, but on the other hand they figured that nobody had even seen the Indian really run, because nobody in Rimrock had ever been able to make him extend himself; and, the way they looked at it, Uncle Buck didn't have any more chance of winning than a celluloid dog had of catching an asbestos cat in hell. Mr. Caswell tried to keep these citizens out of the stable, because he said it was bad for Uncle Buck's state of mind. But nothing anybody said had any effect on Uncle Buck. His confidence in himself was something to see.

"Get your money down," Uncle Buck would say. "The only Indian I have ever seen I could not beat was Jim Thorpe, and I have not had any reports that he is running in these parts this year."

Afterward, my Uncle Buck swore that Mr. Caswell carried his training program to such lengths that he was fed only on hay and oats but my Aunt Libby said this was not true. Three times a day she carried his meals over to him from the Pilgrim Café, and then she would sit and talk to him while he ate.

In the beginning it was strictly business with them both. For the sake of public welfare Aunt Libby was willing to be pleasant, engaging in small talk, and now and then consenting to a game of cards in the evenings to pass the time away. But after a week or so she was willing to admit that in spite of his clothes, and the fact that he was an Easterner, Uncle Buck had a certain amount of charm; and on Uncle Buck's part she noticed that he was beginning to show certain signs of interest that had nothing to do with her cooking abilities. Still it surprised her considerably when, three days before the race, Uncle Buck proposed. He proposed in the middle of a game of pitch.

It was a difficult situation for Aunt Libby. It wasn't that she hadn't thought about marriage now and then, or that she was exactly unwilling, but she didn't consider that a two-week courtship was enough, especially when it had been carried on in a livery stable, and she didn't want to appear too easy to get, or too eager. On the other hand, she realized that a great deal might depend on her answer, and she tried to stall for time.

"Mr. McMurtry," Aunt Libby said, "I'm flattered by the offer, but it all seems sort of sudden. I suggest that we wait to decide until we know each other better."

Uncle Buck wouldn't be put off.

"I am a man of few words, and direct action," Uncle Buck said, "and I demand a direct answer. Is it yes or no?"

"In that case," Aunt Libby said, "it is no."

It set Uncle Buck back considerably, but his pride wouldn't allow him to show it. He picked up his cards and counted them.

"It is at least nice to have the matter settled," Uncle Buck said. "High, low, jack and the game."

"Lucky at cards," Aunt Libby said, "unlucky in love."

Then, just to prove that it did not matter to her one way or another, she went home and cried herself to sleep.

So that is the way it stood on the day of the race. Aunt Libby's pride wouldn't let her say yes, and Uncle Buck's pride wouldn't let him argue the matter, and it did not look like they would ever get any place at all with their romance.

The grandstand was filled up at nine o'clock in the morning on the day of the big race, and it was a great celebration. There was free cider for the kids, and free beer for the grownups, and Mr. Carter who owned the Circle C Ranch was barbecuing three steers out in the infield.

They ran off the minor events first—the three-legged race, wild-cow milking, and bucking-horse riding. And then Mr. Ewald, the mayor of Rimrock, made a speech; and then it was time for the main event. Mr. Caswell got up in the judges' stand with a megaphone and introduced the contestants.

"In the pole position," Mr. Caswell said, "John Tom Beavertail."

There were a few war whoops from the Indian section of the bleachers, and a polite spattering of applause from the Rimrock citizens.

As far as costume went John Tom figured to have an advantage in the weight he was carrying, because he was stripped down to an eagle feather, a breechcloth, and moccasins.

Mr. Caswell raised the megaphone again.

"And on the outside," Mr. Caswell said, "Buchanan McMurtry, the pride of Bench County."

Uncle Buck clasped his hands above his head and a great roar went up from the stands. Uncle Buck's costume wasn't as practical as John Tom's, but it was more colorful. He had on a running suit fashioned out of an old pair of red-flannel underwear, his derby hat, and a pair of spiked shoes that Mr. Caswell had had shipped out from Chicago. Uncle Buck pranced up and down for a minute limbering up his muscles, and Mr. Ewald led the Rimrock rooters in three cheers and a tiger. Then Uncle Buck and John Tom got on their marks and Mr. Caswell fired the starting gun.

THEY still talk about that race in Rimrock. Uncle Buck and John Tom came down the track in front of the stands and into the first turn, neck and neck, and running easy, sort of feeling each other out. Being on the inside, John Tom picked up a couple of feet on the corner, and Uncle Buck did not attempt to overtake him. He swung in behind and took the corner without breaking his stride, and still running easy.

He was something to see. John Tom was running bent over, like he was trailing something, or maybe just running to keep from falling flat on his face, but Uncle Buck ran straight up, his elbows moving in and out like the drivers on a locomotive, and his legs flashing up and down with that fine, high knee action. It was the prettiest running form ever seen on the Rimrock track, and a cheer started in the stands, and then died away again, because they had taken the second turn into the back stretch.

John Tom had picked up a few more feet on the curve and when they lined out onto the straight track Uncle Buck was trailing by a good two yards. His action was as pretty as ever, but John Tom had stepped up the pace and Uncle Buck was losing ground. The distance between them widened, and a groan went up from the grandstand. It looked bad, and Mr. Ewald the mayor tried to copper his bets. He stood up and offered ten-to-one on John Tom, but there were no takers.

John Tom was five yards in front at the third turn. Uncle Buck had lengthened his stride and was holding him even, and the crowd cheered him for the effort, but there wasn't a man, woman or child in Rimrock that didn't think the race was lost. Aunt Libby thought so, too. She was standing at the rail on the homestretch, and she put her head in her arms, because she could not stand the sight of Uncle Buck's humiliation after the brag-

(Continued on page 44)

If your hair looks like a SQUIRREL'S NEST in a dry tree...!
You've got "MORNING MIRROR BLUES"
for HAIR and SCALP
LUCKY TIGER

When you first look in the mirror in the morning, hair all tangled and wild, you've got "MORNING MIRROR BLUES" . . . . you need a LUCKY TIGER RUB! Reach for your bottle of Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic, Regular or With Oil. Apply freely, rub hard. Feel that invigorating "wake-up" tingle, enjoy its fresh fragrance. Then comb and see how handsome you look. Lucky Tiger makes your scalp feel better, your hair look better. Helps relieve scalp itching, removes loose dandruff, is a real aid in keeping you well-groomed all day long. Avoid those "MORNING MIRROR BLUES." Ask your barber or your druggist for Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic . . . . Regular or With Oil.

When you wash your hair use Lucky Tiger Magic Shampoo

LT © MC

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Plastics on the Beach

Be cool but visible this summer on the beach, with a new plastic that lets in light but stops the heat. Once more war research scores a hit for postwar—a method of laying up extremely thin flakes of transparent plastic to make a material that is opaque to infra-red and ultraviolet rays. Out of this stuff thousands of pairs of goggles were made for aviators who had to shoot into the sun.

Peacetime name of the material is Infropake, and its specialty is to stop the infra-red waves that burn you up on the beach without improving your health. Besides sunglasses in many styles it will make such things as beach umbrellas. Perfectly transparent to the eye, they will cast an invisible "shadow" that will keep you cool and hold down sunburn too. Hot-weather helmets will be another Infropake specialty, lighter and more comfortable than pith helmets and easier to see through. Even beach robes can be woven from this plastic in thread form, for a cool but not too concealing covering.

Out in the bay, motorboats will have heat-stopping windshields and tops, on the principle that most of the water's reflected glare is heat, not light. And at the picnic, food items that would spoil in heat or strong light will be available in a thin, transparent packaging foil made of the same stuff.

Something New for Your Phonograph

Tone quality impossible before, no scratch, no worn-out records, no changing of needles are some of the advantages to be expected of a brand-new principle in electronic pick-ups for phonographs, soon to be on the market. Delicate diaphragms and needle arms will be eliminated, and the wiring greatly simplified. Many of the rich overtones of fine music cannot be heard in today's phonographs because of the mechanical inertia of the parts. The new pick-up will reproduce them all.

In this new device, called the "direct-action electronic pick-up," the needle itself is replaced by a tiny vacuum tube. The outer metal shell of this tube is attached to a needlelike filament that travels in the record groove. Thus the tube itself vibrates in unison with the musical sounds and directly translates every variation into electric currents, sent through wires to be amplified in the body of the phonograph and changed into high-fidelity sound. The tube is securely built into the tone arm and will stand far more abuse than the old mechanical style. The entire pick-up device is less than an inch long.

This Gas Range Heats, Too

Many a farm and country-home kitchen may soon have a simple and effective means of cooking, heating water and warming the house, all in the same package. Gas appliance experts have designed a "Three Service Range," which combines all three, giving plenty of hot water and enough warm air circulation to heat the kitchen and other rooms.

The range is about the same size as the usual coal or oil stove, and looks the same. It can be run either on city gas or on the bottled variety, without large expense, thus bringing back all the advantages of the old-time kitchen stove without ashes, dirt or inconvenience. It will be especially good for beach houses during early summer and late fall.

No More Song of the Rails

Pretty soon, when you travel on a sleeper and awake in the night, you will suddenly realize that the rhythmic clackety-bang of the rails has been stilled. The train will glide along with an even but subdued roar, punctuated by raucous noise only when it rattles over a switch. The reason will be that the railroads of tomorrow won't have any rail joints.

A new method of putting rails together, called pressure welding, will be responsible.

The rails will be laid just as usual, in regular lengths, then butted together at the joints under heavy pressure and fused with an oxy-acetylene flame into one piece. Proper control of the heat will give the steel uniform strength throughout.

Pressure welding has already been used in making pipe lines and oil-well tools. Its use on the railroads will make a tremendous cut in maintenance cost of roadways, engines and wheels, will cut down the galloping of the cars and give you a ride almost like floating on air.

Now You Can Get . . .

A nontextile clothesline made of a plastic called "Saran." It is rust- and rot-proof, can be wiped with a damp cloth, will never fray or sag, and will be an ornament to your yard. ★★★

The Wonderful Race at Rimrock

Continued from page 43

ging he had done; and besides that, she figured there was probably some poor loser in the crowd who would shoot Uncle Buck when he crossed the finish line.

There was no sound from the crowd when they came into the homestretch. John Tom was still five yards in the lead, and then a sudden yell from the grandstand made Aunt Libby look up. Uncle Buck had just rounded the last turn. He spotted Aunt Libby at the rail and waved to her. Then he reached up and pulled his derby down tight on his head and started his sprint.

It was the thrill of a lifetime, Aunt Libby said, to see Uncle Buck come down the stretch, running straight up, with his elbows moving back and forth, his derby pulled down over his ears, and his mustache streaming in the wind.

THE crowd went mad. The yelling scared Mr. Dolan's horse and it bucked Mr. Dolan off; and Mrs. Norgaard got so excited she threw her baby out of the grandstand. It did not hurt the baby.

Uncle Buck was coming up fast. He picked up three yards in ten strides. John Tom looked back to see what had caused the yelling. He tried to meet Uncle Buck's challenge, but his stride was broken and Uncle Buck had him. Twenty yards from the finish Uncle Buck passed him like he was tied to a post, and came over the line a winner by six lengths and going away. It was the greatest finish ever seen in the history of Rimrock, but my Aunt Libby did not see it. Aunt Libby had fainted.

Financially speaking it was a day of triumph in Rimrock. Aunt Libby had won her fifty dollars back and two horses and a buffalo robe to boot, but she was not happy, because Uncle Buck would be leaving town. She was sorry then that she had not accepted his proposal when she had the chance, but it was too late to do anything about it then. Or at least that was the way it seemed; because she could not very well say she had changed her mind, and she knew Uncle Buck too well to think that he'd propose again.

It was late in the afternoon when Uncle Buck came in to say goodby. Aunt Libby cooked him a ham steak, and German fried potatoes and light rolls, and topped it off with a double slice of blueberry pie. It was a desperate effort, and she knew that food alone wouldn't make him propose again.

It didn't. Aunt Libby set the platter down in front of him, and tried to make conversation.

"I expect it is more pleasant than eating in a livery stable," Aunt Libby said.

"Considerably," Uncle Buck said, "although I do not expect a horse would think so."

"Now that you're through your training," Aunt Libby said, "I expect you'll be staying for a few days to enjoy the city life."

"I'm afraid not," Uncle Buck said. "It's a pleasant community and I've enjoyed my stay here, but it doesn't offer much in the way of a future for an ambitious man." He got up from the counter. "I'm leaving for Spokane in the morning. It has been a pleasure knowing you, Miss Matthews, and maybe we will meet again."

Then he walked out the door.

Aunt Libby watched him go. She knew that once he got on the train for Spokane she would never see him again. It was a critical moment, and right then is when my Aunt Libby got her inspiration. She put on her hat and walked down the street to the livery stable.

Mr. Caswell was sitting in his office with his feet on the desk. He had a bottle of whisky in one hand and he was smoking a cigar.

"It's a great day for Bench County," Mr. Caswell said.

"It is not," my Aunt Libby said, "and I'll tell you why. Mr. McMurtry's leaving town."

Mr. Caswell shook his head. "We couldn't expect to keep him locked up forever."

"That is not the point," Aunt Libby said. "The point is he is joining the Indians."

Mr. Caswell almost swallowed his cigar.

"He's what?"

"He's joining the Indians," Aunt Libby said.

"Why?'

"I understand they have made him a very good offer," Aunt Libby said, "forty acres of land and a cow, a new wigwam, a squaw to do the work, and a job as assistant chief."

Mr. Caswell took a drink out of the bottle.

"Elizabeth," Mr. Caswell said, "with him runnin' for the Indians, in five years they will own Rimrock. What'll we do?"

"Mr. Ewald has never been any good as a mayor," Aunt Libby said, "and besides that, he cannot run a lick."

Mr. Caswell took another drink out of the bottle. "Go on."

"I have a house and lot I will donate," Aunt Libby said, "providing he does not know where it comes from."

"Go on."

"And for the sake of the future of Rimrock," Aunt Libby said, "I'll marry him."

Mr. Caswell took his feet off the desk. "It's a great sacrifice you're makin'."

"I feel it's my duty as a citizen," Aunt Libby said.

Mr. Caswell took another drink out of the bottle.

"Just leave everything to me, Elizabeth," Mr. Caswell said.

IT WAS easy to call a town meeting because every man of voting age in Rimrock was in the Happy Hour Saloon. Mr. Caswell hammered on the bar with a bung starter, and brought the meeting to order. He explained the situation and there wasn't a man in the room who didn't realize that the future of Rimrock hung in the balance. Mr. Caswell called for a recall election on Mr. Ewald, and the only man who didn't vote yes was Mr. Ewald himself. Then Mr. Caswell put Uncle Buck's name up for the new mayor and that time even Mr. Ewald voted in Uncle Buck's favor. After that, Mr. McGraw, who owned the Happy Hour, bought a drink for the house, and Mr. Caswell went down to the hotel to see Uncle Buck.

Uncle Buck was packing when he came in.

"Son," Mr. Caswell said, "I just stopped in to tell you that anything the Indians offered, Rimrock can match."

Uncle Buck did not know what Mr. Caswell was talking about, but it didn't matter because Mr. Caswell did not give him a chance to speak.

"You have just been elected mayor," Mr. Caswell said. "Here's a deed to a house and lot, and in the interests of public welfare Miss Matthews is willin' to marry you."

Uncle Buck still did not know what Mr. Caswell was talking about; and it still did not matter because all he was interested in was that Aunt Libby would marry him.

"Is there anything else you want?" Mr. Caswell said.

My Uncle Buck said, "No," and started out the door.

THE END

St. George and the Marxian Dragon

Continued from page 15

foreign trade, planned investment and, in short, "the establishment of the Social Commonwealth of Great Britain." It promised to build houses, provide a National Health Service and social insurance.

Admittedly these were all costly things and possible only under full employment, high industrial efficiency and national prosperity. The Laborites began with a desperately war-weakened economy in an economic structure which had been declining for thirty-two years. But they were convinced that only government finances, subsidies, orders and technical help could straighten out the situation and, above all, give the worker his due. Modern economy, it was argued, has become too intricate, too costly, too much bound up with the general structure of the nation and with matters of national defense and foreign relations to be left in private hands.

Blueprints for Nationalization

If you keep in mind that this is evolution, not revolution, the accomplishments on paper are prodigious. Already nationalization has been provided by legislation for the Bank of England, coal, civil aviation and cable and wireless communications. There have been National Insurance and Industrial Injuries bills passed, and a National Health Service is being instituted. Four bills have been passed to subsidize housing and there is a New Towns bill now going through Parliament.

The steel and iron industry is being nationalized and all development of atomic energy is being placed under public control and ownership. Bills for the nationalization of railways and transport, for gas and electricity are in the course of preparation, and an act on planned investment to control public borrowing has been passed. The Liverpool Cotton Exchange has been closed. The Trades Disputes Act, which placed restrictions on the trades unions, has been repealed. There is a "Distribution of Industries Act" whereby the government has to approve the location and variety of factories, so as to avoid regional unemployment and foster industrial development in formerly depressed areas.

The speed and vigor of this legislation is unparalleled in English history. The Parliamentary slave driver is Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, whose intelligence, courage and determination place him, with Ernest Bevin, at the top of a remarkable scale of men.

In some cases nationalization seems to have made little difference, as with the Bank of England, which has been converted into a "public corporation" after being privately owned for 251 years. Ownership has passed from the 17,000 stockholders to the Treasury, but the immediate direction and the work of the Bank is virtually unchanged.

That was easy, and it came first. But coal, which was next on the list, looked a whole lot easier than it is proving to be. For decades the coal-mining industry had been going from bad to worse, and for decades the miners' unions saw the cure for all their troubles in nationalization. The Labor Party was pledged to it and no time was lost in submitting the bill. However, their sudden, overwhelming electoral victory had caught the Laborites unprepared.

A bill was hastily thrown together without proper consideration for the complexity of the industry and of the difficulties that lay ahead. The burden of making nationalization work was placed on a National Coal Board which will have to acquire the mines, develop the industry and make coal available "in such quantities and at such prices as may seem to them best calculated to further the public interest." To help modernize the industry the government plans to advance about $600,000,000 within five years.

That seemed easy, too—on paper. In practice it is getting off to a bad start. The Ministry of Fuel and Power was put in the hands of a former trade-union leader, Emmanuel Shinwell, a sincere, energetic and courageous man, who, however, had never had anything to do with coal mining. He started by asking the miners to step up their production for last winter by 8,000,000 tons. When winter ended he had something like 1,500,000 of those extra tons.

The miners simply would not work. Absenteeism increased. New recruits failed to come into the industry. The owners naturally ceased all efforts to improve or modernize the mines. The two wars and two depressions had made British coal mining backward compared to the United States.

But most of all it was the man-power situation. The older men were tired and, anyway, they could not see that nationalization had really made any difference to them. The wartime Essential Works Order could keep them in the industry but it could not make them work once they got down below ground. If they made extra money there was nothing to spend it on. The youngsters inducted into the coal mines from the armed forces slacked on the job.

Who Will Replace These Men?

At Old Basford, in the north Midlands, I sat with three old-time coal miners and labor union leaders now working on the government's nationalization plans. I put to them the question I'd been asking all the way up from Cardiff in South Wales: "Are your sons going into mining?"

"Not on your life," one of them answered for all. "It's hard, dirty, dangerous work and even when you get a first-class engineering certificate you're lucky if you get to be a deputy foreman. It's a man's job and we've had a good enough life out of it on the whole. If my son wanted to go in I wouldn't stop him, but you don't see me encouraging him. Would you like to see your son become a coal miner?"

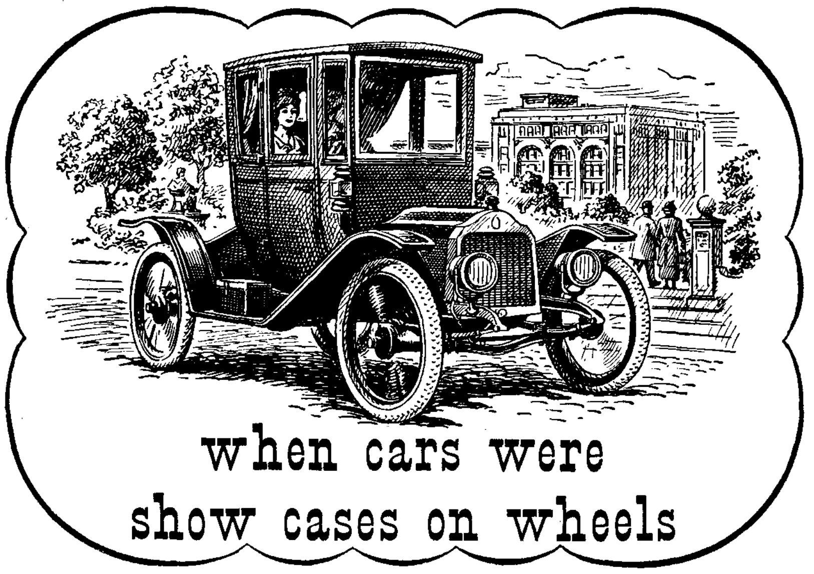
There wasn't any answer to that.

"Morality ordains that we should love our work," wrote Fourier; "let it then know how to make work lovable." How to make work in the coal mines and textile factories if not lovable at least attractive is one of the great problems which the Labor government has yet to solve—as has democracy in general.

Opponents of Socialism have always pointed to two weaknesses in Socialist thought—a lack of technical understanding of the business world and a failure to take sufficient account of the tenaciousness of original sin. Both those weaknesses are already plaguing the British Labor government.

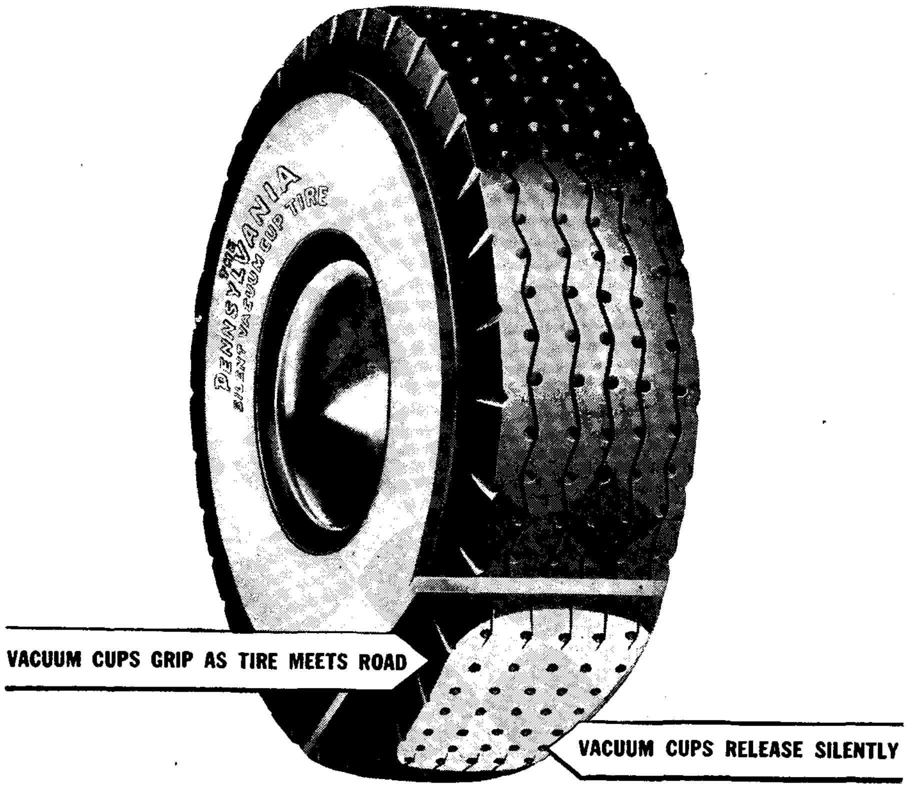
The Conservative opposition is always accusing the Labor Party of nationalizing for nationalization's sake. The Tories, coming as many of them do from the owning and managing side of big business, are full of contempt for the amateurishness, as they call it, of the trade-union-dominated Labor government.

The closing of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange was a case in point. Technicians in the industry are convinced that the measure will cause great harm to one of Britain's greatest industries, but the



PENNSYLVANIA
Was Already Building Safe Tires

Before streamlining was ever thought of, and plate glass, plush and tassels were all the rage—Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires were already world-famous for their unexcelled non-skid tread. Their famous *song of safety* identified their owner as a man who knew and insisted on the best. . . . Pennsylvania's engineers have now developed a tire combining the unsurpassed non-skid qualities of the old time Vacuum Cup with the silence of a smooth tread. The new Silent Vacuum Cup will be put in quantity production as soon as the right materials become available. . . . In the meantime, you can buy no safer, no more durable tires than the Pennsylvanias your dealer now has for sale.


PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP TIRE
VACUUM CUPS GRIP AS TIRE MEETS ROAD
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Labor Party leaders are working out a general scheme of socialization. They intend to have government agencies to buy in bulk all important raw materials such as cotton, rubber and metals, for resale to domestic manufacturers. So the Cotton Exchange went into history.

Lord Woolton, the wartime Minister of Food, a Conservative and one of the most important businessmen in the country, voiced the anguish of the opposition at this move: “That was a most ridiculous and terrible thing to do to one of the very few free international markets remaining in this country. Those people were speculators, but the right cotton was there. It isn't there now that the government does the buying.”

No Tears for Cotton Brokers

But Sir Frank Platt, wartime head of cotton control, and the director of one of the largest cotton combines in the industry, laughed about the closing of the Exchange: “I'm crying my eyes out for the brokers,” he said. “They aren't going to be able to suck the blood of the spinners any more. It's just too bad.”

Asked if “bulk purchase” would work, he burst out with colorful but unprintable expletives, wound up with: “I don't know whether they'll make it work, but I'll tell you one thing. If I was running it I'd make it work. I'd get cotton cheaper than the Liverpool crowd ever did and I'd do it at less cost to the spinners.”

The bulk-purchase idea is part of a general plan to control exports and imports. In order to straighten out Britain's economy, exports must be increased enormously, even at the expense of depriving the British people of sorely needed articles. A goal has been set of 75 per cent over the 1938 exports. By the first quarter of this year 84 per cent of the 1938 level was being exported, which was even better than planned. In May, for the first time since the war, exports topped the 1938 average monthly figure. Imports still topped exports by well over $100,000,000 a month, but by the time the American loan is used up, Britain hopes to have a balanced trade.

But here, too, there are shoals ahead, for the trend since 1914 has been against exports and in favor of the home market. As a short-term policy, however, the increased exports are undoubtedly necessary, and the government is showing no lack of courage in asking the British people, therefore, to continue the sacrifices they made during six years of war.

In fact, the whole nationalization program, wherever you touch it, calls for plenty of courage and faith. Where the British Socialists are on surer ground is the question of social services. No one contests the general idea of giving every Briton medical attention of any and every kind at the state's expense. This is what the National Health Service Bill will do, and it will place Britain far ahead of the United States and other Western powers in theory, and certainly ahead of the Soviet Union in practice, thanks to the existing medical structure, technical facilities and expert skill available. Every man, woman and child, from birth to death, will have services of all kinds without any fees or charges, from false teeth and eyeglasses to surgical operations.

There is a terrific fight on about it because doctors are going to be somewhat regimented and hospitals will be taken over by the Ministry of Health. However, the opposition is not aimed at the ideal, but at the method.

In the same way, the National Insurance Bill has aroused strong opposition, not because of its aims but because of the tremendous cost envisaged. However you look at socialization, the cost of getting it under way is colossal, and when you start from a terribly weakened economy the risks are much greater. To begin with, your opponents can point fingers of scorn at a real or apparent lack of progress. That is especially true of housing, which is probably the primary test of the labor government from the political viewpoint.

Shortage of housing is a world-wide problem, and the British government feels that it has the solution in state control and subsidies. The contention is that modern housing is not and for decades has not been a paying proposition, with the result that the poor are cheated by wretchedly constructed tenements, and the rich pay high, uneconomic costs. Only by distributing costs through taxation, used for subsidies, can everybody get good, permanent homes, according to the dynamic young Minister of Health, Aneurin Bevan, who has charge of housing.

The need, after six years of no building plus great destruction, is astronomical. The government program calls for 4,000,000 houses to be built by local authorities and private enterprise (at the ratio of four by the former to one by the latter) by 1955 or 1957, at the rate of 400,000 to 500,000 a year after 1949. Bevan has cannily been avoiding promises or commitments for 1946 to 1949, and he frankly admits that large numbers of houses will not be available until the summer of 1947. What he is aiming at—and he says so openly—is to have so many houses built by the time of the next general elections—due in 1950—that they will contribute mightily to the Labor Party's re-election. In fact, they might even contribute to Aneurin Bevan as the future Prime Minister.

COLLIER'S “Ed, I want you to meet a real guy” VIRGIL PARTCH

The Conservatives are loudly proclaiming the failure of his program, and the Labor program in general, but elementary common sense and fairness must make it obvious that no one has a right to say that nationalization has failed or succeeded after only one year's trial. One can argue that the preliminary results are somewhat disappointing, but that is all. Nationalization is proving to be a harder process than the Labor leaders suspected. They are clearly floundering a bit, but they have courage and faith and are, in fact, a rather remarkable group. It is rare to find simplicity, honesty, sincerity, common sense and goodness in statesmen whom history has noted. The things that seem to count most are brilliance, cleverness, ruthlessness, administrative ability, demagoguery.

In that sort of company men like Clement R. Attlee and Ernest Bevin do not shine. One surely must admit that something unusual was brought into international diplomacy when Ernie Bevin became His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Here was a man from the working classes, of great intelligence, blunt, honest and straightforward, but not a diplomat and not a politician. He looks at things directly, a workingman using his common sense and interpreting foreign affairs in terms of economics, of food and work and the right to raise a family in peace and freedom.

For non-Britishers there has always been much to criticize about British foreign policy (the British themselves, with rare exceptions, have an unblemished sense of self-righteousness in the matter) but there is much to praise, too. And now there is something special about the Labor government's foreign policy.

Primary fact is that the British Empire, under Labor Party guidance but with sincere support from a large part of the opposition, is breaking into new territory, adapting itself to an atomic world in which Britain is no longer the first but the third of the great powers.

Two Champions of the Empire

To be sure, the difference is subtle and the changes are slow in coming. Winston Churchill, in 1942, said: “I have not become the King's First Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire.” Ernest Bevin, in 1946, put it this way: “I am not prepared to sacrifice the British Empire because I know that if it fell, the greatest collection of free nations would go into the limbo of the past and it would create a disaster.”

The belief that a Socialist Party would get along better with Communist Russia, as claimed in the electoral campaign, has proved a tragic joke. The joke lay in the fundamental misunderstanding of Soviet philosophy and of the fact that the U.S.S.R. is a totalitarian regime. That is one of the primary reasons why Labor foreign policy has made far less difference than expected. “Revolutions do not change geography, and revolutions do not change geographical needs,” said Bevin in 1945, at the Blackpool Labor Party Congress.

The policy toward Franco Spain is a good example. In 1936, Ernest Bevin was instrumental in getting the Labor Party to support Baldwin's policy of “nonintervention” in the Spanish Civil War, but there is no question about him detesting the Franco regime today. However, ten years ago and today, the fear and hatred of Communism have been the dominant factors. So Bevin's policy remains suspended between the fear of doing the wrong thing and the iniquity of doing nothing.

On the other hand, the policy toward India is Labor policy at its best. It was the Labor group in the coalition government which backed the Cripps mission of 1942, and it is the Labor government which is now begging the Indians to accept independence. Virtually all Englishmen agree that India must be free, but there are degrees of freedom, and ways and means of granting it, and the fireworks are already beginning to rise from the Conservative side of the House.

Must Not Exploit Poor Nations

But the core of Bevin's foreign policy is the economic approach. “Neither we nor anybody else can fulfill a foreign policy unless the economic foundations of the world are put right,” he said. “We cannot get peace while one section of the world profits on the poverty of the other.”

It is proving a hard school for him and his colleagues. The hopes with which he took office have been blasted, but not his determination. It is one of the ironies of history that the force which is blocking his government's efforts is the Soviet Union. This, surely, is one of the best answers to those Americans who saw the Labor victory last year as the prelude to a Communist regime.

The British Communist Party, which tried to affiliate with the Labor Party, received the most humiliating rebuff of its history when the matter came up at the annual conference of the Labor Party at Bournemouth on June 12th.

The thing to remember about British Socialism is that it is a derivation from the reformist, evolutionary Fabian Society of the 1890s, and it never got out of the stream that we today recognize as liberal. Therein lie its primary difficulties now, and also its greatest strength. For it has behind it the flexibility and adaptability of an old democracy, whose people are possessed of civic virtues and an enlightened self-discipline second to none. No people in history have ever voluntarily taxed themselves the way the British have done for decades and are still doing. The willingness to tighten belts, the failure to know when they are beaten is just as great in 1946 as it was in 1940.

The Soviet Union is making the mistake now that Nazi Germany made in 1939 and 1940—and so are a lot of Americans. All the same there are things for Americans to worry about, such as the idea of mammoth, state-owned enterprises in steel, coal and textiles, buying and selling in international markets.

The verdict between free enterprise and nationalization is yet to be given. All wars in the past have been followed by temporary, illusive booms and great, very real depressions. That this greatest of wars should be an exception may be possible, but neither Great Britain nor the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is counting on it. The one seeks to ride the storm by nationalization; the other by State Socialism. The United

States will rely on free enterprise, with both Britain and Russia convinced that she is riding for a terrible fall.

Naturally, if the United States has a period of prosperity and Great Britain bogs down under Socialism, American belief in the efficacy of free enterprise will be strengthened. But if the gloomy prophets of an economic crisis in the United States prove correct, while Britain slowly struggles toward economic order, sanity and strength, the British experiment will be an example to be followed.

One has to admit that the old *laissez-faire* capitalism is on the way out—and with good reason. The trend for years (it began in the United States with the New Deal) has been toward an ever-greater interference and help in industry on the part of governments. The British, who are completely wed to their democratic institutions, will not give them up for Socialism. It is for Socialism to prove that it is not incompatible with liberal democracy. If that demonstration is made, then, indeed, the British will have broken a new path, one that carries them not in a new direction but toward wider frontiers of freedom.

Clearly life is no better after this first year, and in some ways, as with food, it is worse, and there is much quiet discouragement. Britain's little people are taking it, and will do so with few grumbles. The fact that after a year of Laborite rule the vast majority of these people are overtaxed, underfed and, indeed, suffering greater "austerity" than at any time during the war, wouldn't make the slightest difference in the real Laborite vote at an election tomorrow.

For the British know they do not yet have Socialism. What they have is, in Prime Minister Attlee's words, "a good installment of Socialism," and things are happening fairly fast. At Bournemouth during the Labor Party convention, the chambermaid at my hotel was typical.

"I'm a Conservative," she said, "but I say give 'em a chance. I'm glad Churchill isn't in. Everybody says the food is bad, but I say anybody would've had a bad time and let them get on with it. It's a war to get the peace, isn't it?"

THE END

United Neighbors

Continued from page 19

government under the Constitution. The states preserved their power and authority over internal affairs but gave up their external sovereignty over the conduct of foreign relations.

"We have today," says Austin, "a high and noble objective. We realize that we probably won't reach it on the present level of civilization, but we intend to keep it ever before the people of the earth as an objective that must certainly be reached sometime."

Austin isn't worried about getting along with the Russians. He believes we can and will. Russia, he says, has reasons for believing we don't intend to keep our Potsdam commitments to participate fully "in the disarmament and pacification" of conquered countries.

"One," Austin says, "is the way in which we've torn our military establishment to shreds since V-E and V-J days. To carry out our pledges we've got to be strong until the U.N. has grown up and is itself strong enough to take over the burden of keeping peace. Our rapid demilitarization leads Russia to suspect that we are once again pulling out of Europe and retiring into isolationism. She seeks security, therefore, in her own way."

He believes everything within reason must be done to restore Russia's confidence in us and the Allies. But he is equally certain that the United States, Britain and Canada must keep the secret of the atomic bomb until adequate international safeguards against its use as a weapon have been created.

A Statesman Who Looks the Part

Had President Truman been a Hollywood director casting an actor for the U.N. role, he couldn't have chosen a man who is physically more nearly the prototype of the statesman. Austin's dark suits are carefully chosen and he is as immaculate as a freshly drafted treaty. Before he entered politics, he was a successful Yankee lawyer trying cases before circuit and district courts and the Supreme Court of the United States.

One of the most famous of his cases involved settlement of the frontier dispute between Vermont and New Hampshire dating from colonial times. The town of Walpole, New Hampshire, attempted to tax $1,100,000 worth of Vermont property. There was confusion as to whether the property was located on Vermont or New Hampshire soil. Austin argued the case before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1933 and won a judgment for his state. The dispute had arisen, in one form or another, in Britain's Privy Council, in the Courts of the Royal Province of New York and in the Continental Congress.

Austin's link with Vermont's rich colonial history goes beyond his victorious participation in the dispute with New Hampshire. His roots, as he himself likes to tell you, "lie deep in the rough, stony soil of Vermont." On both sides, his ancestors fought in the Revolution, and on his father's side he is the direct descendant of the founders of the town of Westford, about 15 miles from Burlington, where he now has his home.

The records show that two companies clambered up stony Osgood Hill, in the Green Mountains, back in the days when Ethan Allen and his boys were roaming those regions, fighting back the French and the Indians as, later, they fought the British. One company came from Connecticut, and, the historians say, was led by a "fine, God-fearing, peaceful family." The other, they relate, was led by a family of outlanders from Rhode Island, as "ready for a fight as for a frolic." The head of the latter family was Job, Austin's great-grandfather.

All his mature life, Warren Austin has fought a steady battle against a tendency to gain weight. He says he's worn out one of those rolling-pin rollers with suction cups on them and is working out with a second. He uses the roller every morning and then methodically goes through setting-up routines. But what he sheds in massage and calisthenics, he gains at the dinner table. Austin appreciates good food and good company and good cigars. Diplomats of U.N., however, had better be on their guard when they dine Austin. That's when he does his best work. He believes with Emerson that the dinner table is a social solvent that melts resistance to new ideas and "opens the minds and hearts of men."

At college, Austin played football and tennis. Later he took up golf, but remained disconsolately in the dub category. Now, for relaxation, he listens to the radio in a cloud of pipe or cigar smoke. The Lone Ranger, mystery and comedy programs are his favorites. He vacations home where he has an acre of land crowded with fruit trees bearing 60 varieties of fruit.

Forty-five years ago Austin married Mildred Marie Lucas. They have two grown sons and six grandchildren. . . .

FRANK GERVASI

DIANA LYNN
starring in
"OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP"
A Paramount Picture

DIANA TELLS
"How to have more fun on dates"

The dates I like to remember are the ones where *everybody* had a good time. Where nobody told any jokes that reflected on any race or religion. Where nobody acted snooty because he or she had more money, nicer clothes, or a fancier education. It's silly to be a snob or snide-guy . . . when *real people* have so much more fun!

Fleer knows how much little things can mean . . . guess that's why they make such good gum.

FLEER'S is that delicious chewing gum with the *super* peppermint flavor. Twelve flawless fleerlets, in a handy green-and-white package, for only five cents. Fleer's is fresh, flavorful, refreshing. Enjoy Fleer's today!

Frank H. Fleer Corp.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Established 1885

Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

A Little Fire

Continued from page 18

wheezing in my chest. I trotted on in the darkness, looking ahead for the glare, but there was nothing to be seen.

When I got to the lake the big searchlights from the launch flung a theatrical glare upon the island.

There were ten or fifteen of us, mainly watchmen and attendants, standing at the edge of the water. Our one fire engine was useless in the background, fuming with helpless power like a fat nurse. But several motorboats of men had gone over with the launch, and since we saw no rash of flame from the wooded island, we weren't much alarmed.

In about an hour Akins was back on the mainland, carrying with him in a canvas bag one dead Menapi. He was furious, because it was pretty obvious that one of our men had dropped a cigarette end in the dry brush sometime during the day. We had had a party preparing the feed trays and water supply on the island, before releasing the apes.

There was no stopping Akins' complaints as we rode back to the laboratories, and he stomped up and down while I stretched the dead Menapi out on the worktable. "Some fool was scattering the leaves, looking for a last spark," Akins complained in his hoarse voice, "and this little monster must have been hiding at his feet. It suddenly squealed and bit at him, and our hero whanged at it in sheer terror."

The shovel had broken the ape's back and cut one of its legs, but otherwise the foul creature was untouched.

Akins leaned over my shoulder. "I still say it looks like a rat."

The Menapi does. But it is not a rat.

Structurally, genetically, and from the tentative examinations I had already made, I would say the Menapi is, from an evolutionary point of view, the last outbranching on the family tree before the main growth of present man begins. Brany Island, which is in the general region of Australia, has a peculiar geological nature, volcanic in origin, and needs much study and investigation. The presence of an apelike creature there was a great surprise to all of us, but before we could do much research, the War Department had moved in for its great atomic bomb project and we were excluded.

Superficially, however, the Menapi doesn't look like an ape at all. It runs on all four feet, or hands and feet. It has a ratlike face, pointed, toothy, with little flat ears. It looks like a big tailless rodent with thin red hair through which the hide shows. Its hands are shaped like a baby's fingers, but very wiry and spatulate. Its hind feet are like a lemur's.

Akins and I looked at it, and it smelled. It is the filthiest mammal of all, worse than the rooting pig or the skulking hyena. Like man it eats anything and everything, including its own kind.

I prepared the Menapi for examination and took a bath and went to sleep, for I was tired. We had been frightened by the accident, which was what we thought it was. We didn't know that the fire had been a miracle. It was a miracle that was going to happen again.

EARLY next morning I took my field glasses and a notebook and went over to the lake. It was another of those hot dry days, sunlight burning on the lake, the island heavy and remote on the lifeless water. I took my shirt off, adjusted a Panama on my slightly balding head, and slowly rowed out to within fifty yards of the island.

Somehow the peculiar fire of the night before, the dead Menapi and some unrecalled dreams had all left a residue of uneasiness, an odd expectancy of horror in my mind. This was all outrageously unscientific, but as I raised the glasses and adjusted them, as the island blurred and then grew clear, I had a temptation to turn back and *not* look.

The glasses brought objects on the island to within ten feet of me. I looked at the spot where the fire had started. There were a few scarred bushes, the scattered leaves, and two Menapis searching through the shrubbery. The larger Menapi, a male, suddenly looked directly at me. His quick black eyes caught the sunlight on the glasses, and then he darted into the shadows.

While I surveyed the island, it became apparent that the Menapis were in the process of adapting themselves to their new home. They were busily engaged in rooting out burrows, exploring the water's edge, so different from the immense surf on Brany Island.

A FLURRY of activity started in the low bushes near the shore and suddenly a squirrel bounded across my field of vision pursued by four Menapis. Unfortunately the squirrel made for a dead tree that stood on the stony beach. It went up in a flash and there it trembled, unable to jump anywhere to safety. The tree was about ten feet high and had one big dead branch on the tip of which the trapped animal quivered. Restlessly the Menapis ran about the tree, and from all parts of the island the creatures now appeared. We had taken several hundred with us, and there were about a hundred left, and seemingly all of them, males, females and the young, formed a jumping, snapping mass around the base of the dead tree. The squirrel shook so violently with fear that I thought for an instant it would fall off into the undulating mass of red bodies beneath it.

I wondered how long it would be before the vicious little apes would stop leaping up at the branch or lose interest in trying to climb the smooth, almost straight trunk. Fights started everywhere, quick flurries of teeth, but in the main all attention was on the quarry.

The immense mass of ratlike creatures pressed more and more densely about the tree. They pushed against the center of their group like driven water, and then slowly, to my immense astonishment, in an almost inorganic way a pile of them started to form around the bole of the tree, a pile of wrenching, struggling bodies, a tower that rose slowly foot by foot into a hill of living bodies. The Menapis on the outskirts ran along the backs of the others and the peak of the hill gradually elevated like a column of moving water.

I have seen animals, all kinds of animals and birds, act together, but this combination was neither co-operative nor instinctive. It was their eagerness, their individual, almost ravening desire to get at the quarry which prompted them. They were driven; their wild passion operated to create a natural force which gradually brought the topmost Menapis to within a foot of the dead branch.

The squirrel ran this way and that along the branch. One of the top Menapis fell back, rolled headlong to the outskirts of the whole colony and then in a delirium of rage, desire and anger, ran swiftly up the heap and sprang to the branch. It hung there for a moment, balancing, and then slowly righted itself.

The squirrel tried to become invisible, as men do when they have lost the courage to act, to disappear at the end of the branch. The ball of gray fur with the tiny tortured eyes just trembled, and the Menapi carefully made its way along the branch. As it neared its prey other apes jumped to the limb and then like an exploding firecracker the squirrel leaped headlong to the ground, right into the outside fringe of the hunters. A dozen jaws and twenty clutching baby hands absorbed it and in one vast decaying motion the column shattered to earth and became a ravening horde. I could hear the cries and mewing.

"Not much to it. I'm beginning to think the gods are all washed up"

COLLIER'S DAVE HUFFINE

I put my glasses down. I confess I was shaking, astonished, outraged, and somehow marveling at the insane social action of our nearest cousins. I felt that the last lap between these creatures and ourselves in evolution had been a jump into a new universe.

There was sweat on my face but I blamed the sun.

A new commotion started to one side. I quickly raised the glasses and saw that one of the Menapis, a young one, about seven inches long had been hurt. It lay on the ground while a few of the creatures who had tasted none of the squirrel snapped tentatively at it. The baby Menapi's leg had been broken. It dragged itself around, its tiny mouth opening and closing in pain. If it had parents, they were nowhere in sight, or perhaps were part of the growing circle of relatives which, growing bolder and bolder, finally made a mass jump and enjoyed a quick, screaming cannibal meal. Then, as if on a signal, the colony broke up and went back to its scattered activity.

THERE is a tendency on the part of all of us to speculate from one part of the animal world to another, to go so far as to draw social conclusions or instinctual ones from apparent customs and habits of other creatures on the face of the earth. As a scientist I have trained myself not to moralize about any other living thing but man himself, but I assure you I was tempted.

But disgust and a touch of horror are not good premises for logical beginnings. I was to learn in ten minutes of what these Menapis were capable.

I lay back on the flat-bottomed rowboat and lighted a cigarette. Instead of putting the matches which I carried loose, into a jacket pocket, I thrust them into my trousers pocket. I am sure that through this act I saved my life.

The day was very still, and the smoke of my own cigarette filled my nostrils. My eyes were closed against the brutal sunlight. Far off an engine chugged. The boat hardly moved and there was only the faintest murmur of water around me. I might have been anywhere but where I was, in the distant country, on a mountaintop, adrift in a calm sea; but psychologically I was on the island with the Menapis. It was then that through the fragrance of cigarette smoke a sharper odor penetrated—the acrid smell of burning leaves. For a moment my mind drifted in memory, into the many pasts which we carry alive within us as the poetry or pain of human continuity.

Then my mind cried, "Fire." I sat up quickly and looked at the island.

At the very spot of the previous night's fire, a dozen or so of the apes were gathered around a smudge of smoke. I saw a glint of flame in the baby hands of one of them, but it might have been a flash of sun on something bright. Without pausing for a better look through my field glasses, I furiously started rowing toward the island. Obviously some spark from last night's accident had somehow lurked all day in the underbrush and was once again afire.

As the flat-bottomed boat grated on the beach, I sprang ashore.

There was another spurt of brightness in the hands of one of the Menapi.

It hit me suddenly, abruptly as an intuition: These creatures were making fire! I stopped, hypnotized in thought. But they had heard me and in a flash of bodies whisked away into the woods.

I ran up to a small heap of leaves

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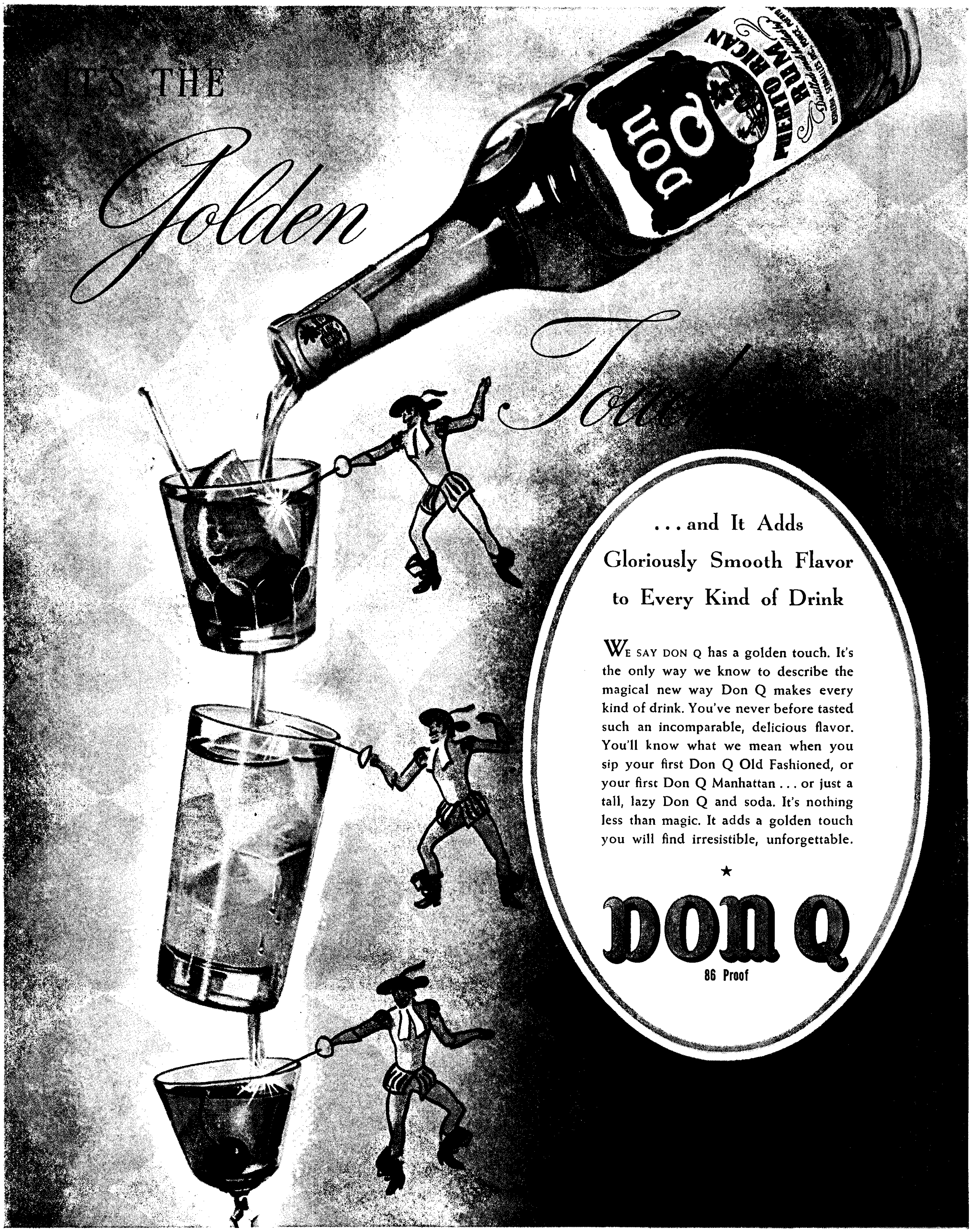

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among the burned brush and quickly stamped the smoking leaves into the earth. I did it mechanically because my mind and senses yawned over the abyss of the impossible, over that half fact, the prophetic vision which seemed to say that the Menapis had learned *to make fire*. It was ridiculous. It was not to be believed. And then as I stood there, incredulous, I saw a denser column of smoke arising from the center of the island.

I tell you I teetered over a million years of prehistory, and then I plunged into the woods.

I made a terrific racket, struggling and sliding through the dead branches. The smell of smoke grew denser. Finally I broke into a little clearing.

A DOZEN Menapis were around a pile of smoking leaves. They ran as I broke into the clear, leaving behind a scattering of bright, stony glances, a flurry of hands and feet, and the red flash of their supple ratlike bodies. One of them dropped a handful of leaves.

I rushed to the smoldering heap, scattered it painstakingly and began to stamp out the fire. Quite methodically I separated each leaf or twig to be sure this time that no other accident would occur. I kept thinking "accident," although I knew better. In my search I came upon a book of matches, its flap open, and the individual matches half twisted out. It had evidently been lying there, left by a workman, and had gone up in flame, touched off by the burning leaves.

It was still hot. I put it in my pocket to show to Akins and went on, covering each foot of the open area.

This was proof. Some workman had dropped a packet of matches, and the Menapis had learned to strike flame from them, had learned to use our own man-made reserve of fire-making, had learned to release the enormous potential of natural energy which made the difference between the beasts of the field and the life of civilization.

The thought hammered at me. And then I said to myself—I said it aloud because my own voice talking made it true, made it real, made it normal again: "This is an accident. This isn't important. This is a mistake."

I looked up. Now that I think of it, it wasn't so much because I had solved the problem, as because of a turn of feeling which suddenly pointed my mind to something else.

There was a movement in the woods all around me, a subtle *watchful* living motion, and I knew, I knew with a suddenness that corrupted my heart with fear that while I had been busy the Menapis had gathered around me. The whole immediate world presented itself; the fact that I could yell or scream, that I could shout or grovel, the fact that I was alone, a middle-aged man with gray hair and a balding head, wearing shoes and socks and a pair of tweed trousers, the fact that I was holding a ten-cent notebook in my hand.

I stood there shaken by formless dread. I write "formless dread," and this is the way people lie to themselves, even *after* they know better. The dread had a shape; it had an image; it had a history. There was the squirrel on the tree. These were creatures who had made fire.

The intense sunlight fell like a dry dust upon me. And all the time the *felt* movement of the Menapis went on beyond my vision in the hidden woods. I smelled them. They weren't five yards from me, surrounding me.

And then I smiled. I was five-feet-ten. I was a *big* animal and they were nothing but ratlike apes, curious and frightened little nothings who played with uncomprehended power.

I picked up a stone and flung it into the woods.

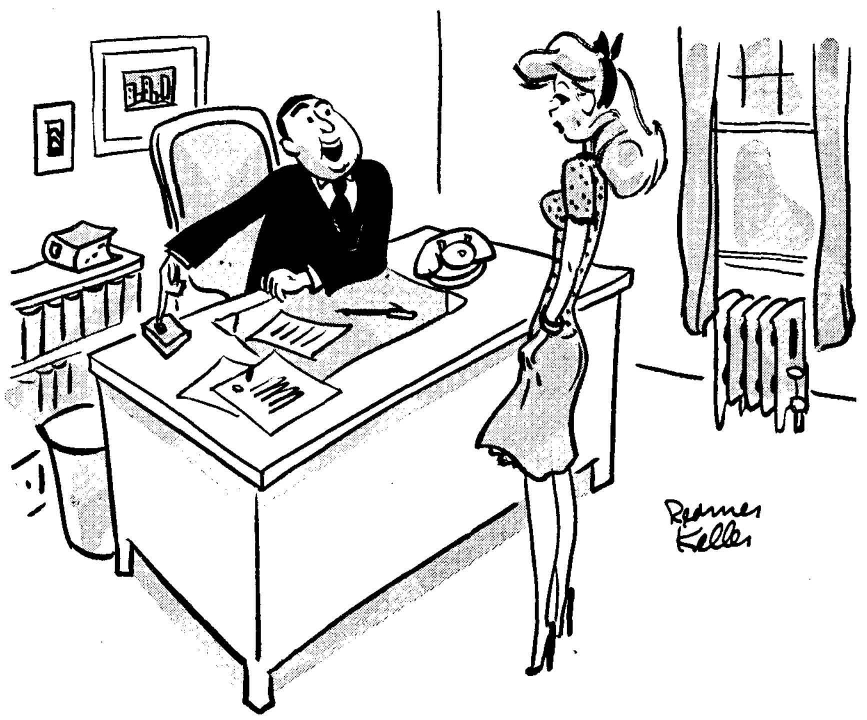
There was a scatter of motion, a splash of retreat. I think I chuckled, if you can call the hoarse clearing of a man's dry throat a chuckle. I chuckled, I say, and took a step forward. But all at once I *knew*—I knew that the creatures were back again. I had merely flung a stone into the sea.

There was a heavy branch at my feet. I picked it up, swung its weight to comfort myself and slowly started toward the edge of the clearing.

They receded. I could hear them fall back, not in flight but almost, I felt, in preparation. As a boy whistles in a dark wood, I swung my stick and beat violently against the brush and trees, setting up a noise to hide me. But as I plunged ahead swinging my club, I heard between strokes the scrape of small hands and feet, the hairy brush of bodies, the communal breath. I started to run. I shouted, making myself bigger and stronger with noise. I inflated myself to something awesome with sound. The sweat poured down my naked shoulders and ran from my forehead into my eyes.

Then I fell.

I fell and they swarmed, but I was up again, lashing out with my club. Not one had touched me. They had merely ventured closer. I had looked into their eyes—a million eyes, it seemed.



"When I push this button once, come in with your book to take dictation. When I press it twice, forget about the book"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

The club broke leaves and branches and I stomped ahead. It seemed miles to the beach, an endless journey peopled with Menapis. I saw more and more of them as they grew to know the noise I made, as they recognized its source. I was a big animal, I say, but I was bigger in my mind than I was in their eyes. They had stripped me to their own level of flesh and blood and stink. I was the quarry.

SHALL I say that I lived in those few minutes of flight the whole journey of our species through the hot ages and the press of cold and ice? Religion invented itself, fears became gods, gods became powers, and powers became deities. And suddenly there was sunlight before me and I broke through.

It was like running into a wall.

For on the beach a whimpering, mewing mass of Menapis skittered and jumped, and all the heads were turned in my direction and the boat was covered with them.

I didn't stop. I yelled. I took two running steps and hit that wall again.

They didn't budge. They merely jumped and turned and squirmed, and their foulness was a swamp into which I couldn't enter.

I transferred my club to my left hand and bent down, warily watching, never taking my eyes from them, and always darting terrified glances behind. I picked up a rock and flung it with all my strength into the mass. One jumped, and the rock hit with a solid thud against a few bodies. But the Menapis didn't run. They merely turned and devoured their dead relatives. They were there, not to be moved. As they whirled and jumped and mewed, I knew that somehow through that great pressure of cannibal drive, through their individual small hunger which was not famine, since they were fed, but through a hunger that was rooted in an absolutely insatiable desire for attack against everything alive including their own selves—I knew they would pile up, descend upon me in a cloud of small mouths.

I thought of running into the water, but there is always that moment at the edge of the beach when the water drags at you like hands, and helplessness descends. Then I saw my notebook lying there on the ground where I had dropped it when I changed the club from right hand to left. I thought of it. Paper! And I remembered the accident. There were matches in my pocket.

Fire!

I could see their energy pooling itself as the bodies balled forward, the rear pushing the front, the pressure enormously spreading toward me. I ripped pages from the notebook and speared them over the end of the club until it formed an inflammable head. Then I took the matches out, spilling most of them on the ground; with shaking hands, I lighted the end of my torch. In a moment the paper flamed, and like a madman I dashed into the horde of Menapis and thrust the burning torch in their snapping faces.

I smelled singed hair. They screamed away, the fear of the few running like mania through the rest of them. They scattered on every side and I was in the boat flaying around me. Tiny teeth nipped my legs, and one Menapi jumped madly at me, but I flung it away and smashed around me while I pushed the boat out, and in a minute I was in it. I dropped the stick and thrust off with the oars.

One stricken creature, which I had clubbed, moaned at my feet. I lashed at it with a fury and fear that came out of the well of my whole desire for life. I pounded it to pulp and there I was twenty feet from the shore, standing exhausted in the boat, my legs bleeding and the bloody ape soiling the bottom of the boat. I picked it up and flung it into the lake. I looked back.

The Menapis were once again gathered on the shore eating their fill of the dozen or so I had killed.

I sat down in complete exhaustion and wept.

When I looked up again, when I realized that it was day, that the sun shone and I was alone, I automatically picked up my binoculars and once again observed the Menapis. It was then I saw the miracle take place.

THE Menapis had found the matches I had dropped, and they were imitating my action, scratching the match heads against stones and fearfully flinging the flaming bits away, into the water sometimes, but mainly into the woods. Others flung leaves and twigs and stones upon whatever flame lasted or caught.

I tell you I saw these cousins of ours, these abominable creatures, *make fire*, make fire deliberately. They had learned one source of it. They had been taken from the dark past into a world teeming with controlled furies, and they were ready to learn.

We inheritors of civilization have forgotten how precariously we live upon the edge of nature. It struck me then as I stood there in that open boat on a small lake in the midst of our careful zoo. My mind rode down the ages and saw the huddle of men throughout the dim centuries fighting the world outside and the anarchy within.

I began to row like a lunatic, crazily beating the water to get back to Akins.

The afternoon visitors saw a shouting fool running along the cement paths, past the nylon-covered legs of girls, the coated men, the elaborate baby carriages of our own young.

Akins thought I was crazy.

I flung the burned matchbook at him. I shouted the whole thing at once.

I tell you I know what hysteria is. I lived it.

All at once the fire alarm went off.

I shrieked, "The Menapis!"

Then I quite simply fainted. . . .

"A complete loss!" Akins said, leaning against the foot of my hospital bed, smiling down upon me like a careful father. But I knew he didn't feel like smiling. The combined insane ingenuity of the Menapis and dogmatic stupidity of our own war-making experimenters had completely defeated us. "It was an inferno by the time we got there," Akins explained. "The whole thing just went up in smoke and flame, and the little monsters that weren't burned just drowned in the water."

There was no need to tell me about the experiment at Brany Island; I had been reading about it all morning. The new bomb had gone off under water, close by the island. There was some speculation whether a natural seismic wave had occurred in the sea at the same time. Some said yes and some said no, depending on their interests. The fact was that Brany Island just went under and disappeared. Enormous quantities of marine life floated upon the ocean, and the Pacific rotted with their corpses.

And the Menapis were gone.

Perhaps it was just as well, for what we wanted to learn, what knowledge of humanity might have been discovered, seemed small and useless beside the big experiment that the whole world had conducted at Brany Island.

"You say," Akins asked softly, and he leaned toward me, moved with wonder, "you say they made fire?"

"A little fire." I closed my eyes, and then I felt quite weary of the whole thing and went to sleep.

THE END

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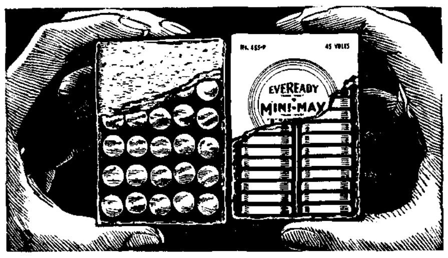

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EVEREADY
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Straw Hat Circuit

Continued from page 11

well. That afternoon three girls were at one end of the porch, two seated in wicker chairs, the third standing by the railing.

"Lily, you ain't got good sense," one of the girls said. She sat with her eyes half closed. "You're heading for trouble." She shook her head and tried it again, a little higher. "Lily, you ain't got good sense. You're . . ."

"What does this mean, *droit de seigneur?*" the girl in the other chair asked. "Helen, what does that mean?"

Helen Wilson turned her gray eyes from the sea and smiled. The third girl said, "Lily, you ain't got good sense. You're heading . . ."

"Shut up, Alice. Helen, what does *it* mean? It's French."

"Oh, you know," Helen said shyly. "It means, well, just what this play's about, Betty. The rights of a master with a servant girl."

"It's a nice part for you, all right," Betty said. "I don't know how you managed to wangle it, anyhow."

"Type casting," Alice said, and closed her eyes. "I've worked in this house going on three years, Lily, and I . . ."

"Alice, shut up," Betty said. "You know, Helen, you could really get a break. I mean you've got a chance to grab off the part for Broadway."

"An outside chance, maybe," Helen said. "*If* it gets to Broadway." She turned her head away, so that the other girls could not see her face. She had thought herself to sleep with it every night for a week, and it could happen, it could easily happen. With just an ounce of luck.

"They'll pick some Broadway star, don't you worry," Alice said. "It's too good a part."

"Oh, sure, I know that," Helen said. She leaned against the railing and thought that she knew it very well. It was too good a part to throw to an unknown; it would be too great a risk.

"Of course, you *look* the part," Alice said, grinning.

HELEN smiled, but did not turn her head. She was aware she did *not* look the part of a servant girl. Her hair was black and very lustrous and her features were small and fine; a little aristocratic, she had always thought, when framed by the thick black hair. But for the role she would draw her hair back tightly to a knot in the back, and her small face, abandoned, would have a forlorn appeal that would be just right. She had tried it at her mirror.

"Look," Betty said. "I think that's him. Isn't that him, Helen?"

"The great man himself," Alice said.

They all studied the man as he descended the steps at the end of the boardwalk and turned toward the theater.

"He looks kind of old," Alice said.

"And fat," said Betty. "Anyhow, he's got a little bit of a pot. See it?"

"Still," Helen said softly, "he's good-looking."

"Same old Jack Marley," Alice said. "Did you see him in . . ." She broke off as he came within hearing.

Mr. Larkin, who had operated the theater for the past six summers, came quickly out of the ticket office and waved his hand in a casual, friendly greeting. Jack Marley came up the steps, smiled at the three girls, and shook hands with Mr. Larkin.

"Whole cast will be here at three," Mr. Larkin said, and glanced at his watch. "Ten more minutes." He waved his hand. "These are the early birds. Girls, this is Mr. Marley."

Alice and Betty moved forward, but Helen remained by the railing. Jack Marley looked at her, and Mr. Larkin said, "This is the girl who plays Lily—Helen Wilson."

Jack Marley went across to shake her hand, making a gracious gesture of it. His first glance showed what he was up against. Amateur talent. Very young. A little ethereal for the part of Lily, the maid, and it was an important part. Damned important. He did not show his disappointment.

"And here comes our leading lady," Mr. Larkin said. "I suppose you know Mathilda Lynne, Jack."

He had played with her in stock at Stamford three years ago. Jack grinned and waved as she came up on the porch. She looked thinner, and her red hair had a darker tone than he remembered. There was a brittle quality in her gestures and in her voice, and he thought as he took her hand that she was getting on, as he was. She was the reverse side of his mirror.

"Jack, it's good to see you," she said. Her faint smile reminded him of the summer three years ago. There had been a flirtation, a summer affair that had made Stamford endurable to them both. She had accepted it as he had, and now he put friendly pressure in the clasp of his hand.

As they went into the theater the three girls followed like a brood of ducklings. Two of them were close at his elbows, but the third, the one who was to play Lily, hung back. There was an aloof quality about her, Jack thought, and frowned. That would hardly do in a servant girl.

They had learned their parts already, and when the full cast was assembled on the stage and Jack explained his conception of the play he found that he was apologetic. Did he know at the back of his mind that this play was a bad play? Why should he feel apologetic about it? Hell, he thought, he was beginning to feel apologetic about just living.

He talked about pace and timing and he told them that he wanted a certain restraint in the acting. He didn't want a backstairs gossip sort of play. He didn't want a snob performance. It was delicate stuff, this servant girl and master entanglement, and he didn't want to hit it on the head with a sledge hammer. As he talked, the girl who was to play Lily—what was her name?—watched him with big gray eyes. Damn it, he thought, we're licked to start with. Why did they ever cast this girl as Lily? He'd have to speak to Larkin about it immediately. You couldn't have a Lily who looked like a bird in a tree, bright feathers out of reach.

He put them through the first scene of the first act, then he went to Mr. Larkin in the ticket office. Mr. Larkin was a lanky gray man, a veteran of stock. He usually took a small part in each play during the summer, slipped on his coat to go on stage, and when he had done his stint ducked back into the box office to check the receipts. The audiences saw him coming and going, on stage and off, and he always got a friendly hand.

MR. LARKIN listened to Jack's complaint, pursed his lips, and said slowly, "I know, Jack, she doesn't look the part, exactly, but she can act. She'll do all right."

"She'll kill the play," Jack said. "Larkin, it all hinges on Lily. She's got to be good."

"This is summer stock," Mr. Larkin said mildly. "This isn't Broadway. This is what they call the straw hat circuit, Jack. We do the best we can."

"I think we can do better than her."

"Well"—Mr. Larkin shrugged his shoulders—"she knows the part. We've only got three days, Jack."

"Yes," Jack said. "I guess we're stuck."

"You might give her a chance," Mr. Larkin said. "Work with her some."

Jack drew in a deep breath. "This play means a lot to me," he said savagely. "A whole lot, Larkin. I'm going to back this show on Broadway."

"Got together the best cast I could," Mr. Larkin said, looking out the window toward the ocean. "First time we ever did a summer tryout, Jack. We're a stock company, and we pick out plays to suit our cast. We're not fixed to pick a cast to suit our plays."

"Okay," Jack said.

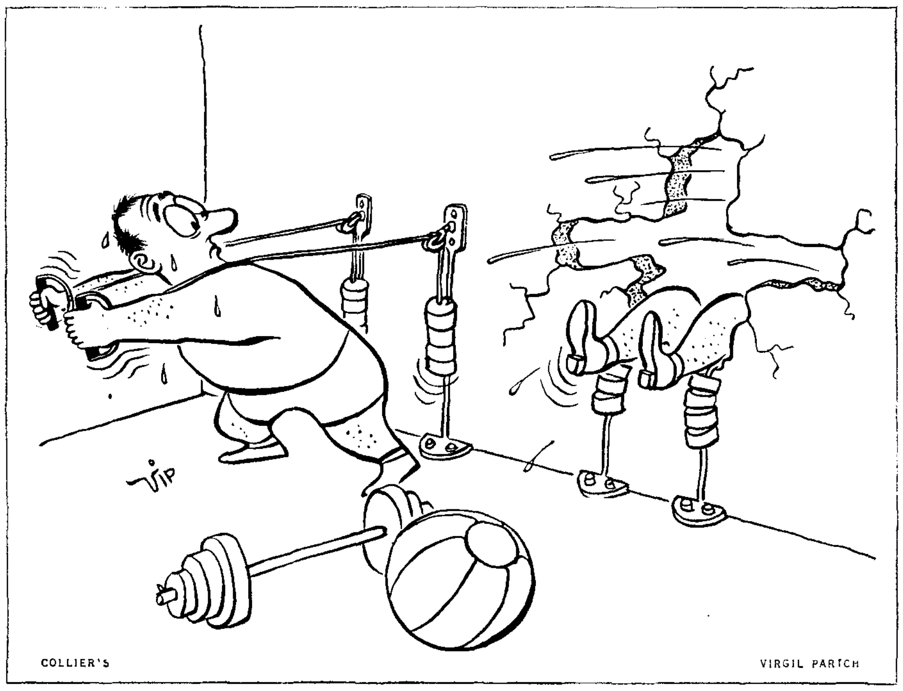
"Just work on her," Mr. Larkin said soothingly. "Give her a chance. I think she'll do all right."

Jack turned away. The door of the box office opened into the vestibule, and beyond was the porch. As he went through the door he saw the girl there, Lily, or whatever her name was, leaning against the railing. He met her eyes, then looked quickly away. But she left the railing and came toward him.

"Mr. Marley, may I speak to you a moment?"

He paused, feeling cornered, feeling angry and bitter. His voice when he spoke was crisp: "Well, what is it?"

"You're worried about me, aren't you?" Helen Wilson asked.



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"My dear child," he began, then broke off. He nodded, and met her eyes. "Yes, I am."

"Honestly, I can handle the part." Her voice was eager. "I have it letter-perfect and I'm good at taking direction. I . . ."

He moved away toward the steps, but she followed. "May I walk along the boardwalk with you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "All right, come ahead."

He knew what was coming. She had always wanted to act, even as a little baby. She had been a pupil of Sonia Dynamotovsky, or some such name. And this was her chance, her big chance. But instead her opening was, "This play is important to you, isn't it?"

He was surprised and looked down at her. He nodded. "Damned important. I'm going to back the Broadway production."

There was a moment of silence as they climbed the steps to the boardwalk. She looked at him, and hesitated, then said softly, "It isn't a very good play."

He stopped short. "A critic, too?"

"I mean, it might go over," she said, "but actually, it's a lot of snobbish nonsense, isn't it?"

Because of his own doubts about the play he was angry. "I think it's a very good play," he said. "When you've been around the theater as much as I have, you'll learn that they don't teach you box office in dramatic courses."

"I'm not interested in box office," she said quietly. "I'm interested in the theater as an art medium."

THE brash little wench, Jack thought. The impudent youth of her. He chuckled and remembered when he might have said the same thing. But the smile froze on his lips. Those days were long past. He looked at her with new appraisal. She was very young, very fresh, and very radiant. Entirely wrong, he thought, for Lily, the maid.

"I thought we were going to discuss your fitness for the part," he said. "Not the artistic merits of the play."

That, he saw, subdued her. Her voice was low, and sounded hurt: "I've studied the part, Mr. Marley. I'll do the best I can."

He nodded. "We'll get to work on it, Miss— What was your name?"

"Helen Wilson."

"Well, see here, Helen. I want this play to go over. I want you to be a big success. We'll get together, you and I, and work on your part."

She was smiling. "Thank you, Mr. Marley, I *do* appreciate it. And I want to help you, too."

"Help me?" he said blankly.

"The play, I mean. I guess it's sort of a comeback for you, isn't it?"

The words stung him. He stopped short and glared at her, but he had nothing to say. It *was* a comeback he was hoping for. If he didn't have something good soon he knew that he was through. He felt very old all at once as he looked into her guileless eyes.

"Yes," he said. "I want to make a comeback. Goodby, Miss Wilson." He walked on and left her on the boardwalk, standing by the railing with her back to the sea.

He felt better after the second drink in a beach-front bar where the windows were curtained so that there was scarcely any view of the sea. It was a good bar; a big room with a circular bar in the middle and in the center of the circle an elevated piano where a blonde played one song after another, swaying back and forth on shapely hips in a motion as regular as the rolling of the sea. He was sitting over his third drink, watching the swaying blonde, when Mathilda Lynne said, "May I, Jack?" and sat down across from him. He signaled the waiter, without speaking.

"Here we are again," Mathilda said. "As regular as hay fever. Blooming with the goldenrod."

"How was the winter for you, Mathilda?" he asked, without much interest.

"I had a little spot in radio," she told him.

"Thank God for radio," he said. "What would we do without radio?"

"It was vaudeville in the old days," Mathilda said, and added quickly, "before my time, of course." She sighed. "But I wish we had it back. We could work up a good act, Jack, you and I."

"Mathilda," he said, "what do you think of the play?"

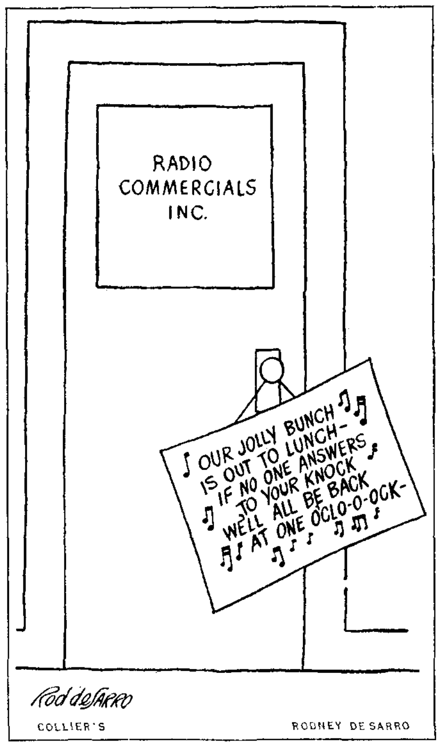
"I don't like a mother role," she said. "Jack, I never played a mother role before."

"I know," he said. "But what do you think of the play?"

"It stinks, old boy."

His hand closed hard on his glass and his mouth was clamped tightly shut. His glance was antagonistic and his voice sharp: "The trouble with you, Mathilda, is you've been around the theater so long your viewpoint is mildewed. I think the play's all right."

The blood left her face and she looked tired and too thin. "Mildewed is a very nasty word," she said.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Her brown eyes were forlorn, even in anger, and accentuated the brittle quality of her face. He reached out and put his hand on hers on the table. "I'm sorry, kid. I didn't mean to be nasty."

He saw tears come into the brown eyes. "Oh, Jack, let's don't be messy. I'm sorry I said it. I wish I liked the play, but I don't."

"I know," he said. "It's okay, Mathilda." He called to the waiter, then grinned at her. "I don't know about you, but I'm going to get quietly tight."

"I'll have the same," Mathilda said.

THE ringing of the telephone awakened him. He opened his eyes and the morning sun was very bright, bringing the glare of the sea into his room. He reached out a shaky hand for the telephone, and a clear, cheery voice drummed in his ears, "Mr. Marley, this is Helen Wilson."

"Who?"

"Lily, the maid."

"Oh," he mumbled. "What time is it?"

"Half past eight."

"Half past *eight?*"

"I'm sorry. Is that too early? You said you were going to help me and I thought we could get together this morning. Have a swim before breakfast and talk it out over the coffee."

"For heaven's sake!" he said. His eyes were open wide now. Half past eight in the morning! Why, he was never human before noon. But it was a challenge. The sun was shining brightly and he could hear the pounding of the surf. It was a challenge.

"There's a place on the boardwalk where we can eat in our bathing suits," she said. "How about it?"

"Okay," he agreed. "I'll be right down."

He nicked himself twice while shaving; it was entirely too early in the morning. He felt unsteady and somewhat nude and exposed in his bathing trunks. He wrapped his beach robe tightly around him and went to the elevator. She was waiting on the porch, her eyes as clear as the morning sky.

"Isn't it a day?" she said. "I couldn't resist it."

She dropped her robe on the beach and he saw that her body was a golden tan. He was aware of the whiteness of his own arms and legs.

"Come on," she said. "It'll do you good."

She ran ahead of him into the water, pushed through the first breakers, and dived into a wave. As he followed her he watched her brisk crawl stroke as she swam out. The breast stroke was his top aquatory achievement, but every kid nowadays could swim the crawl in rhythm. He remembered when the Australian crawl was a novelty, and he felt his years.

The water was cold and he did not enjoy the swim. When they returned to the beach he wrapped his robe around him.

ON THE boardwalk, overlooking the beach, was a restaurant where they had waffles and sausages, and after three cups of coffee his head was clear and he felt better than he had in days. Days? he thought. Years! And he felt younger, too.

They talked about her role and she listened eagerly to his suggestions; he saw how she made mental note of them, and he thought that possibly he could do something with her. After all, it was summer stock; the audience would make allowances. Maybe it would work out. They did not discuss the merits of the play.

But he was depressed again when he learned that she was a local girl. She had not been a pupil of Sonia Dynamotovsky or anyone else at all.

Mr. Larkin had given her a chance with the apprentice group the summer before, and this year he had let her have roles in the stock company. This would be the fourth play in which she had appeared.

"I know I have lots to learn, Mr. Marley," she said. "But I do feel confident. I've never had stage fright. The minute I step on the stage I feel sure of myself. I always do."

He refrained from commenting on the confidence of ignorance. Instead he asked, "How does your family feel about your going on the stage?"

"Oh, they're pleased as Punch." She smiled. "You'll see Pop out front opening night. He's my claque."

"Not a bad idea," Jack said. "Have him bring some friends."

"Oh, everybody in town has known me since I was a kid," she said, and spread her hands slightly. "But it's the summer people that make up the audience, mostly. Still, wait until you hear Pop. It's embarrassing."

Jack glanced at his watch. "Rehearsal at eleven o'clock," he said. "I think we have time for another swim."

They met each other's eyes, and both smiled. "Well," she said, "it did you good, didn't it?"

"There's still life in the old boy," Jack said.

She looked at him curiously. "You

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don't think of yourself as old, do you?"

He chuckled. "Well, hardly."

"I mean I should think it would be terrible to think of yourself as old."

They were going down the steps to the beach. He asked, watching her face, "How do you think of me? Middle-aged?"

Her eyes were round, her expression genuinely surprised. "Of course, not. Thirtyish, I should say."

"Come on," he cried. "Last one in is a rotten egg." But he thought as he dived into the water that the expression of boyhood was overdoing it just a trifle. He did not feel that young and carefree.

THE rehearsal went well that day, and he was encouraged. Tomorrow would be the dress rehearsal, and the opening the next night. It was very little time, but the cast knew its parts, and after all it was summer stock. It need not be a perfect production.

He was disturbed that afternoon when he became aware how little attention he was giving his own part. He had been thinking of the play. He had been working on Lily, the maid, and he had given very little thought to Jack Marley, the star. Well, he thought, the play was certainly the thing in this case.

Yet it was a new experience, a severe test to his vanity. He wanted this kid to make good, because of the play, and because of her, too. She was young and fresh, and so very sincere. He wanted opening night to be good for her. When they were going over a scene in the third act he noticed an odd smile on Mathilda Lynne's face. It was a love scene between himself and Lily, and he knew that he was more than an actor, more than a director, as he led her through the scene. He was, he thought, an old fool, and the kiss he gave her as the scene closed was almost paternal. When he met Mathilda's eyes again, he grinned.

He was disappointed when Helen did not call the next morning before rehearsal. He had rather expected another morning on the beach. But she was waiting at the theater and told him that she had been up until late the night before going over her part, with her father and a friend for audience.

"The whole play," she said. "They took turns reading the other parts. Pop insisted on it."

At the dress rehearsal that afternoon he was the only one of the cast to blow his lines, and again he was reminded how he had made his own role secondary to the success of the play. It was definitely a new experience, but it had its immediate compensations . . . the look in her gray eyes, the quick turn of her head when he spoke, her childlike faith in him.

Mathilda Lynne walked back to the hotel with him and told him, "Jack, you've got the makings of a great director. You're doing wonders with that girl."

He grinned. "You know, she might go over."

Mathilda nodded. "She might, but, Jack, the play's no good."

"You've got jaundiced eyes," he said. "Because of that mother role. We'll wait and see."

Her brown eyes inspected him; she shook her head. "Jack, I'm worried for you. I'm afraid you're headed for a disappointment."

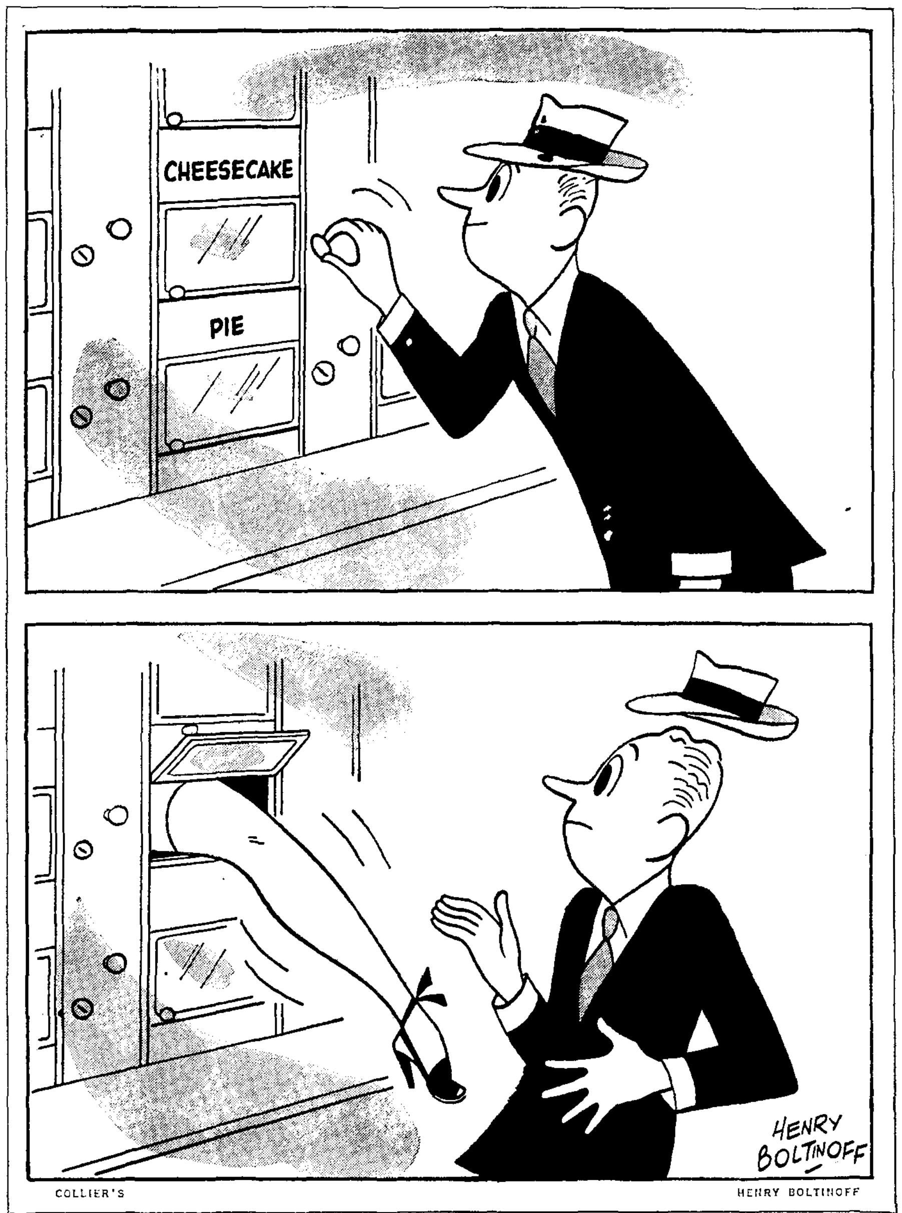
"Skip it, Mathilda. I can take these things in stride."

"The kid is only twenty years old," Mathilda said. "I asked Larkin."

He stared at her, and felt the hot color in his face. She went on quietly, not looking at him, "She's engaged to a boy here in town. Has a nice business renting summer cottages. Have you met him, Jack?"

"No."

"Come on, Jack." She grinned. "Let me buy the drinks this time."



COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

He could not be angry with Mathilda. She was all right, a trouper. You could depend on women like Mathilda, whom life had taught to control emotion and salvage the bread even if it fell butter side down. He would not let her buy a round, and there were many rounds. . . .

When he reached the theater the next night and went backstage and saw Helen Wilson he felt at once that the play would go over. She had drawn her hair back from her face and she looked a wispy, timid little maid. The aloofness was shyness now, and she was covered all over with radiance, that wonderful amateur radiance, and it was what was needed in the part.

He went to her in the wings, just before the curtain, and whispered, "Scared?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I'm never scared."

He grinned. He was usually scared himself, and he was scared now, but he could not remember how it had been the first time. He said, 'Here's for luck," and bent and kissed her. She smiled, and he saw Mathilda watching them. Mathilda wrinkled her nose.

"Pop's in the first row," Helen said. "Want to take a look at him?"

Jack looked, but not to see her father. The young man was tall and sunburned, and his expectant eyes were fixed on the curtain. "Who's that with him?" Jack whispered.

"Oh, that's Tommy."

Jack glanced at her. "The boy friend?" he asked.

"Just the kid next door," she said. "We grew up together."

The flustered young woman who was the stage manager was calling, "Places," and Jack walked to the wings and stood beside Mathilda. As the curtain went up and Helen's voice rose, clear and confident, Mathilda looked at him and gave him a confirmatory nod.

When the girl made her first exit there was a determined clatter of applause from the front row where her father and the young man sat.

She looked at Jack and groaned and said, "You see."

"You deserve it," he said. "You're doing fine."

In fact, she was better than he had expected, and at the end of the first act there was a comfortable round of applause. The second act went not quite so well. Jack had known that the act dragged, and he had plans for revisions; the cast heard the ominous creaking of the seats under a restless audience. But when the curtain was lowered the applause was even stronger.

"That's relief," Mathilda said. "They're glad it's over." She shook her head at Jack. "It's certainly not for the play, Jack."

"You think not?"

"I know not."

Jack nodded. He knew that the applause for him had been dutiful, for the imported star. The home-town applause was for this little Miss Wilson who was stealing the show. What show there was, that is.

The third act was paced fast, and the best scene was his and Helen's, together. As they acted it he knew that his performance was not good; he was even having trouble with the lines. But all the time he was watching her, encouraging her, and she responded. In that one brief scene she was good, really good, and the audience did not forget it. The curtain went down to a thunder of handclaps.

The entire cast took the first curtain call, Jack between Mathilda and Helen, holding their hands. As he bowed he whispered, "Okay, Mathilda, the play stinks."

"Well, next time, Jack."

"Yeah, next time."

The three of them took a curtain call, then Jack and Helen together. He could see her father and the young man leading the applause. The curtain fell and he said quickly, "This is yours, Helen," and walked offstage.

Mathilda's eyebrows went up. "Bowing out, Jack?"

He grinned. "That's her claque. Not mine."

They gave the girl three curtain calls, and then she ran to him, holding out both her hands. "Oh, I know I didn't deserve that. But thank you, Mr. Marley."

"You ought to have it once in your life," he said. "It's good for the soul."

"She'll have it lots of times," someone said, a girl named Alice something or other who had a bit part as a cook.

"But you were right," he said to Helen. "The play is a bad play."

"But they *liked* it," Helen cried.

He shook his head. "Let me tell you something, Helen. It was a bad play, badly directed, and presented by a bad stock company. You've got to look at it relatively. They liked *you,* not the play, and they liked you because you were young and glowing and sincere, and because it's your home town and they all know you. You were the best of a bad bargain—but, honey, you can't act."

The flush left her face and her gray eyes grew big. It was like slapping a child, but he went on steadily: "You've got no business on the stage. This part turned out to be a natural for you, but that was just a lucky break. It won't happen again, Helen, because you're no actress."

She stared at him, and suddenly whirled away, but he had seen the tears in her eyes.

The girl named Alice said indignantly, in a voice clear for him to hear, "It's because she stole the show. He's jealous because she stole the show."

He saw Mathilda looking at him, and he, too, turned away. He went back to his cramped dressing room and began wiping off the make-up. He saw that his hands were trembling; he needed a drink.

THERE was a soft noise and he heard the opening of the door. He turned and saw Mathilda closing it softly behind her.

"Well, that was a charming little scene," Mathilda said.

He went on wiping off make-up. He knew that Mathilda understood, and that was why she was here in his dressing room. He knew he could depend on Mathilda.

"Look at me," he said. "Mathilda, look at us. You heard me saying I was going to produce this show on Broadway, but you know I haven't got a dime. Neither have you."

"Sure," Mathilda said. "My first part was a natural, too. At least I thought so. It went like that."

"She can't act," Jack said. "Not any better than you or me."

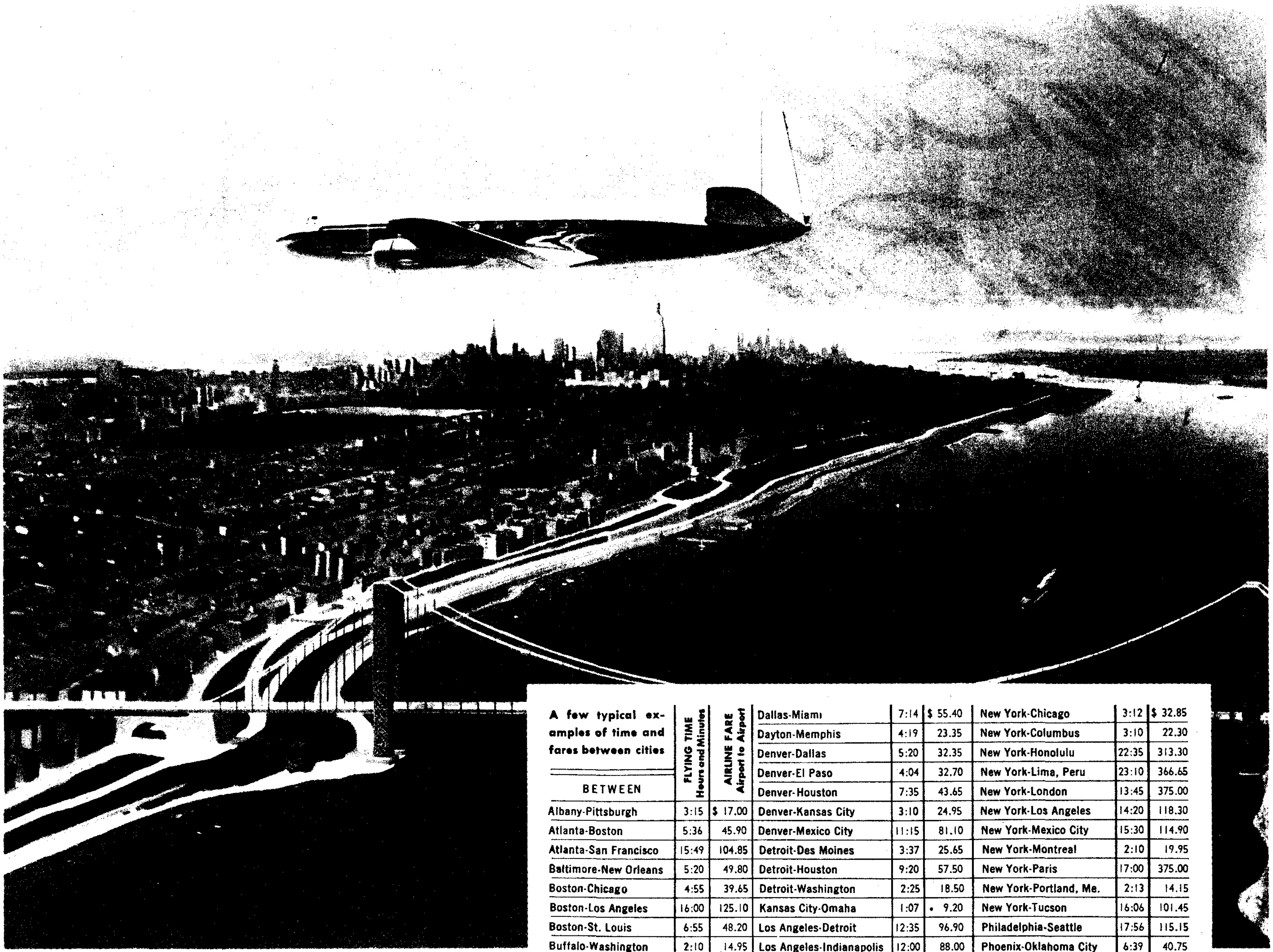
Mathilda accepted it. "No," she said.

Jack looked at his face in the mirror. "I could have buttered her up," he said. "You know how those things are. It would have been easy." He met her eyes in the mirror. "But I was watching the boy out front, there with her father." He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I guess I could have handled it better, but that's the way I did it."

"It was okay," Mathilda said. "Jack, I *am* going to buy a drink this time." Her brown eyes were soft and her smile was warm; comforting to him then. "You know what I'm going to drink to?" she asked.

"Yeah," Jack said. "To radio."

THE END



A few typical examples of time and fares between cities

BETWEEN	FLYING TIME Hours and Minutes	AIRLINE FARE Airport to Airport	BETWEEN	FLYING TIME Hours and Minutes	AIRLINE FARE Airport to Airport	BETWEEN	FLYING TIME Hours and Minutes	AIRLINE FARE Airport to Airport
			Dallas-Miami	7:14	$ 55.40	New York-Chicago	3:12	$ 32.85
			Dayton-Memphis	4:19	23.35	New York-Columbus	3:10	22.30
			Denver-Dallas	5:20	32.35	New York-Honolulu	22:35	313.30
			Denver-El Paso	4:04	32.70	New York-Lima, Peru	23:10	366.65
			Denver-Houston	7:35	43.65	New York-London	13:45	375.00
Albany-Pittsburgh	3:15	$ 17.00	Denver-Kansas City	3:10	24.95	New York-Los Angeles	14:20	118.30
Atlanta-Boston	5:36	45.90	Denver-Mexico City	11:15	81.10	New York-Mexico City	15:30	114.90
Atlanta-San Francisco	15:49	104.85	Detroit-Des Moines	3:37	25.65	New York-Montreal	2:10	19.95
Baltimore-New Orleans	5:20	49.80	Detroit-Houston	9:20	57.50	New York-Paris	17:00	375.00
Boston-Chicago	4:55	39.65	Detroit-Washington	2:25	18.50	New York-Portland, Me.	2:13	14.15
Boston-Los Angeles	16:00	125.10	Kansas City-Omaha	1:07	• 9.20	New York-Tucson	16:06	101.45
Boston-St. Louis	6:55	48.20	Los Angeles-Detroit	12:35	96.90	Philadelphia-Seattle	17:56	115.15
Buffalo-Washington	2:10	14.95	Los Angeles-Indianapolis	12:00	88.00	Phoenix-Oklahoma City	6:39	40.75
Chicago-Fort Worth	5:40	41.60	Los Angeles-San Francisco	1:50	15.15	Pittsburgh-Birmingham	3:25	28.20
Chicago-Miami	7:45	59.00	Louisville-Washington	2:43	21.75	St. Louis-New York	4:35	41.40
Chicago-New Orleans	5:12	40.85	Miami-New York	5:55	56.65	Salt Lake City-Los Angeles	3:35	31.25
Chicago-St. Louis	1:20	11.70	Miami-Rio de Janeiro	22:30	425.00	Salt Lake City-New York	11:43	91.45
Chicago-San Francisco	8:22	85.45	Milwaukee-New York	3:30	32.85	San Antonio-El Paso	3:40	28.35
Chicago-Seattle	9:05	85.45	Minneapolis-Chicago	1:50	14.65	San Francisco-Kansas City	9:05	70.10
Chicago-Washington	2:55	27.25	New Orleans-Atlanta	2:13	20.70	San Francisco-Mexico City	9:35	101.15
Cincinnati-Atlanta	2:24	18.00	New Orleans-Jacksonville	2:42	24.75	Seattle-Denver	8:26	54.60
Cincinnati-New York	4:05	27.30	New Orleans-St. Louis	3:50	29.15	Seattle-San Francisco	3:44	29.15
Cleveland-St. Paul	5:07	28.10	New York-Atlanta	4:05	37.55	Washington-Atlanta	3:02	27.50
Cleveland-San Francisco	12:37	99.70	New York-Boston	1:05	8.35	Washington-St. Louis	4:15	34.05

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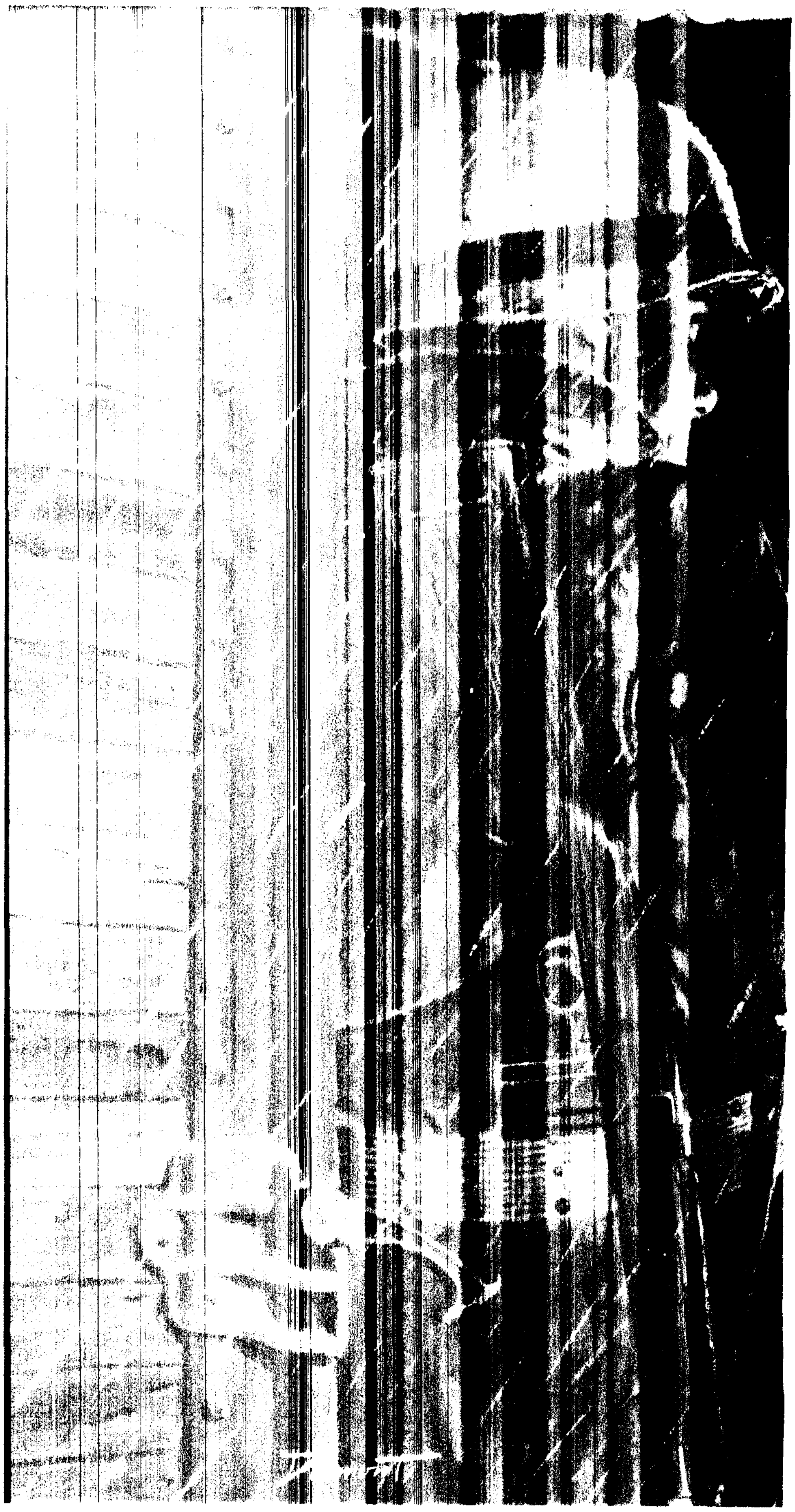
Come Back, Come Back

BY BERNARD VICTOR DRYER



The moving story of a Dutch girl and an American soldier—a story of victory and love, a story of fear and the deep, sad loneliness of waiting

THE American wives have begun to settle down here in Germany; they have stopped looking out of every window and holding their children's hands when they walk along the cobblestone streets.

At first we marveled at them: the fine leather of their shoes and the silk of their stockings, and their bright, red-mouthed faces. They look like children because they walk firmly and without guile. Often I feel a tenderness for their special kind of youth, but sometimes this becomes a feeling of envy. And once or twice it has been anger.

As I sit here on this high German hill above the town, overlooking a long German valley, I can hear the sound of the big brass bell as it swings in the stone tower above the school. In my mind I can see the inscription chiseled on the bell. The words are in curling Russian script, and they say: "To our children in memory of our men, from the women of Novgoritsk, 1919." It is childish for me to feel a personal bond with the big bell, but it is true I do. The mournful bell, like Ruth in the Bible, stands in tears amid the alien corn. To me each bell stroke says, *Steve, Steve.*

The American women in the town know Steve; if not him, then someone like him. That is why I feel this friendship for them, this envy, and this anger.

Even from up here I can see a few Americans walking down Morgenstrasse, but I know they hear the school bell only as another sound our village makes every day—and I know the tongue in the bell does not say to them, as it says to me, *Remember, remember.*

If you know what love and loneliness are, you also know they make you lie painfully awake through the night and late into the morning. You tell yourself not to be a child, to face facts. He is an American and you are Dutch, an alien girl living in an alien country . . . Have you ever believed what you told yourself at midnight?

Last spring, last summer, it was like a sky cracking open, stone walls falling, steel doors splitting. It was a miracle in Germany, because we—the Dutch and French and Poles and all the others—we were free. This freedom is something like great pain; either you have felt it and you know, or you have not and you will never know what it is to walk from darkness into light. And also last spring there was Steve. . . .

We were in a long train of boxcars that night last year, ten or twelve of us in the darkness with the heavy rain pouring down. I was tired, I was hungry, I was afraid, and my mind was like a fist, like a stone.

"There are German deserters in the woods," a Polish woman beside me said. "If we are stopped it is best not to speak. Only answer questions."

"Have no fear," said the old Frenchman with the new tricolor badge sewn in his buttonhole. "There are American military police on this train. I saw them get on at Naumburg."

"Germans, Americans," someone in back said, "soldiers are soldiers."

He was right, that old Frenchman. Sometimes at night I remember him and then I remember Steve and his friend Gordon climbing into our boxcar. One minute they were two dark shapes and then they were two soldiers in wet uniforms, with a flashlight and guns, and they had that look of men with steel helmets on. We who had been running or hiding for five dark years looked into the bright flashlight with the two shining wet helmets behind it.

"Another damn' bunch, Sarge," Gordon said. "Train's full of 'em. Where the hell do they think they're going?"

"You know what I like about you," Steve said, "your jaw drops open any place there's gravity." His voice sounded edged and weary, like the voice of a man tired to the bone and in great need of sleep in a quiet place.

"Okay, okay," Gordon said.

"And put your carbine down," Steve said. "What the hell you think this is, basic training?"

Then he said to us, "We are American Military Government. Anybody here speak English?"

I should have said yes right then, I know, but there were the bright flashlights and those helmets and the rain running down my face and all those years of soldiers and police. It was always better to be quiet. They say they are Americans, I thought, but maybe it is true that a soldier is a soldier.

"Your papers," Steve said. *"Verstehen? Compris?"* He waved his flashlight at the big man sitting on the straw in the corner. "You first, big boy. Yes, you in the Wehrmacht uniform. *Kommen Sie her."*

THE Wehrmacht soldier got up slowly, his back bent under his knapsack. His face was wet and his eyes were shining white in the flashlight; he kept looking into the space above the light where Steve's helmet and face were, with fear on his face like a thin mask.

"Please," he said in German. "My papers are in order."

"Sure," said Steve, "I'll bet they are, you bastard!"

When [illegible] in front of them and their bright light Steve said, "*Geburtsname?*"

"Johanna," I said, "Johanna Verbouw. Dutch."

"Hey, sounds like she speaks English!" Gordon said.

"Lift the light," Steve said; then back to me. "What kind of Dutch?"

"Holland Dutch. Rotterdam."

"Let's see any papers you have."

My papers were sewn in the lining of my coat, and my fingers kept trembling as I tore open the seam to take out what I had. The ink signatures in my official *Arbeitsbuch* began to run with the wetness. The American soldiers looked twice at my picture and twice at me.

"How old are you?" Steve asked, looking up from the papers.

"Twenty-three on August nine."

He looked at the papers again. "What is your exact home address?"

My home address . . . my home . . . my faraway home. . . .

"What is your home address?" he repeated, more sharply.

"Two-twelve Nieuwe Feyenstraat. It was that, but it is gone a long time now. In the bombing."

"Going home to your family?"

My family. . . . "No," I said, "they are all gone in the war."

"Where did you learn English?" Steve asked.

"At the State University, in Amsterdam. Also French."

His voice changed. "Why didn't you speak up when I asked who spoke English here?"

"Speak up?"

"Yes. Answer. Reply."

"I think," I said, "I was—I was afraid."

"See what you do to people, Sarge?" Gordon said.

"Could you make the light down, please," I said. "My eyes."

Steve turned the flashlight full on me. I closed my eyes. They are all the same,

"Why didn't you speak up when I asked who spoke English?" the American said. "I think," I answered, "I was—afraid"

[illegible] soldiers are soldie [illegible] said.

[illegible] the [illegible] through my eye[illegible]

"Yes, sir," I [illegible].

"You don't have to call me sir," Steve [illegible].

"Maybe she's moochin'," Gordon said. "Scroungin' around."

"I don't know those American words," I said, "but I know what you mean. It is not true."

"You look hungry," Steve said.

I did not answer. To me hunger was not a look; it was a feeling, a gnawing thing.

"Here," he said. "Here's a box of K-rations. Food."

"Give it to the old Frenchman," I said. "He is hungrier than I am." I kept my eyes closed against the light because I knew I would soon cry. . . .

Later, after the train stopped at the Displaced Persons Center, I saw Steve again.

The Center had just been set up in the buildings of a former Hitler *Jugend* military school, and there was such confusion of tired people in long lines, and trucks and jeeps and men trying to tell other men what to do—all in different languages. I was standing in a sagging line of several hundred weary people, and I know now I was standing as I had stood for years: without thought, without hope, waiting with strangers whose need made them close as brothers.

"Fräulein Verbouw," a voice said.

IT TAKES a moment to come back to the world when you have wrapped fear around you like a blanket. Even when I looked up at this American soldier, I did not recognize him.

"I'm the soldier who looked at your papers on the train last night," he said. "Name's Steve Casey."

He had a shave now, and looked younger.

"Yes," I said, "I remember. What do you want?"

"Take it easy, kid," he said. "I've been looking all over for you."

"I have my papers in order," I said quickly, "please, I—"

"I know, I know," he said. "Only the captain wants to see you for a minute."

"I have done nothing," I said, "please, sir."

"Listen, kid," Steve said quickly, "you're nervous in the service. Jumpy. Just try to relax a little."

"Please," I said. "I have been standing here hours; I will lose my place in line." What does he want? I thought. He is a soldier, a policeman; the captain wants to see me; what have I done?

"You don't have to look like that," Steve said. "No trouble. We need help."

I could only look at him, maybe staring; I did not know what to think.

Just then a young officer came up. "Casey," he said, "where you been?"

"Captain," Steve said, "this is that Dutch girl I was telling you about. Johanna Verbouw."

The captain looked at me, not like a man at a woman, not like an SS officer at a Dutch girl, but like a tired, busy man who must hire somebody right away.

"How do you say "No smoking" in French?" he asked me.

"Défense de fumer," I told him.

"Dutch?"

"Rooken verboden."

He turned to Steve. "Okay, Casey," he said. "She's hired." He looked at me. "Tell our sign painter how to spell all those words, Miss Verbouw." He started off again, but suddenly swung back. "And hurry up, before all these people burn the place down!" Then he walked away quickly, frowning, figuring what had to be done next before all these scarecrow Europeans overwhelmed him.

"Okay," Steve said, "follow me."

"I don't understand this," I said.

"You will," Steve said. "Follow me."

And then for the first time, he smiled; and then for the first time, I saw that his eyes were those of a man, not a soldier.

YOU remember what it was like last summer, the thousands who came into our camp, the river of homeless; the hungry, driven swarm of rags and bones and frightened eyes. With them came their scars, their whip marks, their slave cringing—and their thousand-tongued babel of languages.

So, from telling the sign painter about "No smoking" and "Undress here" and "Women this way," I was finally promoted to interpreter. So, after four years as a slave in Hitler's Reich, a Dutch girl with a number, I was promoted to a human being.

And then one day, while I was sitting translating some papers, Steve came up behind me. "Johanna," he said.

I must have jumped a little, because he added, "You ought to learn to take it easy, kid. The war's over."

"In my mind," I said, "it still—"

"Sure," he said, "I know. You're jumpy. You remember."

"Yes," I said. "That's it."

"Look, here's your pay," he said.

I looked at the money in his hand; it was more than I had ever seen together at one time.

"Money?" I said. "For me?"

"All yours, kid." He put it on the desk in front of me. "Pay day," he said. "You work for Uncle Sam. The eagle screamed today."

"The eagle what?"

He smiled. "Everybody got paid. You too."

There was the money on the table. What it could buy meant nothing, but what it had in meaning for me was very big. I tried saying it in English, like tasting a new dish.

"The eagle—scrimmed today," I said, and Steve laughed out loud.

People in Europe stop on the street to watch a man who laughs; laughter is like a bell ringing, something rare as an orchid blooming in the Alps.

But that was only the beginning. Steve took me one day into a big tent whose doorway carried a sign: "Q. M." Inside were long wooden tables and stacks of shirts and underwear and trousers.

"What are we here for, Steve?" I asked him.

"That depends on what we can get." He pounded on the wooden table and shouted, "Hey, Jackson, you got customers! Come out here!"

A soldier came yawning and stretching around the corner of one of the tall shelves.

"You know Miss Verbouw, Jackson," Steve said.

(Continued on page 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP DORMONT

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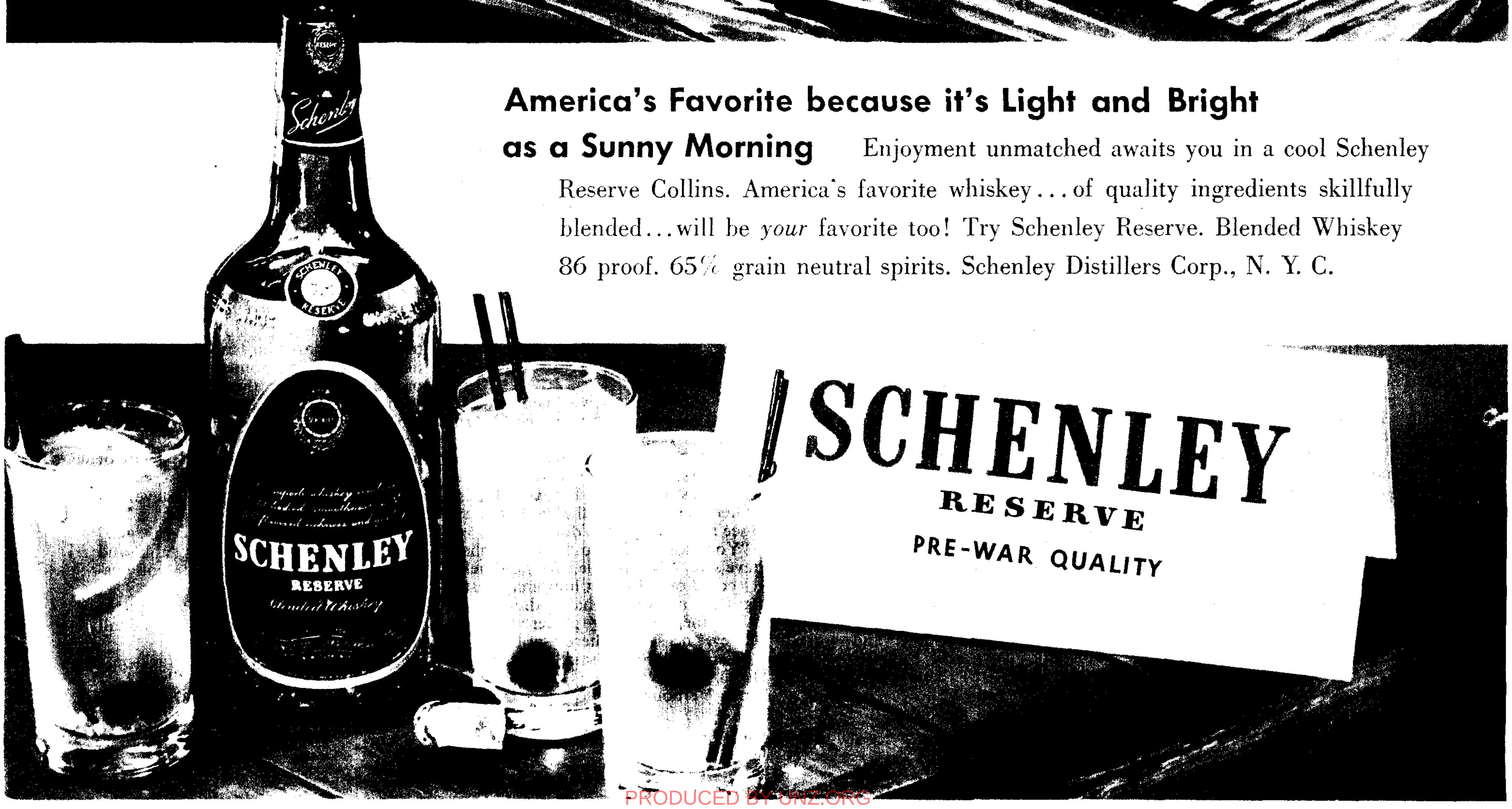
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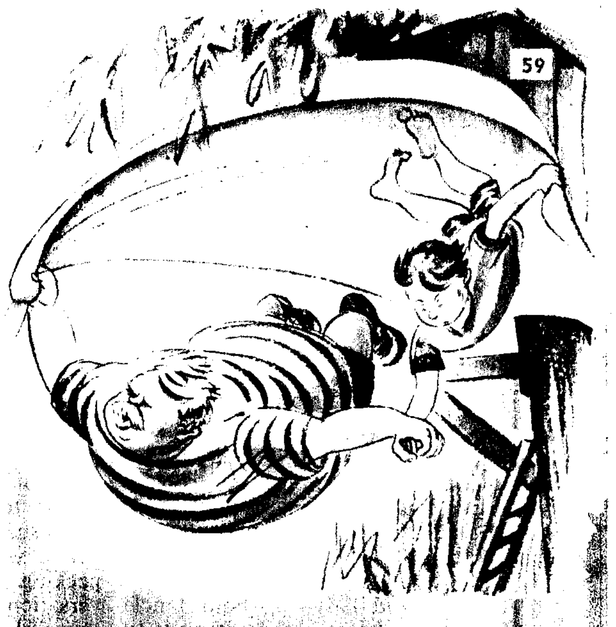
The Scholar and The Sprout

BY STODDARD B. COLBY

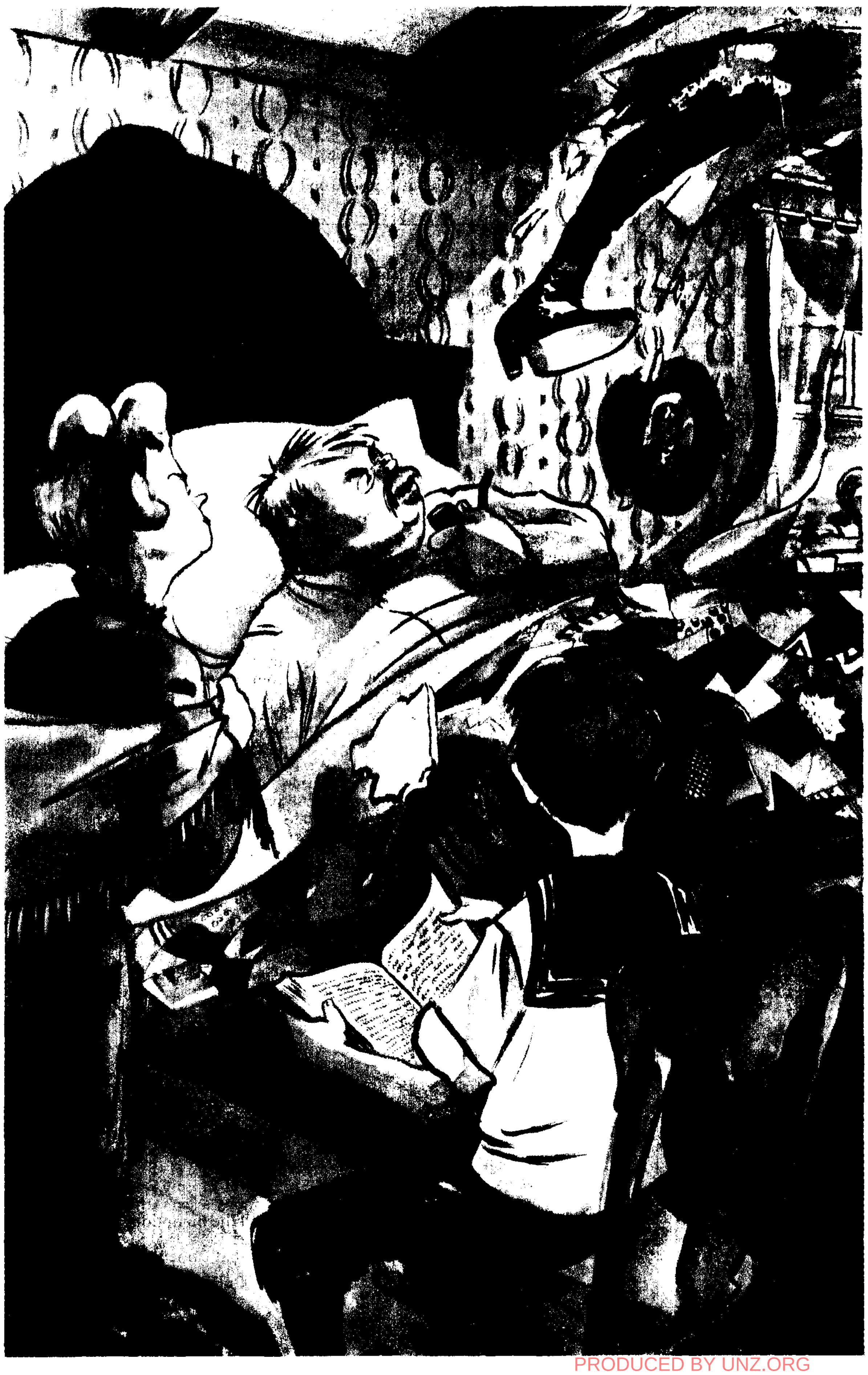
ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY McKAY

Stoddard B. Colby is a member of the New York law firm of Breed, Abbott & Morgan. In Harvard he edited the Advocate, college literary magazine, for a year; and he worked for a summer on the old New York Globe. Then he put away such childish nonsense in favor of a career in law. But the writer is still there, as The Scholar and The Sprout demonstrates. Colby was born in New York in 1899. His father was Frank Moore Colby, essayist, writer, and editor of the New International Encyclopedia. There is more than a touch of him in "Uncle Roger," whose doings are the subject of the book from which this chapter is taken. Whittlesey House will soon publish The Scholar and the Sprout, with illustrations by Dorothy McKay

Meet Uncle Roger, the great encyclopedist. His young nephew tried to save him from himself, but the folks at Mrs. McTiver's boardinghouse weren't any help



Taking hold of the two corners of one of Aunt Effie's best sheets, we jumped from the roof



Suddenly Mrs. McTiver's large, gnarled leg made its appearance through the plaster ceiling over his bed

I DISLIKED the old green boardinghouse at Cape Cod where we sometimes stayed in the summer. It encouraged in Uncle Roger those unorthodox tendencies I was hoping to repress.

It was the influence on him of the peculiar people we met there.

The boardinghouse was run by a Mrs. McTiver. She was constantly riding out the storm of some domestic crisis, issuing frantic orders to her simple-minded son.

"Run, Willie, McWillie! Run for your life!" she would shout whenever the plumbing was broken. At other times she'd goad him on to dive into the black recesses of a smoking kitchen to quench some culinary conflagration.

All Uncle Roger's absent-mindedness reasserted itself here. I was forever having to stop him from barging out with just the top of his bathing suit on.

Uncle Roger was never, even at his best, a very practical man. I think it had something to do with his editing an encyclopedia. People called him a genius and spoke of his amazing mind.

He was a genius, all right. I could feel that!

But the strange thing to me was that after all the shouting and writing had died down and the book was neatly printed and bound up, nobody, not even Uncle Roger, ever seemed to read it, or so much as look at it again.

Someone *must* have bought the thing, though, because Uncle Roger did manage to make a kind of living out of it for himself and for Aunt Effie and me. I didn't cost much, being small and adopted. Both my parents were dead.

I was indispensable to Uncle Roger, however. I used to straighten him out on movie plots and other things that bothered him.

He often became alarmed at his inability to remember the plots of all the movies he had seen. From this he deduced the conclusion that he was losing his mind.

"It's gone, I think," he'd suddenly say, and clasp his hands to his head.

Though I accepted with the most implicit faith the testimonials of others to Uncle Roger's giant cerebration, actually, so far as his fear of losing his mind was concerned, it struck me that he did extremely well without it.

According to my way of thinking, we never fared better when we were together than when he laid it aside altogether. Even Uncle Roger admitted this and tried to make me see that it was not the momentary eclipse of his mentality that troubled him, but the inconvenience that he felt would follow from permanently mislaying it.

Life at Mrs. McTiver's boardinghouse was not calculated to ease Uncle Roger's fears. Ill-regulated things happened in that boardinghouse.

When Uncle Roger was laid up with his customary case of summer grippe one day, Mrs. McTiver's large, gnarled leg suddenly made its appearance through the plaster of the ceiling over his bed. Nothing came of it. The leg was slowly and painfully withdrawn and no questions asked. But in my current frame of mind toward Uncle Roger, I felt it was too bad it happened—not a good atmosphere for him.

Mrs. McTiver had a little girl. She partook, too, of the family weakness. In fact she was the most dilute intelligence of them all. Through an entire meal, she'd point to the ceiling and ask every ten seconds, "What are those, Mummy?"

The harassed Mrs. McTiver would reply soothingly, "Beams, dear, beams."

Sometimes, but not often, Mrs. McTiver's little girl varied her inquiry with the insistent question, also endlessly repeated, "Mummy, are all black shoes made of black velvet?"

This droning recitative was carried on against the clatter of the "birds' bathtubs" Mrs. McTiver served the vegetables in.

Uncle Roger insisted that Mrs. McTiver was a somnambulist and cooked in a nightmare. It was just that nightmarish quality about the place that I objected to.

TAKE the old lady of whom Uncle Roger complained, "I don't want to be rude, Effie, but do I have to put up with having that old woman fold back her entire face before my very eyes and ask me to look at her tooth before dinner?"

There was a mild sibilation in this old lady's speech, suggestive of a tired gale whistling around the woodshed on a winter's night. The sound came from beneath heavy coils of sickish yellow hair festooned about her head. She was accompanied by a large, bony, hirsute man, whose relation to her defied classification.

From the kind of admiring and nostalgic glances this man kept directing at the old lady's hair, I got the impression that he might once have been hoseman on a hook and ladder.

The hairy gentleman shook hands with you very close to his face, panting welcome in a paroxysm of delight and perspiration. The exaggerated social warmth of these greetings was at once denounced as insincere by Aunt Effie. Very unjustly, though. Even an amateur physiologist could see that it was, as Uncle Roger said, a mere muscular reflex, for you slid with this man abruptly out of this first frenzy of cordiality and never got another word out of him ever afterward.

There was a very little man, too, in the boardinghouse coterie, with head and body shaped like a burr. He stuck to us for days, clinging conversationally to our sleeves and having to be dug out and thrown protestingly away. As luck would have it, he possessed a wife who, with annoying loyalty, kept retrieving and redepositing him in our midst.

Listening to this little man made me appreciate what Uncle Roger meant when he said that for his own part he regretted nothing in life so much as the time he had wasted in listening to the answers to the questions he'd been fool enough to ask.

Away in a dim corner of the boardinghouse "parlor" was a fat couple who danced there at all hours with the beatific expressions frozen onto their faces of persons effortlessly treading water.

As one went out on the beach—perhaps it was just that one approached sea level—the people seemed to get eerier.

There Uncle Roger and I would meet—and he would "talk at"—a man known as the Commodore. Actually this man was only a tired old husband and father, relegated by two strong-minded females to that little group of tarnished reputations who are made not only to ride upon the back seat of life but to listen there to lectures on exactly how to drive.

Everything about him was reminiscently nautical. As he crept diffidently toward you, he emitted the faint sound of creaking oarlocks and the sad, empty rattle of slack rope against a flagpole.

Just to leeward of the Commodore was usually a tall married spinster. She had a way of coming late to tea and pecking at the crumbs of the stale conversation. Distaste was written into the thin dish of her face, and she appeared ever about to put the face down over any offending topic that she found there, as you would put a cover on a cheese. As she bent smiling toward you, wrinkling her nose a little—particularly if you were a boy of 14—you suspected that it might have been you from whom the objectionable redolence had come.

"These people really are queer, Uncle Roger. You can't deny it."

One thing at this point began to annoy me. Uncle Roger would not let my eye roam casually along the fantastic gallery of these people without a monitory whisper in my ear, "They don't just happen, Ranny. They're symptomatic of"—making a large gesture—"some more general cause."

Perhaps it was because of embarrassing things that had happened here in the past that I loathed Cape Cod.

When we had first begun to go there, Aunt Effie invented a fearful game about the boardinghouse food. No doubt it was her intention to enliven the place.

She used to play that game right through the meals. "He stepped in meringue up to his bang," she would begin. Then she and Uncle Roger would go on endlessly improvising on this theme—"He stepped in hash up to his sash"—until the rest of the boarders would drift away in desperation.

One evening still further back, when I was four, Aunt Effie said, "Roger, it's time to carry Ranny up to bed."

"All right, my dear," said he, and then, to our amazement, absent-mindedly lifted the lank, cadaverous body of Mrs. McTiver from her chair and proceeded halfway up one whole flight of stairs before her screams showed him his mistake. In my state of growing conformity, I tried to push the memory of this incident as far back as I could.

When I was five, Uncle Roger used to tow me to the beach in a wooden wagon, leave me there and then for some reason—I forget what—drag it back empty behind him all through the town to the boardinghouse.

Pedestrians and drivers stared and goggled at him and the empty wagon in the belief that he was a kind of village idiot. And he, not realizing why passers-by were staring at him so, would get more and more nervous. Finally their looks so forcefully suggested it that he responded by adopting unconsciously some of the symptoms of cretinism, shuffling just a little as he walked.

He would be doing this, perhaps, when Aunt Effie and I, having gotten a lift with some friends, would be driving by.

"So susceptible to autosuggestion, encyclopedists," Aunt Effie explained. From the looks on the faces of these new friends of hers, this explanation, clear to me, seemed to leave them more in the dark than before.

Looking back on Cape Cod, that's just where we were most of the time—in the dark, whether left there by an "explanation" of Aunt Effie's or plunged there by an enthusiasm of Uncle Roger's.

"'Everything to excess.' That's your uncle's motto," said Aunt Effie.

It helped interpret him considerably.

Uncle Roger never smoked without quickly approaching the stage where he would seem to be on the verge of consuming a bale of tobacco in an afternoon. He couldn't take one drink without taking six.

He was a huge man, with a shaggy gray head and nothing at all small about him except his extremely short arms. Aunt Effie called them "squirrel arms" to indicate their uselessness when it came to hanging pictures or doing anything at all around the house.

When Uncle Roger wanted to go peewee shooting—which, believe it or not, he did—he bought himself a rifle so large that one hit would obliterate a Rocky Mountain goat. In fact, I was with Uncle Roger once at Cape Cod when he pulverized a woodchuck with that rifle.

But Aunt Effie herself was not without eccentricities. Uncle Roger told me about her. "Your Aunt Effie has been," said he, "a source of some embarrassment to me."

"Too bad," I said.

"I have sometimes been embarrassed at my office to have small slips of paper fall from my winter underdrawers on which your Aunt Effie had scribbled in capital letters, 'I LOVE YOU!' "

AT CAPE COD, Aunt Effie used to take elaborate precautions to conceal from me the fact that she couldn't swim a stroke. Life was composed for her of a set of such aimless but well-intentioned deceptions.

Cape Cod, however, was not all bad. Away from that boardinghouse and those queer people, it had its pleasant side.

Actually some benign images group themselves for me, there, around the figure of Uncle Roger. The drowsy blur of bees and sunshine—blue carts and blue crabs and an unbelievably fertile fresh-water pond where he and I fought long and stubborn battles with pickerel.

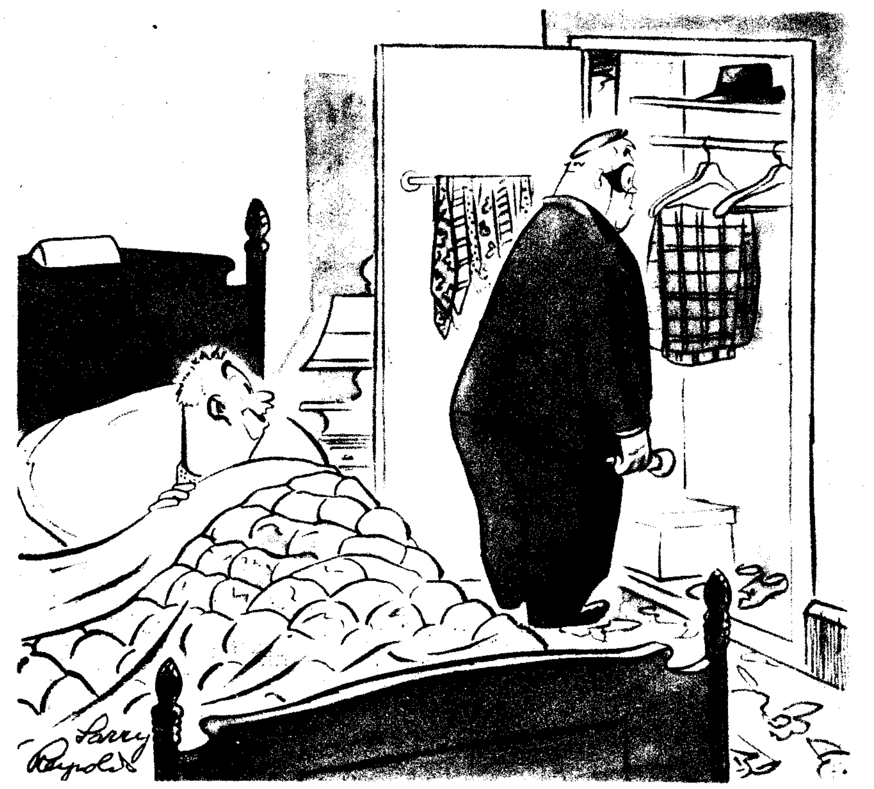
Like all ponds, that one was "bottomless," and out of its batrachian ooze a strange and prodigal world of bugs, eels and snapping turtles burst on our dazzled eyes. The kindly face of Uncle Roger is framed against a shimmering halo of blue darning flies.

In the background, still dimmer, are piers and packets, and the salt, marshy smell of Bass River, and up front, a little to one side, the laughing, childlike figure of Aunt Effie in her long-sleeved bathing suit. She looked, with those black stockings, like a gay child suddenly thrust into mourning.

Sweetest of those Cape Cod memories was, to a boy's ears, the whine of the catbird and the bumptious squawk of the blue jay.

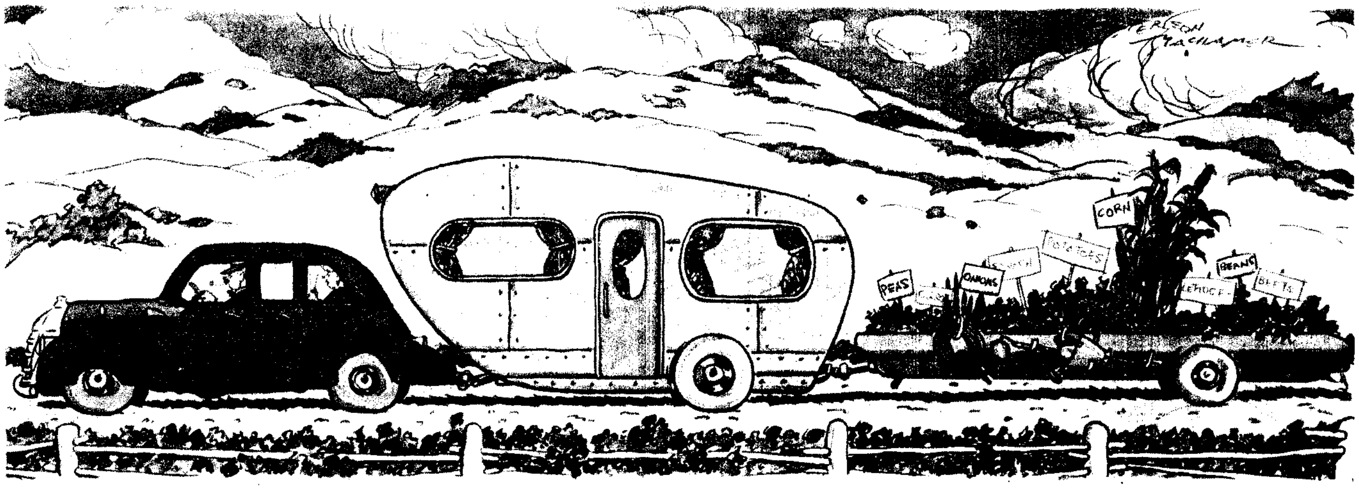
Next to that came the tree-house built

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"My good suit is in the cleaners' and won't be ready till Tuesday. Ha! Ha!"

COLLIER'S



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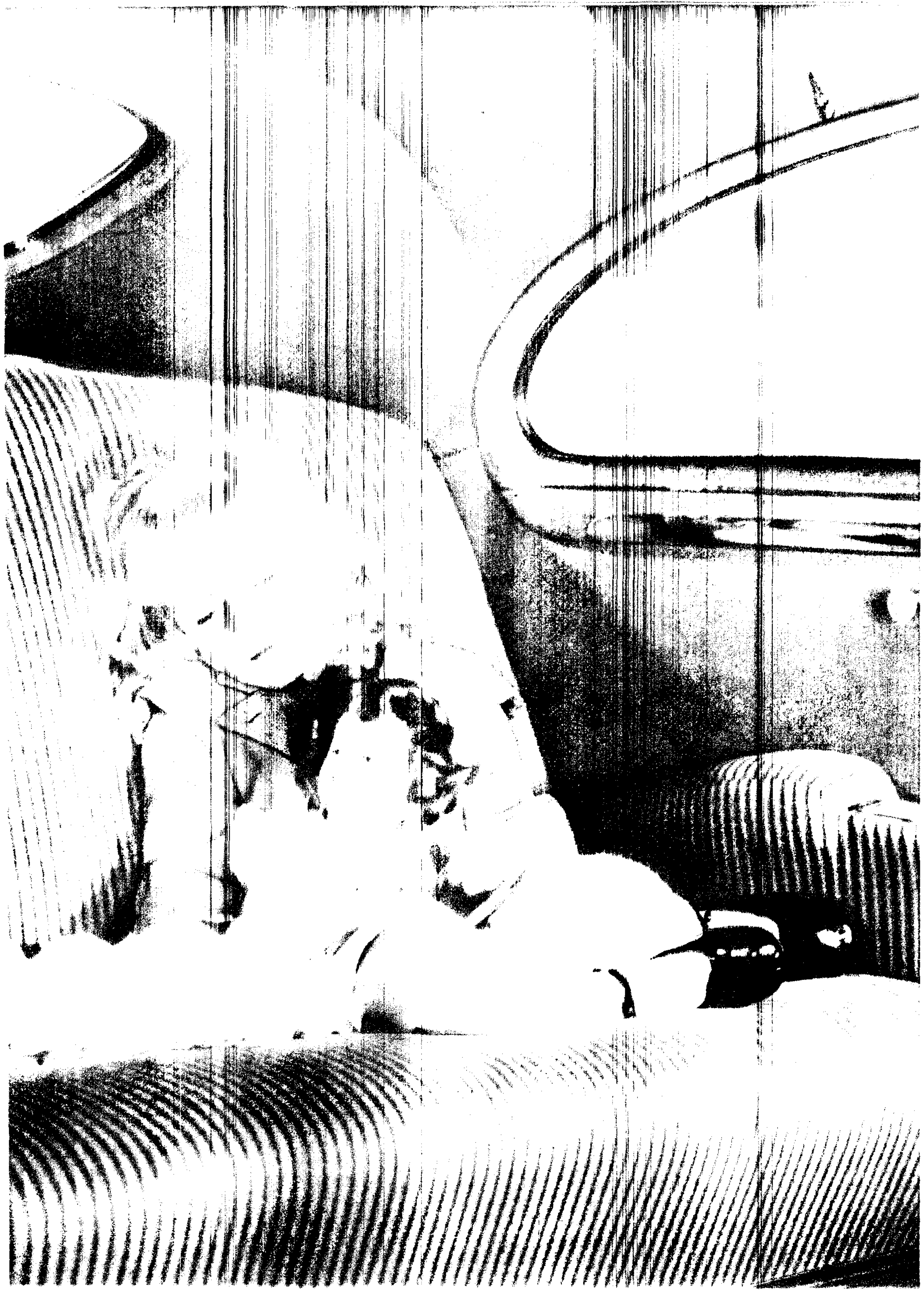

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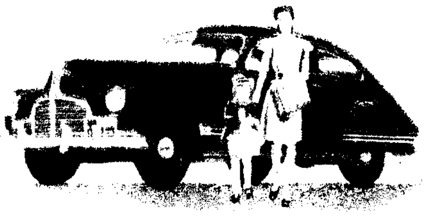

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No, it's because this is a Buick—and that says volumes.

It says *good looks* fresh and gay as a bed of blossoms—with good, solid, durable merit backing up every part and detail.

It says the *lift* of fresh and eager power that's ready for a frolic or a long day's pull as your whim determines. (It's power you know, from a valve-in-head engine that's made, in vital dimensions, to closer tolerances than aircraft engines!)

wonderful time

It says *travel,* smooth and easy and level as a bird homing to its nest, and it says a tireless quality, forged deep in Buick's very metals, that keeps this honey young in spirit for years and years.

It says the things that make an automobile worth having—not just nuts and bolts and gadgets and such, but *life—action—thrills*—and that indescribable *satisfaction* born of owning something really good.

Sounds like a lot to expect from a car?

Go look at Buick—the best Buick yet—and see if we've told you even half of it!

***Pile it up!** This roomy luggage compartment holds plenty, packs like a suitcase instead of a shelf.*

What other car has so much that clicks for Forty-Six!

SMARTNESS—that's destined to set the style pattern for years to come with Airfoil fenders, Body by Fisher and 3-person seats.

POWER—from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.

OIL SAVINGS—from non-scuffing Accurite cylinder bores.

FLASHING ACTION—of light, lively Flite-weight pistons.

STEADINESS—from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.

GLIDING RIDE—from Panthergait all-coil springing with only a comfort job to do.

COMFORT—of soft Foamtex cushions with luxury-type springs.

SURE FOOTING—of Broad-rim wheels; maximum tire mileage, no heel-over on curves, and better car control.

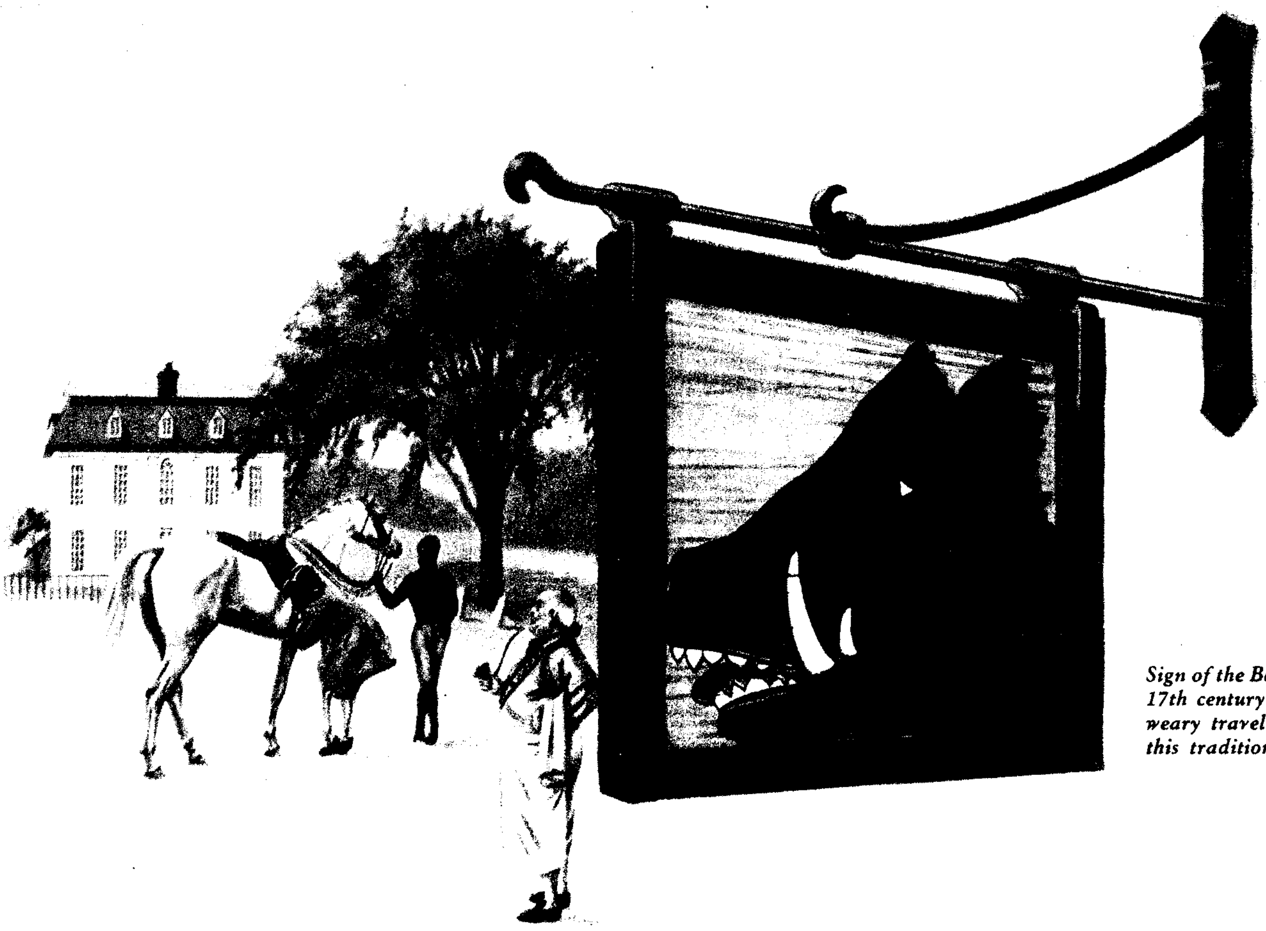
CONTROL—through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.

CONVENIENCE—of high-leverage StepOn parking brake that sets with a toe-touch and holds fast.

PROTECTION—of fender-shielding front and rear bumpers, originated by Buick. Built for new bumper jack.

BUICK DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

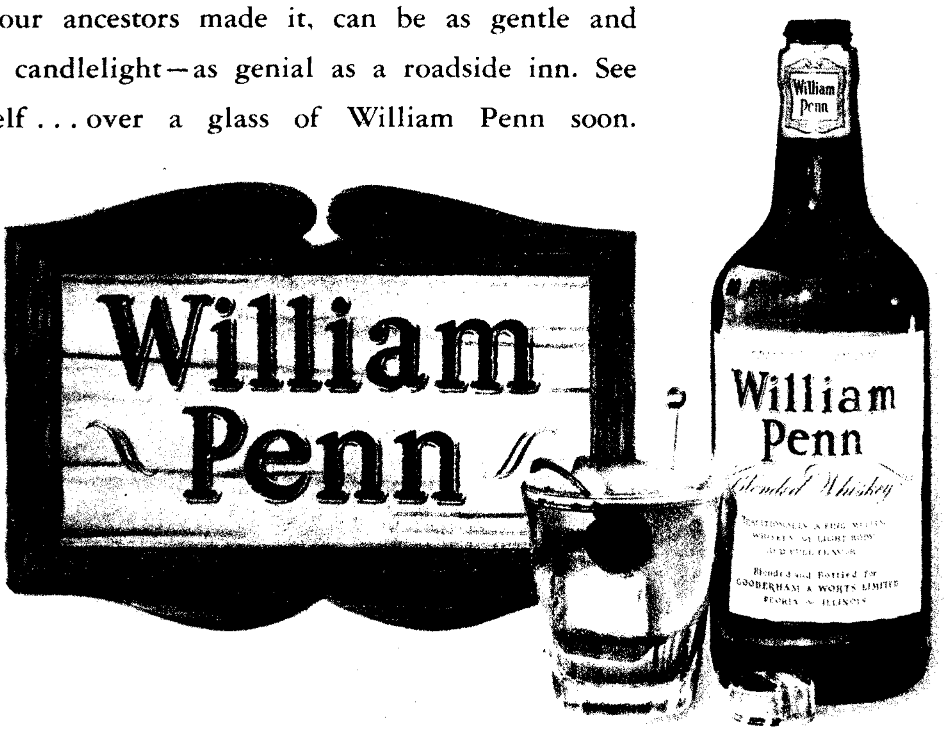
White sidewall tires, as illustrated, will be supplied at extra cost as soon as available.



Sign of the Boar's Head Inn—famous 17th century hostelry which attracted weary travelers in Chester, Pa. with this traditional symbol of good fare.

Bridge To Pleasant Yesterdays

William Penn is a whiskey that dates back, in character, to coaching days and old-fashioned wayside hospitality. It warms like a tavern hearth; cheers like a tavern song. And its flavor will remind you once again that whiskey, when properly made, as our ancestors made it, can be as gentle and mellow as candlelight—as genial as a roadside inn. See for yourself . . . over a glass of William Penn soon.


William Penn
William Penn
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
Blended and Bottled by
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Peoria, Illinois

JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Gooderham & Worts Ltd., Peoria, Illinois by Uncle Roger and me with our own hands—and blood, too, for the claws of the hammer had a close and constant predilection for the back of my skull.

One day, with experimental care, we both, taking hold of the two opposite corners of one of Aunt Effie's best sheets, jumped with our eyes tight closed, from the tree-house roof. The thought, said Uncle Roger, was suggested to him by his study of Leonardo da Vinci's early work on the airplane.

The principle involved was much older. It was gravity. So we found! Uncle Roger had a lame knee for a week, and one of my front teeth was knocked out.

In the same fine line of scientific curiosity, an impression was also made on me by a hive of bees as I pressed an investigatory nose close to the opening in a hitching post outside the boarding-house fence.

ONE fall, Uncle Roger and I went duck shooting. We took along an enormous folding tent, either to sleep out in or to shoot ducks from, or both, we were not sure at the time. I strapped it onto his back and off we trudged, along the cold November beach. Uncle Roger looked like a dromedary carrying a terrific load, with his knees buckling quite a bit.

He had the bowlegged appearance of a half-risen Rodin's Thinker.

I trotted along behind him with a heavy double-barreled shotgun. At first I carried the gun over my shoulder. Then I got tired and toted it point down before me. The nozzle kept ramming the sand and the butt was knocking out my wind.

Uncle Roger hummed to himself, and recited French poetry out loud. "*Toujours poussée vers de nouveaux rivages,*" was the poem.

All of a sudden the gun I was carrying went off. The entire charge landed in the folded tent on Uncle Roger's back.

Thank God for that tent! It saved his life.

Up the beach sailed Uncle Roger, the tips of his toes just grazing the wet sand all the way. For 50 feet he shot forward as a person does who pushes with all his might against a suddenly opening door, but with a velocity unique.

I had not before seen such mad and outraged dignity catapulted so far and so fast.

In fact, I have never seen Uncle Roger so angry either before or since.

When he realized how really frightened and contrite I was, Uncle Roger's fury melted and he recognized with a laugh that the French verse he'd been reciting was really an unusual specimen of unconscious apt quotation.

The great dangers at the Cape lurked in the sea and were connected with fishing. We both had a feeling that we were somehow just fresh-pond boys and the sea didn't like us. Every time we tried her she showed distinct hostility.

One day we got hold of an old Swede who had the misanthropic inclinations the prophet Jonah had at first and the same gift for prophesying doom.

He owned an old powerboat.

One night he took us out fishing. The boat sputtered and groaned and seemed to be propelled by a type of mechanical melancholia like its master.

All the while the old Swede sat bent over, with his hands clasped on his knees, eying me.

It got lonelier and darker, and as we pushed deeper into the night and the ocean, the boat got smaller and corkier. The Swede began to mend his nets.

"Maybe little boy brang bad luck," said he.

It's hard to reproduce the communicable gloom that old man spread every time he opened his mouth. The knowledge that on top of it all he was mad was also disconcerting. Finally we anchored.

Soon we heard a sad, whooshing noise about a hundred yards away. It sounded like spouting. Nearer and nearer it came and round and round us it went.

"Baby whale," said the Swede. "Bad sign! Pretty soon mother whale come. Worse sign then! Maybe better throw little boy overboard."

Perhaps he didn't say that last, but I thought so.

All night long that dismal little whale played and spouted around us, and all night long the old Swede eyed me with cold hate.

Uncle Roger and I took turns watching. That is, we stood watch over the Swede lest he toss me overboard. I didn't quite like to rely on Uncle Roger under the circumstances and so I stayed awake all night long myself as a kind of double check.

Luckily the mother whale never came, and in the morning when we pulled the nets, the Swede admitted that it wasn't a bad haul. He never relented, though, as far as I was concerned.

"Maybe not today, not tomorrow, but someday boy bring bad luck!" . . .

One other sea fishing adventure there at the Cape stands out.

There came a certain very windy day when Uncle Roger thought he'd like to go blue-fishing off the jetty.

He got old Captain Brown to take us out there in his motorboat. I don't know why, but I felt dubious about the chances of our ever getting back and told him that I thought we should have selected another captain. Captain Brown was to come and pick us up that afternoon.

He came, all right—as drunk as any man I've ever seen.

THE wind was blowing 70 miles an hour and the boat was rolling so you had to lie down to keep from going overboard.

Every minute Captain Brown would holler out, "I could tip this yere boat over jest so easy! Easier'n rollin' off a log!"

Every time he said it, he'd lean over closer to the gunwale and the boat would ship a couple of gallons of water.

What made me more afraid was that Uncle Roger, in his encyclopedic detachment, seemed at first to be quite unaware of the imminence of death.

Once he got a good look at the captain's lower jaw, though, I saw his own face blanch.

The idea of sinking us seemed pretty attractive to the captain. We could see him toying with it. And it did look for a time as if he were going to succeed.

Somehow I hit on the old gag of pointing out to him how much more difficult a feat it would be to get us back alive.

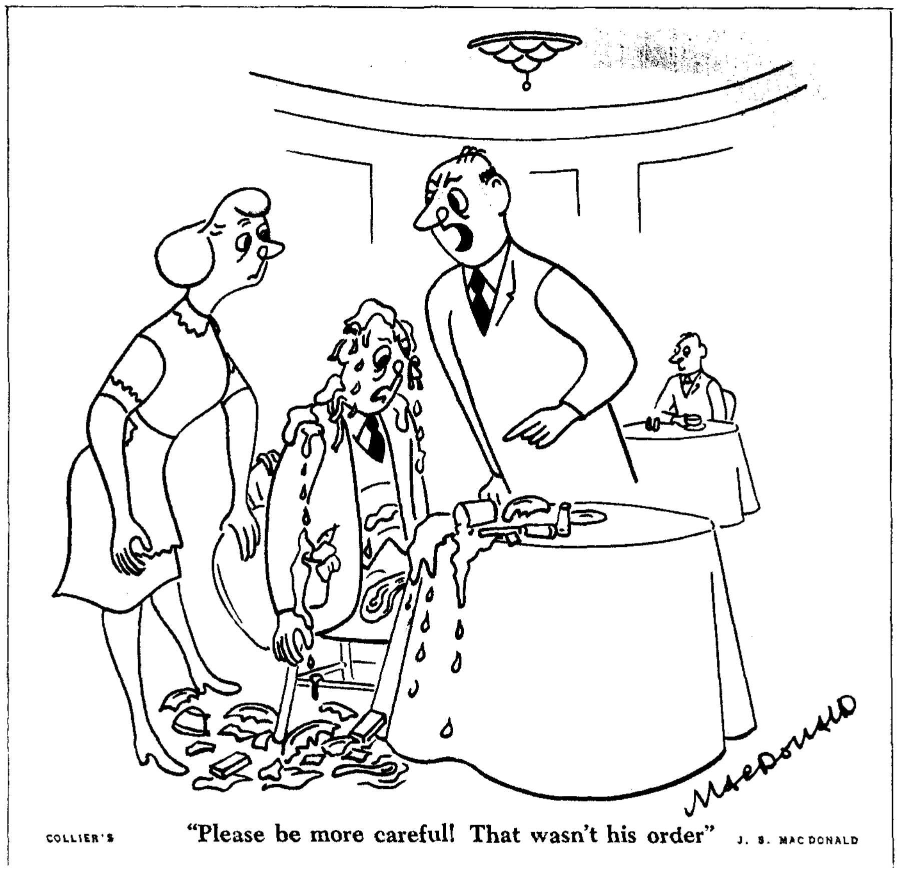
"Bet you can't possibly do it!" I shouted in the wind.

This infuriated the captain, but the idea began to work inside him just the same.

It was a relief to see the tense determination to destroy us give way in the captain's drunken gaze to a kind of sporting willingness to try the opposite tack of saving our lives. The sense of power I had seen in Captain Brown's eyes was like the intellectual ascendancy a barber has over you once he gets you in the chair. How we got back, I don't know—but we did. It aged both of us quite a bit.

There was something about vacations that was too much for us.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Please be more careful! That wasn't his order" J. S. MACDONALD

Any Week

Continued from page 4

BUT that's about all we have along those lines except a letter from a gentleman in Missouri who wrote to Mr. Truman for some information about UNRRA. In exactly three weeks he received a bulky envelope from the Surplus Property office telling him among many other fascinating things that he could, if he wished, submit bids on 11,772 pounds of paste wood filler in good condition, 143 brass suction hose strainers good as new, and 363 twenty-four-inch fluorescent light tubes which had never been used. The gentleman runs a candy store.

IN OUR favorite newspaper, the Biloxi (Mississippi) Herald, Mr. Edward G. Trimble begs us to note the following ad: "One 60-ft. well with cool water priced cheap to person filling hole after moving."

BULLETIN just handed us: Mr. Ralph G Woodlock of Birmingham, Michigan, reports that he knows a schoolteacher who asked her class to "give your impressions in your own words of the government of the United States." And this was one of the results: "Our government is run by politicians who ought to be citizens." . . . W. D.

"LET'S GO Evinruding"

Modest Ole Evinrude never dreamed of claiming he invented *fun-on-the-water*, but folks do give him a lot of the credit for it! And it is a happy fact . . . millions of youngsters, oldsters and 'tween-agers pack twice the fun into vacation hours . . . since Ole Evinrude invented the first practical outboard motor!

"Let's go Evinruding"—password to the enjoyment of boating at its finest — with modern outboard motors that offer 38 years of steady advancement in starting ease, smooth power and trustworthy performance.

Widest range of models . . . light "singles" for smallest craft — smooth "twins" and four thrilling four-cylinder models offering runabout speeds up to 40 miles an hour. ***See your Evinrude dealer!*** Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone directory.

EVINRUDE CATALOG FREE!

Tells you all the Evinrude features, gives helpful information on suitable boats, speeds, etc. Free. Address EVINRUDE MOTORS, 5332 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

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EVINRUDE
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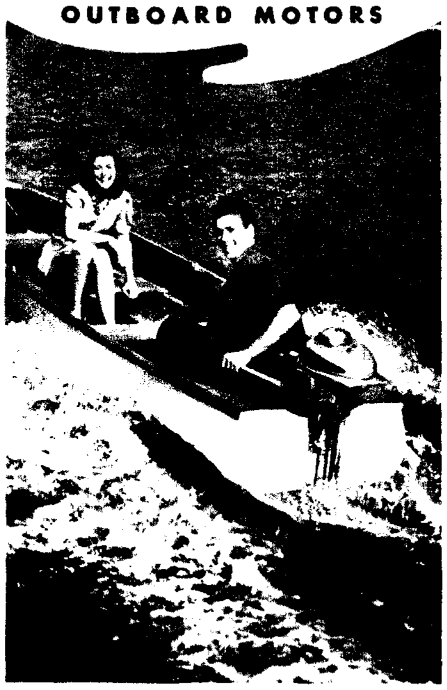
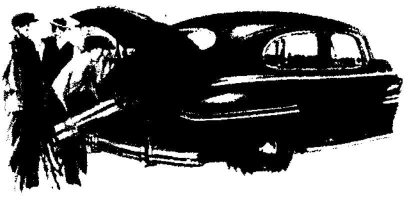


More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH *Mercury*

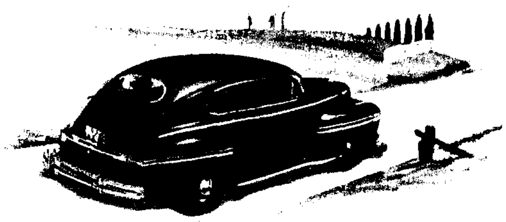
Demand more from your next car than ever before—and *get it in Mercury.*

Mercury is styled to perfection . . . with distinguished smartness . . . with flowing low-slung lines, new two-tone interiors and a colorful new modern look. Makes you want to be inside behind the wheel! Lounge back in those restful seats . . . stretch out your legs—plenty of leg room, plenty of elbow room and head room for six people! And what spirit! Your big Mercury is alive with power, eager to go. You drive without effort—it's so easy to handle, holds the road so beautifully. Moreover, Mercury gives you more pleasure per dollar: lower-cost mileage and more all-around economy than ever.

More beauty inside and out!



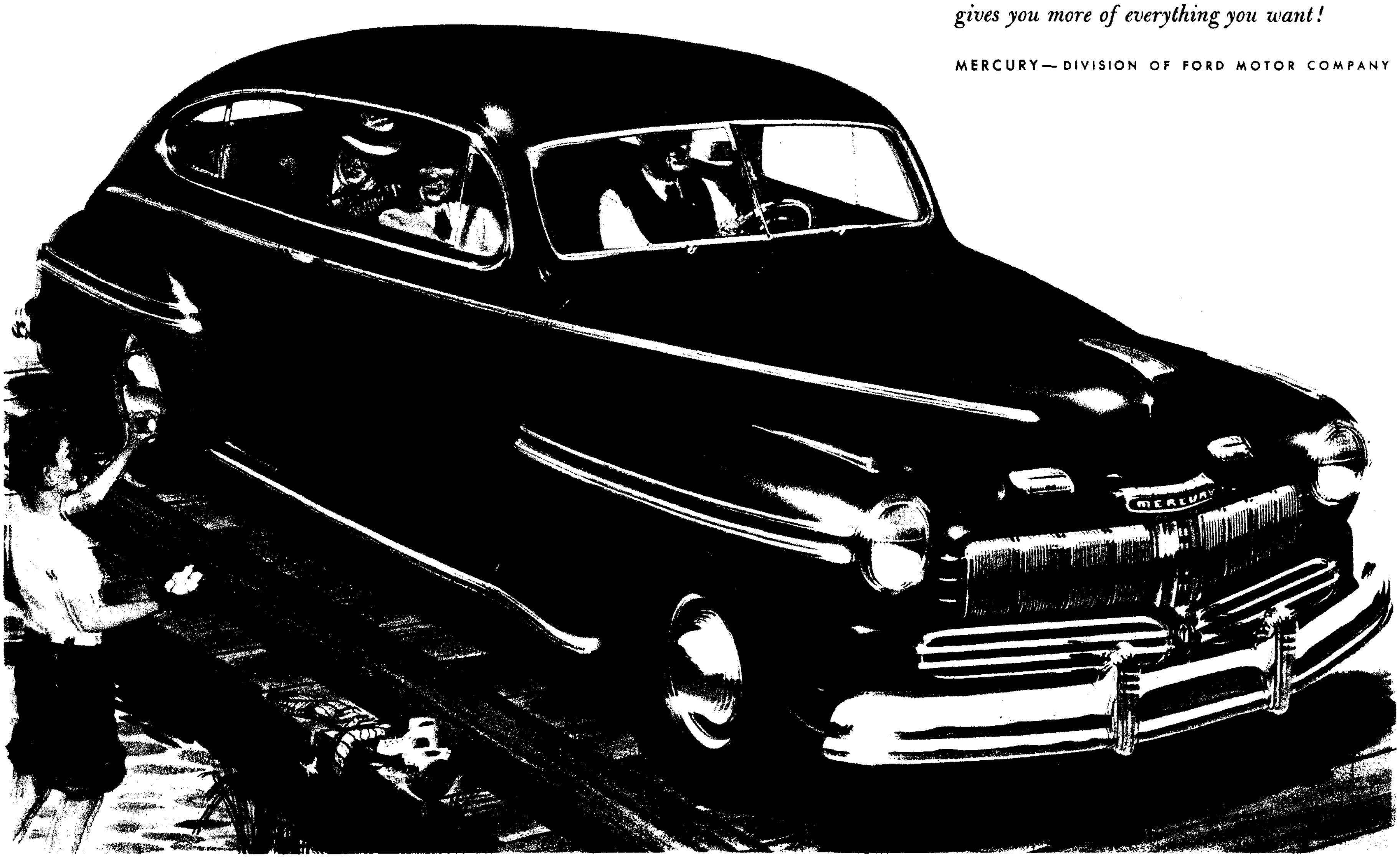
More room — all the way through



More pickup and "go"!

Any new car looks good today, but when you see the new Mercury you'll agree *Mercury gives you more of everything you want!*

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Come Back, Come Back

Continued from page 57

"Sure," the soldier said. "The beautiful new interpreter. Hi."

"How do you do, Mr. Jackson," I said.

"My real name isn't Jackson," the soldier said.

"I'll explain later," Steve said to me. "Look," he went on, "you remember that pile of nurses' uniforms we liberated from that depot in Naumburg?"

"Could be," said the soldier.

"I know a guy over in Company E," Steve said. "A tailor."

"Yeah," Jackson said, "I know. You want a size, ah, fourteen maybe—"

"Stop looking at her like that, wolf," Steve said. "You're drooling."

"For size, Steve," Jackson said. "How can I judge size?"

"I'll judge the size," Steve said. "Fourteen. And a pair of shoes and some stockings."

"Take it easy," Jackson said. "I give you a finger, don't ask for a hand."

"Listen, Jackson," Steve said, "you asked for my jeep this Saturday night?"

"A little help in the transportation department would be very nice, Steve," said Jackson.

"Okay," Steve said, "then give mit der schtuff, Jackson. No shoesee, no jeepee."

Yes, I remember those days now. It was a whole new world, a new kind of English they had not taught in my school; a new world, and people who made jokes all the time, and were friendly to the idea of human dignity.

Steve's captain said to me one afternoon, "Miss Verbouw, this sign over the doctor's examination room, what is it?"

"Entrance strictly forbidden," I said, translating the German.

"That's what I thought," the captain said. "Look, Miss Verbouw. You've been seeing signs like that over four years now—"

"Much stronger ones," I told him. "The penalty for looting is—death!"

"Sure, that's what I mean." The captain looked a little worried for a minute. Then he said, "Now couldn't you have the sign painter put up something a little more friendly? Like, say: 'Private. Doctor's Office'?"

Then he looked at me sideways, with only the corners of his eyes crinkled in a smile, and I began to understand.

AS I sit here on the high German hill listening to the sad slow *bong, bong* of the stolen Russian bell, I remember the summer evening Steve and I came up here and sat where I am now.

"Why should we be so hard to understand?" he asked me.

"I don't know, Steve," I told him, "maybe because I didn't believe people could be kind any more."

"The Nazis sold you a bill of goods," he said. I looked at him, and he smiled like a boy. "I mean they convinced you the world was a jungle. Everybody carries a knife and a club."

"But Americans don't like it if you tell them they are being kind, no?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "We like to think we do what we're doing only because it's part of the job." He looked down at the German town in the valley. The sun was low in the sky now, touching only the tops of the hills, and the village was already in shadow. "We're always afraid of being made suckers," he said.

In the slanting sunlight, his face was all planes and angles. A thin little shadow lay between his eyebrows, and two lines were carved around his mouth. There was something in his eyes which went very far back, something which understood sorrow and pity. A man of understanding, my grandmother used to tell me, is a book of many pages.

"Why do you look at me like that?" he said.

I could not tell him I was thinking: Do you have a girl in America? Is she dark or fair? Do you really love her or is it a family thing? Instead, I said, "Did you see much fighting, Steve?"

The sun was gone behind the hills now, and his face was in shadow, but still I could see it change a little. "Enough," he said. "Salerno, and later the Ardennes."

It is darker now, I thought, and he can't see my face. I will ask him about the American girl.

"Steve," I said, "you won't be mad if I ask a hard question?"

He got up and lighted a cigarette. A cold high moon had come up over the trees, and Steve stood in silhouette, smoking quietly. After a little time, he said, "Go ahead, ask me."

"Why do you go out of your way for me? I am nobody."

His cigarette cast a faint glow on his face, and I could see his eyes on me. "How should I know?" he said. "You help people for a hundred reasons."

"You have a girl in America?"

"No," he said. Then, after a moment, "She married somebody else while I was in Italy. That was a couple of years ago. Million things have happened since, and it doesn't bother me any more." He sat down again beside me. "I might as well tell you the truth, Johanna. I think I fell in love with you the first day." When I did not answer, he said quietly, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, only I—I don't know the right American words to say."

He put his arms around me. "Then why talk?" he said. When he kissed me his mouth was warm and alive, and after a moment, when my heart began to pound and I could feel the warmth running all through me, I slid my arms under his jacket and held him tightly. In this land where the root of sorrow could bear only bitter branches, for me there now was the apple tree, the singing and the gold.

"Hey," Steve said into my ear, "you're crying."

"No," I said, "laughing."

And then the night became a procession of stars, a living thing of light and dark under the murmuring trees. . . .

The dream did not wane with the moon; Steve's face lost the little lines of tension around the eyes and mouth, and I awoke to each new day like a child—half proud, and yet half afraid some disaster might overtake the bright new promise in my life. If I had known then about the SS men hiding in the town, I would have known better than to accept happiness without question.

ONE morning, as we drove down the Morgenstrasse, I asked Steve, "Whose jip is this?"

"Jeep," he said, "not jip."

"Why so fast?"

"Got a new job for you." He took his eyes off the road and turned to smile a little at me. "A job with a future."

A future? I said in my mind: How unusual that word sounds.

"A future?" I said aloud.

He looked at me again. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said.

"You sounded a little funny," he said.

"Funny?"

"Different, I mean, not funny," he explained.

I slipped my hand past his arm and held his elbow. "The future," I said to him. "Does that sound better?"

"Much," he said, but he looked straight ahead, and I could see that he no longer smiled.

Steve's colonel told me about the new job. "Miss Verbouw," he said, "we're going to open the German school in this town. You know the one with the stone tower and the Russian bell?"

"Yes," I said.

"Right now," the colonel said, "the youngsters who have money are being taught privately. And by their former Nazi teachers."

"I know," I said.

"Okay," he said, as if he had made one link in a chain of logic. "The other youngsters, the kids with no money, they get no schooling. So far we have nobody we can trust to teach the kids their democratic A B Cs."

Steve was smiling again, that secret smile which always reassured me. "But we all trust you," he said to me.

"A teacher?" I said. "Here? In Germany?"

"Think it over," the colonel said.

"But my job at the Displaced Persons Center, Colonel! I like it. It makes me feel useful."

The colonel looked out of the window, looking at the long span of time ahead, and then back at me. "The Centers will be gone in a year or so. But the schools have to go on all the time. Isn't teaching new ideas a useful job, too?" He glanced quickly at Steve and then stood up. "Will you give me your answer Wednesday?"

"Yes, sir."

Steve and I did not talk until he drove out of the town and stopped off the road which winds over the foot of this hill. Then we began:

"But I'm afraid, Steve! Can you blame me if I'm afraid?"

"Listen, kid, I've been afraid so often I'm punch-drunk."

"All right, then!" I did not want him to persuade me.

"Once you know what scares you, you can handle it." He was very serious now. "What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know."

"I do," he said.

"What?"

"Yourself." As always when he was speaking directly, and from the heart, he grasped my wrist in his fingers. "Look in the mirror, kid! You've come a long way since the night I first saw you, but you've still got something in your face."

"Steve—"

"Listen, Johanna. You were under the Nazis for four years. You don't get over that in a hurry; it takes time. You're learning how to live again."

"Yes, but—"

"Winter's coming in Europe, and then the new year. You've got to learn how to stand on your own feet."

"I have no confidence for myself."

"You have no home to go back to," he said, "and you do have a kind of home here. And friends. The job in the school will give you the feeling of security you need. You'll have a chance to make your own life for the future." For a moment he was still, then he added in a low voice, "You can't ever let yourself slip back to the night in the railroad car."

"And you?" I said. "Where will you be?"

"Me?" he said. "I'll be right here, bringin' an apple to teacher every day."

THERE is a small niche cut into the side of the old schoolhouse, and in it stands a little stone Madonna looking down at the Infant in her arms. Above them each morning the brass tongue in the big Russian bell would ring sadly, and each morning on my way to teach class I would stop for a minute to look at the Madonna and listen to the bell. In my mind I would once again read the Russian script on the bell and think of the women who had first put up this bell in a far-off schoolhouse.

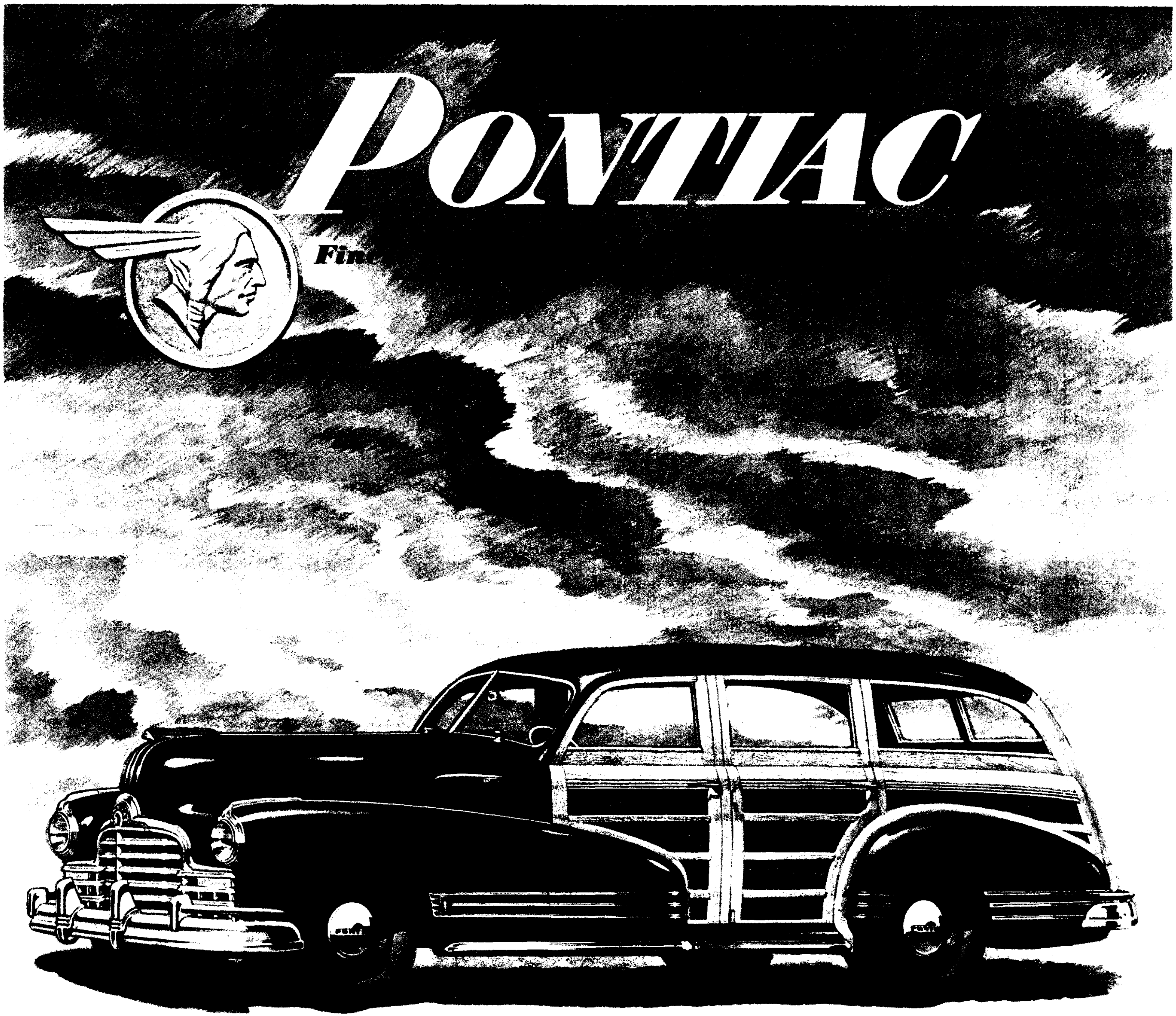
By some magic, the Americans had brought books to my school. The windows were replaced; desks, chairs, tables, benches—everything was fixed. Written in a big, nervous German scrawl on the blackboard was a sentence: "April 14, 1945. Remember this date, for today our town was taken by the Americans by treachery. *Sieg Heil!*"

These words I erased.

But there was no quick way of erasing the underground Nazi hatred which still

"I'm switching to oil in my furnace—this coal situation is a mess!"

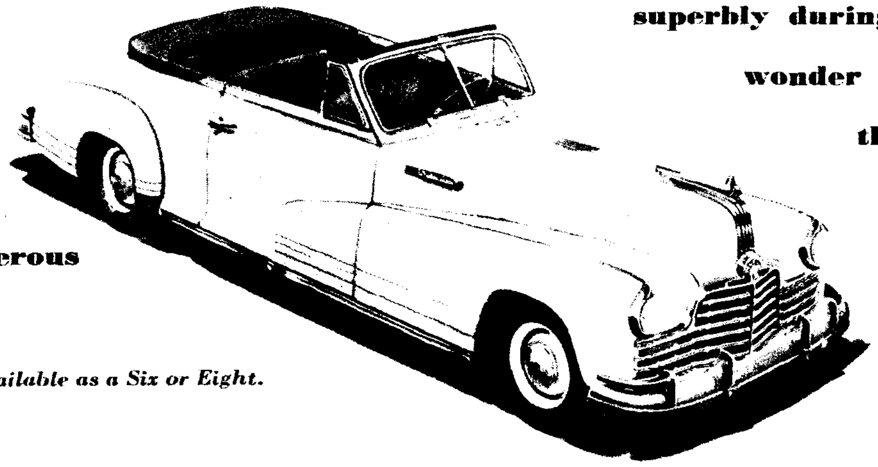
COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



New 1946 Pontiac DeLuxe Station Wagon

A FINE NEW VALUE AND A FINE OLD NAME

As new body types go into production, it becomes more and more apparent that Pontiac for 1946 is living up to its reputation as the *finest of the famous "Silver Streaks."* New beauty, new stamina, new luxury and new comfort are all present to a generous degree. Present, also, are all of the inborn quality and goodness that enabled Pontiacs to perform so superbly during four long war years. No wonder so many people are saying that Pontiac for 1946 offers a fine new value in a product that bears a fine old name



The New Pontiac Convertible Coupe . . . Available as a Six or Eight.

ALWAYS DRIVE CAREFULLY

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

smoldered in the town. When I saw the tight, white faces of some of the older boys in my class, I knew the whispered words they must be hearing at home behind drawn shutters. And there were little warnings, funny and not so funny: the tense sudden flares of disobedience, the small girl who said "George Washington was the first American *Führer,*" the iron discipline which the fourteen-year-old former *Untergruppenführer* of the Hitler *Jugend* imposed on his followers during recess periods. The Third Reich was crushed, but lay living and coiled to strike in some remote tomorrow.

But it was one of the children in my class who first talked about the SS men hidden in the town. "Fräulein," the youngster said to me, "will you read my exercise book tonight at home?" It was an odd request, but made with such a burning face I had to say yes.

And there on the first page, in childish script, was the message: "Fräulein, in the cellar under the house of Heinrich Kleinschmidt next door to us the SS men hold meetings. They have grenades, a light machine gun, ten Schmeissers and many Mausers. My mother is afraid."

So was I. I took the note to Steve, who took it to his company commander. After that there was silence; and slowly the old familiar feeling crept over me, the feeling of the long gray years, the feeling of fright held inside and never smiling.

Days went by, days of waiting. I began to jump a little at each small sound. One evening Steve said, "I have to be on duty early tonight, kid. See you later."

"Tonight?" I asked. "Why tonight?"

"Why not? What's so special about tonight?" He was very casual.

"I'm only asking," I said.

He started out the door, but suddenly turned and came back to put his arms around me. "Take that big look out of your eyes," he said.

"Steve," I said, "be careful."

"Take it easy," he said. "You're trembling."

"That's how I am," I said. "I'm like a baby."

If something happens to him tonight, I thought, it will be like jumping off a cliff for me.

We did not try to say what cannot be said. He kissed me quickly and went out. I watched him from the window. The vehicle which was waiting for him at the gate was not our friendly little jeep but a big half track with two mounted machine guns.

FROM that moment, time became water dripping on stone, drop by drop. When the firing finally began, every nerve in my body shivered so suddenly I felt the room swim past my eyes.

I ran outside during a moment of silence, but the shooting began again, the heavy crazy chatter of machine guns with the quick slapping crack of rifles. Behind the noise was the lighter rattle of small-arms fire and the quick ripping burst of the Nazi rapid-fire Schmeisser guns. It sounded as if the Nazis were fighting back with the ferocious strength of men who cannot retreat and will not surrender.

Four soldiers came running down my street. They recognized me, but shouted for me to go inside. "Get the hell outa here!" they shouted. They were not fooling, so I did as they said.

It was not until late the next morning that Steve's old friend, Gordon, came to my house.

"I've got Steve's jeep outside," he said. "Steve wants to see you."

Perhaps this was the hardest part, this look on Gordon's face, then going outside, seeing the name *Johanna* painted below the jeep's windshield, driving silently through the strangely quiet town, trying to walk steadily into the Army hospital.

When Steve saw me come into his room, he tried to speak before I reached him. "I told you I'd see you later," he tried to say, but his voice cracked with weakness. He looked very thin and white and helpless, lying there alone in the room. A bottle suspended on a metal stand hung beside him; from it a thin rubber tube ran down to his arm.

For a minute I could not speak, but then I said, "You look fine, Steve. Why should you have a bandage on your head?"

"Clipped," he said in a small voice. "I go through the whole damn' war and now . . ." A sick little smile came and went in the corners of his mouth. "Luck," he said.

The nurse touched my elbow. "You can see him after the operation," she said. "Let him rest now."

"So long, kid," Steve said.

Like sentries the late summer days walked by slowly from then on; and suddenly, before we realized it, autumn came down from the hills. One golden afternoon in late October, the first Sunday they let Steve out of the hospital, we came up to this hill again and looked down on the town. I was lying on my back chewing a slender stalk of grass with the soft sun on my face like a blessing. Steve was reading a long letter from his mother back home.

"What does your mother write, Steve?"

"The family," he said. "They're painting the house, my sister's little boy started kindergarten, the trees are turning brown, my room is empty, when do I think I'll be home—"

"Won't it be—what do you call the holiday?—soon?"

"Thanksgiving?" He looked down at the letter in his hand, then said, "Our whole family gets together. Kids all over the house." He laughed a little to himself at the memory. "We tell the same stories and have the same arguments every year."

Suddenly he rolled over beside me and lifted himself by his elbows so that his face was just above mine. "I haven't told you yet," he said in a kind of rush, "but they say some specialist has to put a metal plate into my head, so they're going to send me back to the States."

We did not talk, but listened to the wind in the trees and felt the coolness as a cloud crossed before the sun.

"You are glad to go back, Steve." I wanted him to know I knew. I wanted everything to be honest between us.

"Why talk about it?"

"Why not?"

"I don't want to leave you alone, Johanna. That's why I'll be coming back."

"But I won't be alone! I have friends. Jackson and Gordon, even the colonel remembers my name now—"

"Cut it out!" he said.

"I mean it."

"Okay! But don't sell me a dream."

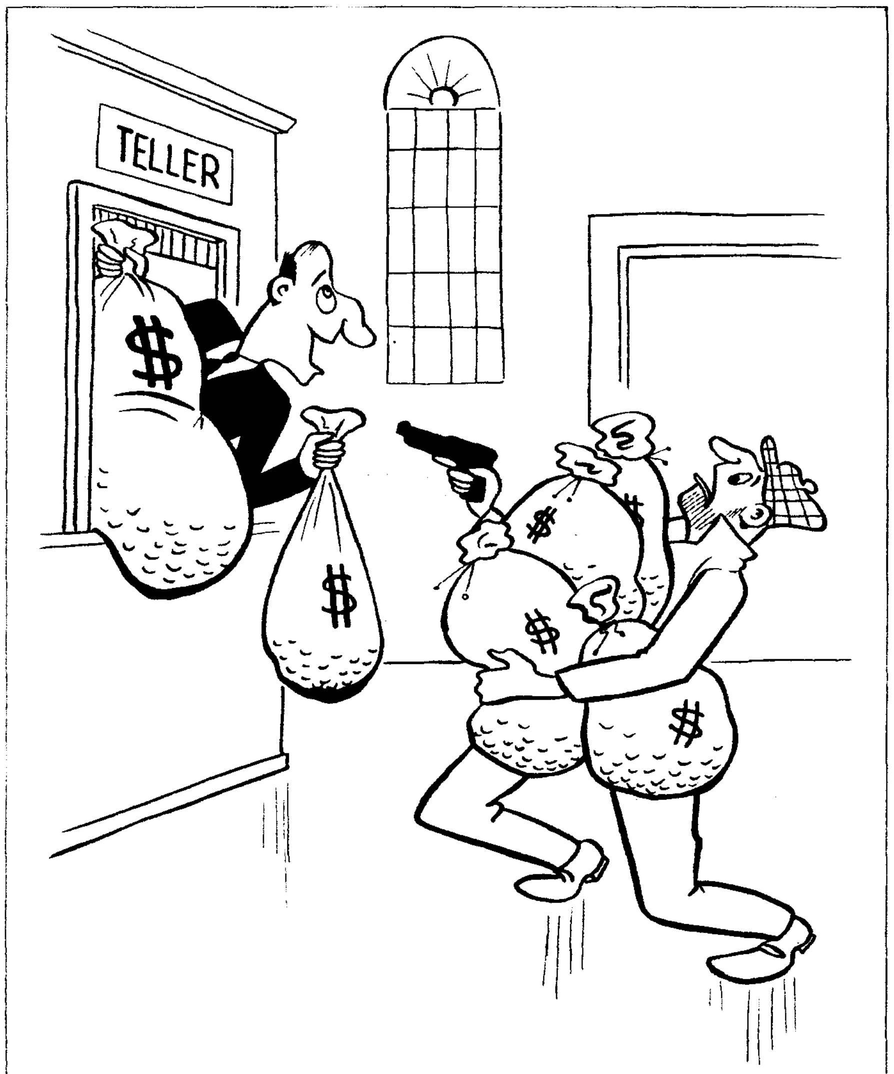
"No dream. Only the truth. We are not the ones for the chocolate candy kind of love." I wanted him to understand he was free.

"I'll come back, Johanna."

I held my voice until I could control it. "Don't make promises, Steve. When we come together again it will be enough." *But while you are gone I will count the days,* I said to myself. *While you are gone—*

THE wheel of the world has turned almost a full year now and the new summer sky is a low blazing roof over this hill. As I look down at the town and watch the Americans walk in the narrow streets, I think of Steve. That is why I watch the American women and think of them with friendship, but with envy and sometimes a little anger. The big bell in the school tower is silent now, but it leaves a kind of echo, for in my mind I see Steve here already, walking up this hill and smiling a little sideways at me.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Say when" ELMER ATKINS

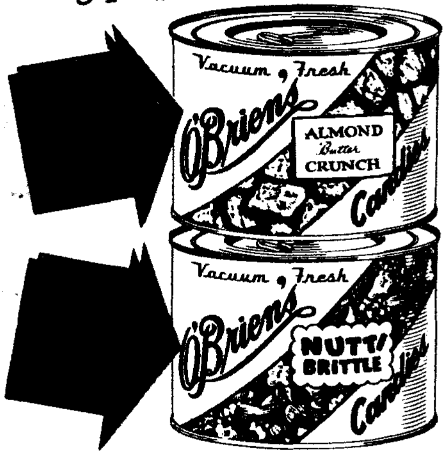
Here's why my
O'BRIEN'S ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCH
IS TOO EXPENSIVE

SEÑOR O'BRIEN FROM SAN JOSÉ

Maybe you wonder why my Almond Butter Crunch costs $1.22 a tin. Isn't that outrageous? Here is my secret but don't tell a soul:

I rob you right & left when you buy my Almond Butter Crunch, so I can afford to lose money on my O'Brien's Nutti Brittle which I sell at the ridiculously low price of 59¢ a tin.

Now of course my Almond Butter Crunch costs too much, but it's worth every penny you pay.. I make it with big plump California almonds, lots of fresh creamery butter, [really] and rich milk chocolate... And it's fine for eating purposes.



So keep your eyes open for O'Brien's vacuum-packed candies [fresh as the day it's made] wherever you buy good candy.
Gracias, amigos,

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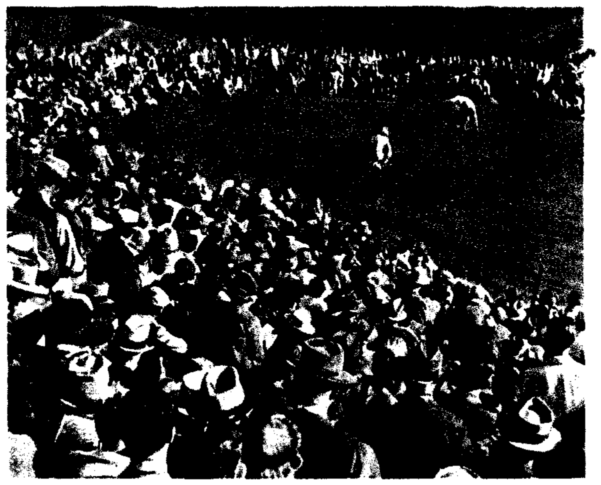
O'BRIEN'S OF CALIFORNIA, SAN JOSE

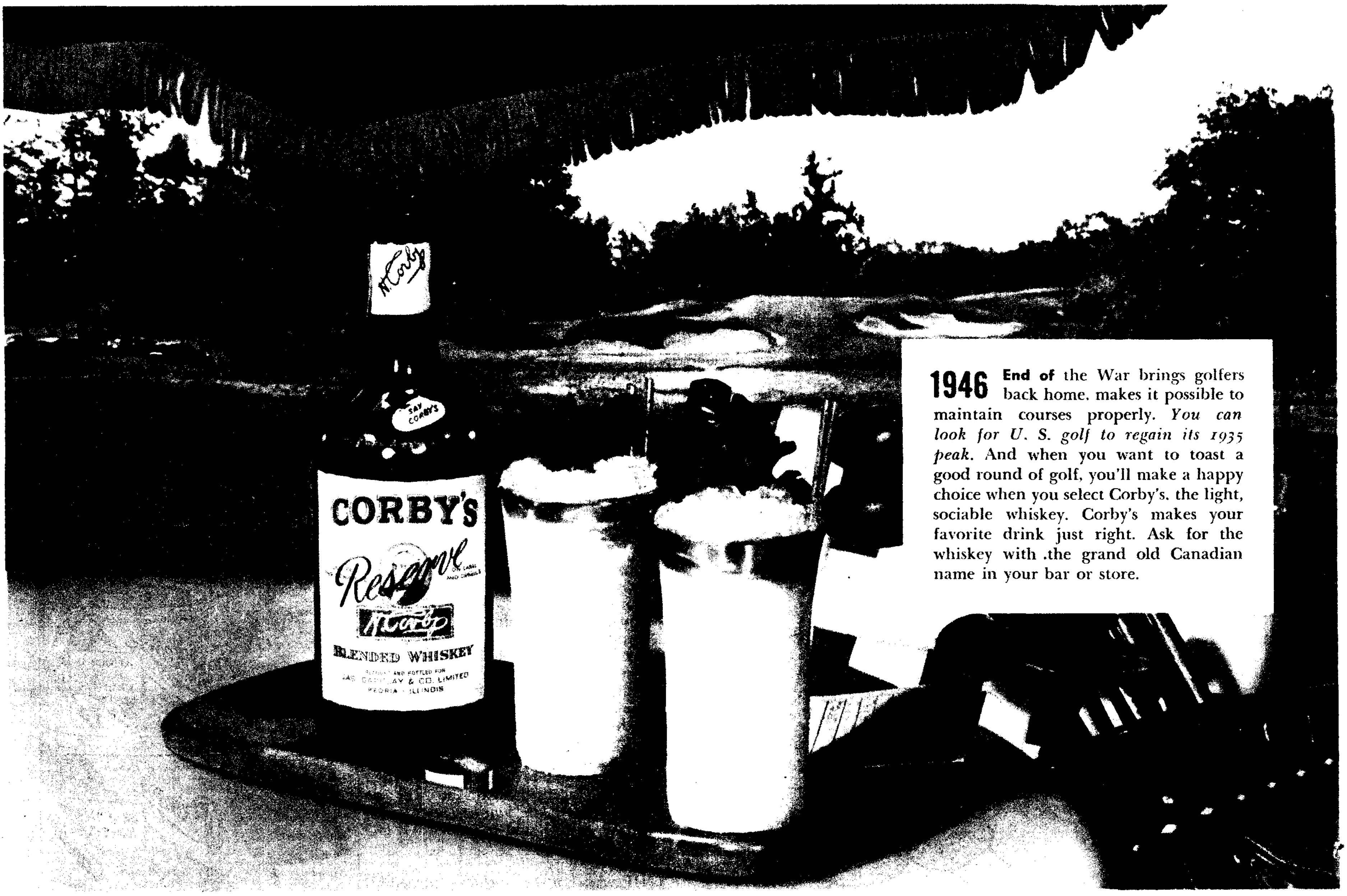
Short, short story for golfers

1864 **If you're one** of this country's millions of golfers, here's how you got that way: 82 years ago, when Corby's had been a well-known Canadian whiskey name for six years, the first golf club was formally organized in England.

1913 **Through the years,** Englishmen perfected the game, but only a few Americans played golf. Then in 1913, when Corby's reached its 55th year of Canadian fame, a Boston caddy defeated the world's top players in match play.



1935 **Golf was news** in Corby's 77th year as a great Canadian name. There were 5,727 courses and 13 million players in the U. S. An American golfer had won the British Open, British Amateur, U. S. Open and U. S. Amateur in a single season.



1946 **End of** the War brings golfers back home, makes it possible to maintain courses properly. *You can look for U. S. golf to regain its 1935 peak.* And when you want to toast a good round of golf, you'll make a happy choice when you select Corby's, the light, sociable whiskey. Corby's makes your favorite drink just right. Ask for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name in your bar or store.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.* 86 Proof
68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

The Truth About Henry Kaiser

Continued from page 26

hauling dirt and making cement. Harry Morton is Kaiser's labor adviser and taught Kaiser labor statesmanship so well that he has never had a strike. When the nation's steelworkers took their strike poll, Kaiser's Fontana local didn't even bother to vote. Son Edgar, Clay Bedford, George Havas, chief engineer, Tom Price, engineer, and George Reis, auditor, round out the inner circle.

These are the men who keep the promises Kaiser makes.

An ebullient promise made in 1939 turned out to be Kaiser's first contribution to the war. He promised to produce and supply all of the 6,000,000 barrels of cement for the $42,500,000 Shasta Dam at the head of the Sacramento River. From the fulfillment of this promise rose the legend of the invincible Kaiser men. For when the promise was made there was no mill to make the cement in, and Kaiser had bid to make the cement at $1.19 a barrel, or a half dollar less than the established producers—none of whom dared bid on the entire project alone.

Kaiser also promised to deliver all the aggregates (sand and gravel) which made up 90 per cent of the Shasta Dam's bulk. When he tried to keep this promise Kaiser found he faced bankruptcy because of the railroad freight rate. Kaiser men invented a new method of freight hauling. Over the top of a mountain, across the Sacramento River and across three highways they strung an outdoor conveyor belt, 10 miles long, turned on electric power and started sand and gravel flowing from pits to dam at the rate of 20,000 tons a day.

Then, to keep Kaiser's cement promise, they presented Mr. Kaiser on Christmas Day, 1939, with the world's biggest cement mill. Six months in the building, Permanente's first sack of cement started competitors ripping out obsolescent equipment to meet the lower Kaiser price. The Permanente *tour de force* was one of Kaiser's happiest strokes of business. Operating on an old Kaiser principle of making the contract pay for the equipment, Kaiser had, when he was finished with the Shasta Dam contract, a brand-new cement mill that was largely free and clear of debt. Competitors had urged Kaiser to stay out because the industry was overbuilt and Kaiser's mill would double the capacity in the area. But when Shasta Dam was completed, competitors as well as Kaiser found there was more business than they could handle. America was building bases in the Pacific; there was a shortage of cement.

Kaiser's Permanente cement works became his first defense plant, providing all of the bulk cement for the Pacific. Over the anguished cries of the Navy, prophesying lumped, sticky and unusable cement and ruined ships, Kaiser poured 7,000,000 barrels of cement directly into ship holds sans bags, declaring:

"I guarantee this cement from Permanente to the wheelbarrow in Hawaii." At Pearl Harbor, Kaiser built storage silos. A week after he had filled them brim full of cement the Japanese struck. The Navy had on hand enough cement to start immediate rebuilding.

The cement job, while satisfying, was not a full-sized Kaiser challenge. Fed on the heady stuff of the Grand Coulee and Bonneville Dam conquests, other projects seemed pedestrian. And after Shasta there would be no more dams to build. What could equal in size these epic projects?

War, threatening, posed mammoth tasks.

Kaiser was the first industrialist to declare war. With the Todd Shipyards as partners he undertook in 1940 to build 30 merchant ships for the British, the forerunners of the Liberty ships.

Kaiser then stormed Washington, spouting plans for creating an arsenal of democracy in the West to produce magnesium, airplanes, steel for war. To the men around Roosevelt he was the industrial expression of fighting democracy. They nabbed him.

The last of this series of articles will appear next week.

Who Is a Negro?

Continued from page 12

"One day when she came in I told her I thought one of the floorwalkers was suspicious. So she waited at the counter until he came along, and then she asked me, so he could hear, if I'd had any news of my uncle in Palestine. We had a nice little chat about my Jewish relatives. After she'd gone the floorwalker tried to make a date with me. If everybody were as nice as she is I wouldn't mind being white all the time."

Segmental passing is beset with difficulties, for any person who tries to lead such a double life is necessarily under a considerable strain. In the first place, there is constant danger of recognition and possible exposure, for Negroes, especially light-skinned Negroes, do shop in the white stores and visit white offices. Too, friendships are formed with white fellow workers, and it becomes difficult to avoid social contacts after working hours.

It is probable that a large majority of the Negroes who pass segmentally eventually return and identify themselves completely with the colored race. A great many, however, become emotionally involved with whites and cross the line permanently, while still others continue to pass and to live half their lives as white and half as Negroes.

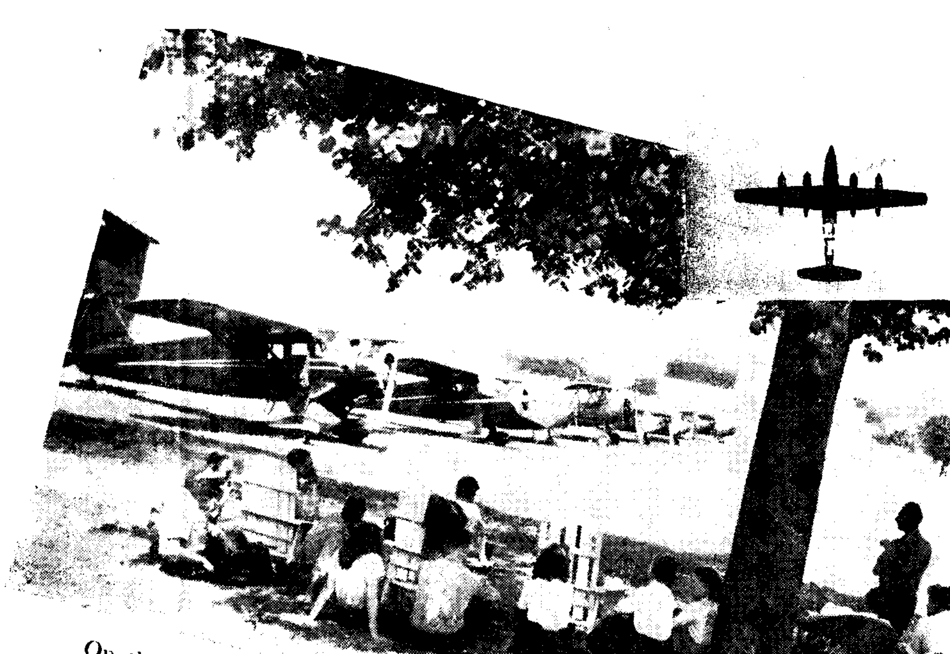
Thousands of light-skinned Negroes pass occasionally for various reasons. In the larger cities they visit the white restaurants, night clubs, beauty parlors and theaters, partly for the thrill of putting something over on the white folks, but mostly because they get better food, better service and better entertainment. In Chicago there is a group of half a dozen white Negroes, men and women, who dine regularly at the city's snootiest eating place. They spend freely and tip liberally, and always get the best tables.

"It's really a lot of fun," one of the group said. "One night the manager came over and shook hands with us and said he was glad we liked his restaurant. If he knew we were Negroes he'd either tell us everything was reserved or put us in a dark corner and give us bad service. But he thinks we're some kind of foreigners and we get the best of everything."

The same thing happens every night in some of New York's painfully swank places.

Many of the Negro leaders in the North are light-skinned, and on trips to the South they frequently pass as white in order to get Pullman tickets and good hotel accommodations. One prominent Negro says that on every Southern train

(Continued on page 72)



On their 120-acre farm five miles south of Norwalk, Ohio, the Ernsbergers provide an airstrip, food and relaxation to appreciative private fliers

ACME

Aviators' Oasis

PERSONAL aviation's most pressing need today isn't radar, jet propulsion or atomic power plants. It's a chain of first-class hash houses.

That long, lean, hungry look in the eye of the old-time pilot or mechanic is a direct result of years of skipping regular meals at the restaurantless old airfields, or nibbling on candy bars, cookies and apples as a substitute.

Personal aviation's main danger, many airmen insist, isn't accident, weather or fire. It's malnutrition and starvation.

Flying on an empty stomach is indeed a hollow pleasure, but personal fliers often have to fly on empty stomachs. To be sure, there are some mighty fine eating places at the airline terminals; but these terminals are not for the personal flier. His natural habitat is the small sod airfield, and good eating places at the sod airfields are rare.

That is the reason for the national popularity of Park's Air Park, near Norwalk, Ohio. Park's Air Park has become an aviation institution. Cross-country fliers often fly hundreds of miles out of the way to visit it; Ohio fliers congregate by the score there each flyable Sunday; and Middle West flying clubs even work out pilgrimages involving round-trip flights up to 400 or 500 miles to visit it on holidays and week ends.

The big attraction is an old-fashioned, home-cooked, down-on-the-farm country dinner, with the country atmosphere. Thick, sizzling beefsteaks. Juicy country hams. Steaming browned roast turkeys and chickens. Huge bowls of creamy mashed potatoes. Heaping platters of fresh vegetables. Slathers of rich country butter. Liberal slabs of homemade pie.

It started a few years back when Park and Iva Ernsberger, a middle-aged farm couple, drove over to Sandusky, Ohio, one bright Sunday afternoon and took a sightseeing flight. Ernsberger was pleased with his ride.

"That settles that," said Ernsberger as they landed. "I've always wanted to fly; now I'm going to learn." So Ernsberger enrolled for flying lessons and even before he had his private pilot's certificate, he decided to buy a plane.

He had a prosperous 120-acre farm just five miles south of Norwalk. If he had his own plane, he decided, he could easily run his farm errands to near-by Cleveland, Toledo or Columbus. His first step was his private air strip. In one of his crop fields, he laid out a simple runway, 125 feet wide and 1,600 feet long, and hung up a wind sock.

One Sunday, Ernsberger invited over a few friends. They came by plane, landing on his air strip. Ernsberger caught a brace of pullets in his barnyard; and Iva Ernsberger set up a fine chicken dinner on the spacious veranda.

Dinner over, the visitors lolled in the shade under some big trees on the Ernsberger lawn.

"This," said a well-stuffed pilot, "is what aviation really needs—some real eating places and a place where personal fliers can visit."

Park and Iva carved out two more runways, one 2,900 feet long and the other 1,800 feet. They dubbed the place Park's Air Park, explaining that no one can say "Ernsberger" without stuttering.

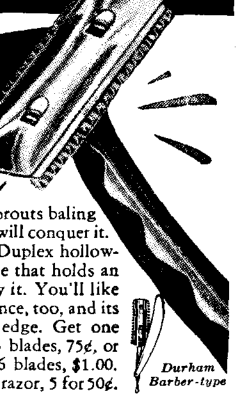
They put out the word that here, at last, was personal aviation's eating place and meeting place. Airmen from Cleveland, Akron, Toledo, Columbus and other big Ohio cities flocked in. Of a Sunday, they kept Park Ernsberger busy rounding up turkeys, chickens and steaks, and vegetables from the farm garden. Iva Ernsberger prepared the meals and served them on the big veranda. Park Ernsberger raised 800 turkeys, chiefly for the dining room.

The visiting planes range from little secondhand put-puts to the sumptuous 200-mile-an-hour twin-engined executive types, owned by the wealthy. But there are no class or social distinctions down on the farm.

Cleveland is just 45 miles away, Toledo is 55 miles out and Columbus, 95—a pleasant short hop on a summery day from any of these. Some businessmen hop over with a business associate for lunch, then discuss business affairs in the quiet, unhurried atmosphere of the farm shade trees. One of the most regular visitors is Clair Grove, president of the Second Federal Savings and Loan Company, of Cleveland. He often flies over specially favored visitors in his twin-engined Cessna.

Park Ernsberger is really happy about the success of his scheme. "All I wish," he said, "is that there were hundreds of other places like it scattered all over the country. It would give personal fliers places to go, chances to get away from the same old airports where all you can buy is hamburgers and pop—and it would give personal aviation the shot in the arm it needs." . . . GEORGE R. REISS

MEN! MEET THE RAZOR with the HE-MAN BLADE!



DURHAM DORSET

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Durham Barber-type

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. 11, MYSTIC, CONN.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Keeps others off for days!

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Ease 'em Up With Allen's Foot-Ease

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STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 45 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 4314, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

GET THIS FREE BOOK!

Who Is a Negro?

Continued from page 71

there are always several Negroes riding comfortably in Pullmans and passing as white. In one Southern city recently, the ten best rooms in the town's leading hotel were occupied by white Negroes. Light-skinned Negroes often buy theater tickets for their darker friends who would find that the best seats had been sold if they went to the box office themselves.

In St. Louis and other cities some of the theaters employ spotters who are supposed to prevent this practice, for there is a widespread belief that one Negro can always identify another. Actually this is not true. Moreover, the legends of the blue shadow at the base of the nails, and the difference in the formation of legs and feet, are nonsense. It is true, of course, that some people are more expert than others in detecting racial characteristics, but if a person has one sixteenth or less Negro blood it is almost impossible, even with the most exact methods of anthropometry, to determine his ancestry.

Jim Crow Law in Reverse

Many white Negroes are compelled to pass in the South, at least temporarily, through the operations of the Jim Crow laws. It is not at all uncommon for a light-skinned Negro to be ordered out of the Jim Crow section of a railroad coach, bus or trolley car, and compelled to sit with the whites. A few years ago two friends, both from the North, met in a Southern city. One was a white man, the other a very light-skinned Negro. It was impossible for them to lunch or dine together without danger of embarrassment, so they went to the baseball game. The white man assumed that he would be permitted to sit with his friend in the Jim Crow stands, but he was not. So he went into the white section, and a few minutes later his Negro friend joined him.

"I was thrown out," said the Negro. "After you'd gone, a cop came over and asked if I was a Negro, and when I said I was he said he didn't believe it. Then he called me a damned nigger-lover and told me to get over here where I belonged. You know that's happened to me before down here. Only a few days ago I was ordered out of the Negro section of a bus. Maybe I'd better take advantage of my light skin and pass."

Two years later the white man had a letter from the Negro, who said he had finally gone over to the other side, and had started a business in a Middle Western city where he was unknown. He had married a white girl, and they were expecting a baby. He was greatly worried that the child might be black.

Actually, he had no cause whatever for anxiety, for modern genetics has effectually dispelled the black-baby bugaboo. Everyone has heard the story of the supposedly white couple which suddenly produced a coal-black infant; much heart-rendering fiction has been written around such a situation. This subject has been thoroughly investigated by many eminent American geneticists and anthropologists, among them Amram Scheinfeld, a well-known authority on heredity; Dr. Ernest A. Hooton, professor of Anthropology at Harvard University; and Dr. Edward M. East, also of Harvard, who, until his death in 1938, was one of the world's leading geneticists.

These scientists, and many others, agree that the tale of the white couple and the black baby has a fatal flaw: It could not possibly happen. If such a child should appear, there are three explanations: (1) a miracle; (2) as Dr. East has suggested, "a fracture of the Seventh Commandment"; (3) both parents were really Negroes. Here is what, barring divine revocation of genetic laws, will result from unions of whites, Negroes and mixed-bloods:

1. If one of the partners to such a union is *pure white*, it is impossible for the child to be darker than the darker of its parents. The chances are very great that it will be lighter.

2. If both parents have Negro blood, whether they know it or not, there may be some accentuation of Negro characteristics in the child. But this is not likely, and in any case will be slight. If the parents have been able to pass for white, the child can probably do so too.

3. If both parents are mulattoes, quadroons or octoroons—the child may be darker than either. But in all likelihood it will not be black. Dr. Hooton has stated his opinion that "Negroid features seem to be attenuated, rather than intensified, by successive generations of inbreeding of mixed types . . . White features seem to gain upon Negroid features."

The problem of predicting the exact color shade or racial characteristics of any given child, whether born to whites or blacks, is greatly complicated by the fact that, as Dr. Hooton has pointed out, "no one can know his exact racial composition, no matter how he may search his pedigree." Every anthropologist knows, and most have often said, that virtually all human beings are mongrels; for thousands of years man has wandered over the earth, mating where he chose. Continual intermixture has been the rule, rather than the exception, and in modern times it has been accelerated by world wars and improvement in means of communication.

These processes of intermixture can clearly be seen at work in the United States. If the estimates of the number of Negroes who pass annually are even approximately correct, they mean that more than 2,000,000 persons with colored blood have crossed the line since the end of the Civil War. But these figures tell only a part of the story. A large majority of the Negroes who pass, marry white and raise white families, the members of which in turn seek white mates. Thus a constantly widening stream of colored blood is introduced into the white population. A great deal has also come into the white stream through Negro-white intermarriage, which is now legal in eighteen states, and even more through illicit Negro-white matings which have resulted in children.

Too Strict a Definition

It is now estimated that there are at least between 5,000,000 and 8,000,000 persons in the United States, supposed to be white, who actually possess Negro blood. In reality, this is a very conservative estimate. In an article in The American Mercury some years ago Walter White told of a Southern legislator who spoke against a bill severely restricting racial intermarriage and defining a Negro as a person who had even the slightest trace of colored blood, no matter how far removed. The legislator was reported by Mr. White as saying that if this definition were accepted, there would not be enough white legislators in the state to pass the bill.

Hundreds of prominent American men and women who live as whites are actually white Negroes. Many believe themselves to be pure white, since the original passing in their families was done several generations ago. Walter White has said that "a very considerable number of persons high in American life possess Negro blood." St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton, authors of the important new book, Black Metropolis, say that many white Negroes hold eminent positions in the white world as physicians, scientists and public administrators. In the same category fall a large number of sporting and theatrical figures, musicians, novelists, businessmen and politicians.

Virtually every scholar who has studied the problem of racial relations has speculated upon what the mingling of races in the United States will mean in the future. Many believe that the Negro eventually will be absorbed, assuming that there is no further Negro immigration, and thus assist in the creation of a new American race which will be somewhat darker than the present white population. Dr. Edward M. East has predicted that the pure Negro will gradually die out.

"The grim joke of the whole matter," wrote Dr. Caroline Bond Day, of Atlanta University, in the famous Harvard African Studies, "is that for 150 years and more he (the Negro) has been absorbed, and his descendants are constantly rubbing elbows with some of the very ones who are discussing them." And James Bryce said in The American Commonwealth that "whoever examines the records of the past will find that the continued juxtaposition of two races has always been followed by the disappearance of the weaker or by the intermixture of the two."

Absorption in Latin America

Supporters of the theory of ultimate absorption point out that from an anthropological point of view, and in the social sense as well, the Negro has already been absorbed in Mexico, and that the process is well under way in Brazil and other countries. And it is a historical fact that during the 17th century large numbers of Negroes were absorbed by the white population of England, and that no trace of them remains. There seems to be ample evidence that some two thirds of the Negroes in the United States have been modified by white blood. Some anthropologists contend that less than ten per cent of American Negroes have no white blood.

Another school of anthropological thought believes that absorption may be delayed, or perhaps even prevented, by the operation of a caste system that has arisen among the Negroes of the United States.

Socially, and to some extent economically, the colored race in this country is divided into three classes—the darkskins, the brownskins, and the lightskins, with the lightskins at the top of the ladder. The tendency is to marry from the bottom up; that is, the darkskin seeks a brownskin mate, the brownskin tries to marry into the lightskin caste, and the ideal marriage partner of the lightskin is a person lighter than himself. The darkskin is thus compelled to marry within his own caste oftener than any of the other groups. This may perpetuate a small core of more or less pure Negroes, which will remain to fulfill the curse of Noah. The curse may be found in Genesis 9:25: "And he said, Cursed be Canaan, A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

Canaan was the son of Ham, the son of Noah. The Negroes were considered by early Biblical scholars, and are considered by Fundamentalists today, to be the descendants of Ham and Canaan, and Noah's curse has been quoted for centuries as divine justification for slavery.

THE END

The Week's Work

Artist Bischoff with Model Lynn Dalton, who posed for Alison, the persecuted heroine of Sleep, My Love

WHEN Artist Percy Leason comes into this office, he always brings with him something unexpected and engaging—a new theory about prehistoric art (he is an authority on cave-man drawings), or a new story freshly told in the accent he still carries from his native Australia, or some new and amazing gadget of his own devising, such as his easel on wheels.

This time, when he brought in his illustration for A Little Fire (p. 18), he also brought, for our diversion, a tiny model of a monkey (see the photograph).

This creature, he explains, is his idea of the missing link between men and monkeys, and it follows closely the description of the Menapi of the story.

Leason, a scientific-minded fellow, was troubled when first he read of the Menapi. He felt sure that no such creature ever was known to science, and his friends in New York's Museum of Natural History confirmed his opinion. Dr. Taylor of the Museum told him the nearest thing to his mythical monkey was the spectral tarsius, which, according to the Wood-Jones theory of evolution, represented the point at which man departed from the main monkey stem.

The creature also seemed to have characteristics in common with two other species—the lemur and the loris. So Leason measured the skeletal structures of these three types, averaged them, and built his five-inch model to scale. On an armature of wood, bolts and pins, he molded muscles of plastic wood, then teased out cotton wool for fur and painted the whole in tasteful oils.

All this took him several days, but was well worth the trouble, he says, because his illustration included 116 monkeys in a variety of poses. He could imagine five or six poses, he says, but to get more than that number, it was necessary to have a model. His model obliged by being able to take any pose, climbing, crouching, springing, and by holding it long enough for Leason to get lights and shadows correctly placed.

He has named his little beast Menapi Chessmani, in honor of William O. Chessman, Collier's art director.

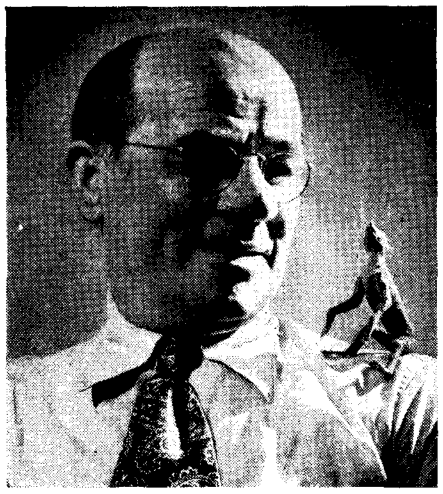
TO GET the exciting color quality you see in the painting on p. 20, Artist H. E. Bischoff uses the familiar fat-over-lean technique; that is, he puts oil paint over casein (made from milk). With touches of water color and colored ink tossed in for extra.

But the mood of Bischoff's work is something out of his own imagination. The moment he illustrates in the serial, Sleep, My Love, is a moment of tense silence, and, somehow, there the silence is, as clearly to be seen in the painting as the figure of the lady. This is the first work World War II Veteran Bischoff has done for Collier's. You'll be seeing more of him in later issues.

This week's cover: Swimmer Ann Curtis is training now for the first postwar Olympic games, scheduled to run in London in 1948, and our swimming authority, Charles L. Sawin, considers her well worth betting on. In his dissertation on All-America Water Queens (p. 16), Sawin tells all that Miss Curtis has done to earn her place on the Amateur Athletic Union's All-America swimming team.

Sawin, an outstanding coach, is an advocate of swimming instruction for all American children past the age of three. In his own family he does better than that, for his five-year-old daughter, Ginger, has been swimming for more than two years, and his son, Buddy (Jr.), age two and a half, already does a respectable dog paddle. . . .

A. P.



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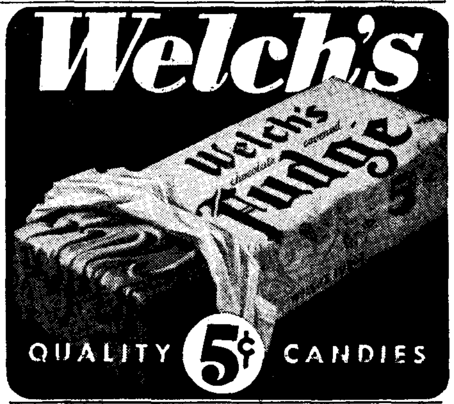

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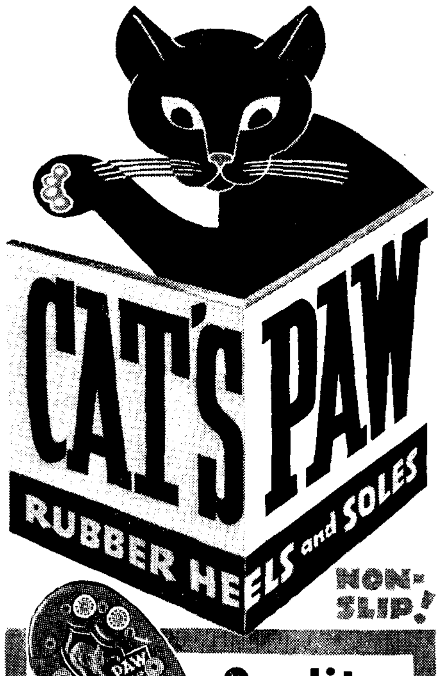

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DID EISENHOWER LOSE THE WAR?

ONE of the current literary fashions is to damn General of the Army and Chief of Staff Dwight D. (Ike) Eisenhower from top to toe for everything he did as Supreme Commander of the Allied war effort in North Africa and western Europe during the recent conflict.

We could mention the names of some of these Eisenhower condemners and contemners but won't do so because that would give them some free advertising.

Nor would we urge any kind of suppression of such nyanh-nyanh attacks, or any boycotting of them by the general public. This is a free-speech and free-press country, where everybody is entitled to have his say on any subject, whether he has or hasn't really anything to say.

We would like to suggest, though, that all these attacks be viewed in the light of one fact of over-all importance. We mean the fact that Eisenhower and his men won their part of the war, just as MacArthur and Nimitz and their men won the Japanese war. Eisenhower didn't lose, though from some of the things now reaching print about him you might infer that he did.

He played ball with the distinctly slimy Admiral François Darlan in the beginning of the North African campaign, to the horror of various perfectionists on the home front. But Eisenhower didn't lose that campaign. On the contrary, he dealt the Germans in North Africa the first serious setback they had suffered in the west-European part of the war. In so doing, he took only one bad defeat, at Kasserine Pass.

The Italian campaign was a long and bloody affair, and it is possible that it was unnecessary. But the decision to undertake it was not Eisenhower's decision. After the decision was made, he saw the fight through, operating chiefly via Marshal Alexander and General Mark Clark; and the Italian campaign wound up in an Allied victory. Its climax was the surrender of approximately 1,000,000 German troops in northern Italy, shortly before all Germany threw in the towel on May 7, 1945.

On a much greater scale, Eisenhower and his generals—Bradley, Patton, et al.—turned in victory after victory in western Europe, following a cross-Channel invasion push which was a marvel of efficiency and effectiveness mixed with the old indispensable elements of good luck.

Here again there was only one serious Allied setback; namely, in the Battle of the Bulge, beginning December 16, 1944—and in that affair Von Rundstedt was contained before he so much as reached his first big objective, the capture of our giant supply base at Liége.

In addition to directing field operations, Eisenhower had to contend with a lot of conflicting national ambitions and jealousies and a collection of prima donna politicians and generals. By and large, he kept these plunging, rearing and bucking forces teamed up very well for the winning of the German war.

As long as Eisenhower stayed in Germany after the fighting was over, he hit it off well with the Russian Marshal Zhukov; and therefore the American and Russian troops in Berlin got along better with one another than they have ever done since, up to this writing.

At the present time, General Ike is serving as Chief of Staff, and by all reports he is doing a superior job of it. The testimony you hear around is that he is living up in every way to the high service standards set by Generals Douglas MacArthur and George C. Marshall, two of the finest Chiefs of Staff we have ever had.

So let the mud fly at Eisenhower, who doesn't appear to give a hoot about it all; but let's not forget that the mud hurlers are pitching their product not at some lug who lost a war, but at a man who headed the Western Allies' drives which won their part of the biggest war yet fought in world history. They pay off on victory in war, and they don't pay off on anything else.

THE MEDICS IN WORLD WAR II

CASUALTY and disease statistics on World War II have been pretty well rounded up and collated now; and out of the statistical picture the U.S. medical profession emerges with what can only be described as glory. This applies particularly to the physicians who went to the war and took care of the wounded and the dying.

Our combat deaths, according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's latest estimate, amounted to a little more than 300,000. Up to V-J Day our deaths from disease came to about 20,000, or 1/15 of the combat total.

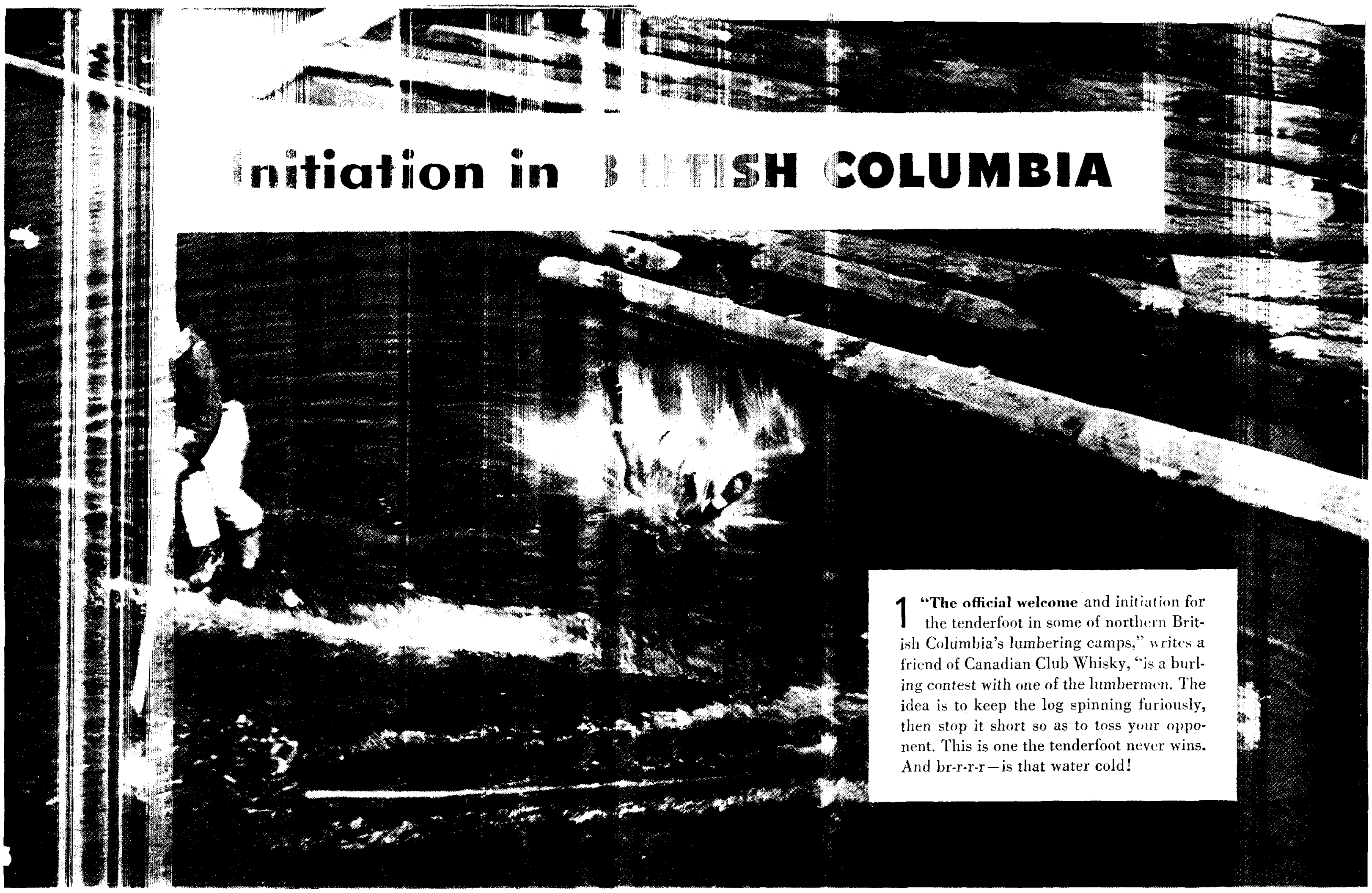
This was in striking and consoling contrast to our experiences in all previous wars. About the most harrowing reading you can find in connection with the Civil War is an occasional description of hospital filth, disease, and the miseries of the wounded, most of whom would literally have been better off dead. In the Spanish-American War, only 48 years ago, we lost about 15 times as many men from disease as we lost in combat—the exact reverse of the World War II ratio. In World War I, only 28 years ago, our deaths from disease totaled slightly more than those from enemy action.

Yet in the second great war, our fighting forces were flung much farther afield and into more fearful and wonderful climates than they had encountered in any of our other wars. They fought through malarial jungles in the South and Southwest Pacific, through filthy North African towns and rural areas, and in many a country or on many an island where sanitation was felt by the natives to be just a rather dull joke.

Yet so highly organized and generously supplied were our medical services, and so devoted were our doctors and nurses in the field, that disease and infection were cut to the proportions of a minor menace. The percentage of wounded who died of their wounds, too, was reduced to the record low of 4 per cent, as contrasted with almost 8 per cent in World War I.

There is only one moral to all this that we can think of. It is: Let's just keep pounding away at public health activities of all kinds, and at implementing the medical profession for more and faster progress in the conquest of disease. Our long zeal in these directions paid tremendous dividends in our latest war.

Initiation in BRITISH COLUMBIA



1 **“The official welcome** and initiation for the tenderfoot in some of northern British Columbia’s lumbering camps,” writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky, “is a burling contest with one of the lumbermen. The idea is to keep the log spinning furiously, then stop it short so as to toss your opponent. This is one the tenderfoot never wins. And br-r-r-r—is that water cold!

2 “**Thought** [illegible] being hazed again at breakfast when [illegible] cook [illegible] me into stacking my plate almost [illegible] with [illegible] cakes. No one could eat that many. I [illegible]. But [illegible] Paul Bunyans do pack food away!

3 “**All day long** the woods rang with the yell. ‘Timber!’ as the great trees came crashing down. They really grow them big in these parts…I saw many that measured a good five feet through.

4 **“Most exciting sight** for me, though, was the ‘high climber’ sent up to cut off the treetops. As the top jerks away, his lofty perch vibrates like a tuning fork. It’s a neat trick to hang on.

5 **“It occurs to me** now that this adventure ended as it began. For it was over a Canadian Club highball in a New York penthouse that I was invited to visit the camp. And it was over a Canadian Club highball that I spent my last evening in British Columbia.”

• • •

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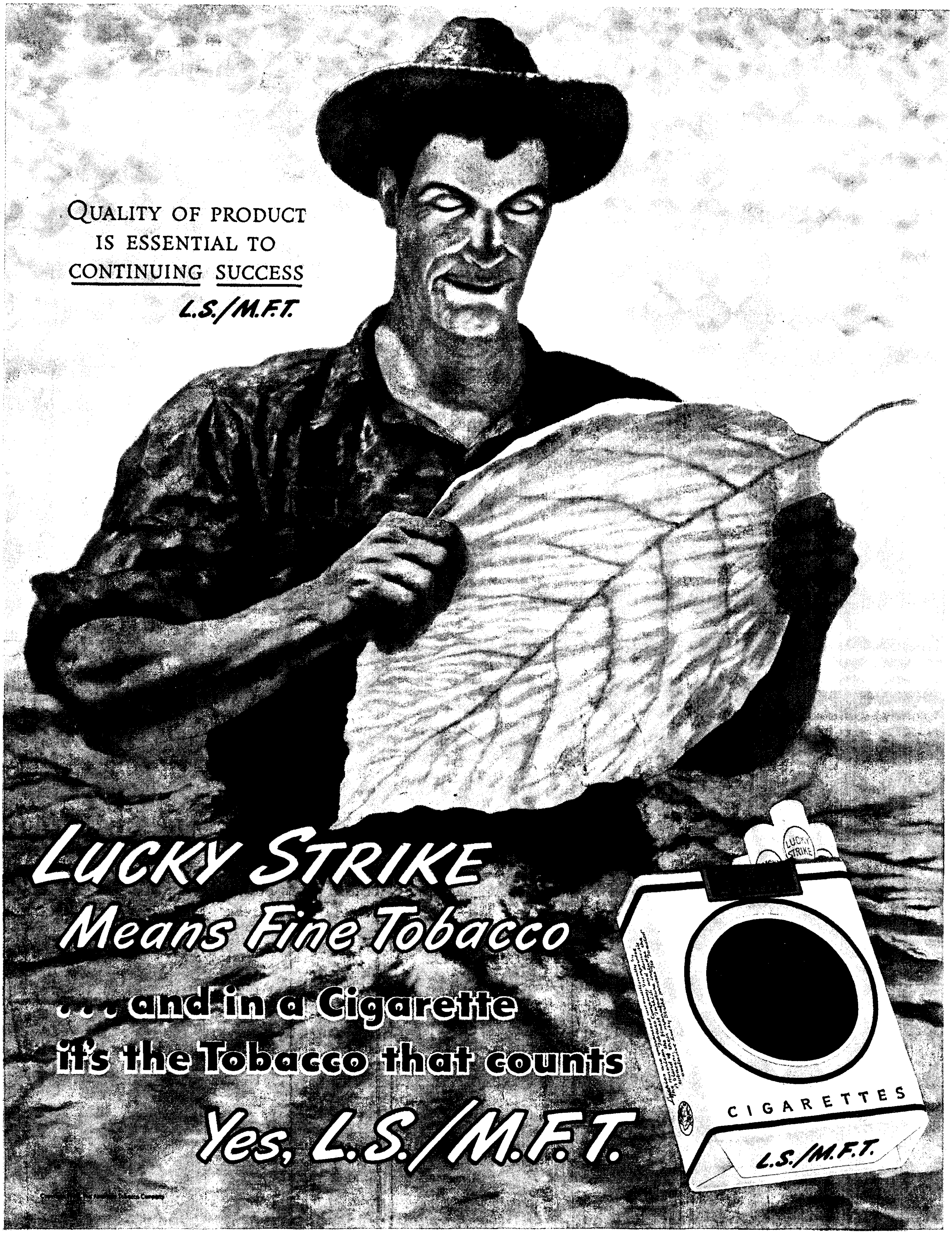
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